

LORD GRANVILLE second Reading of the Suspensory Bill. He had talked Anti-Church dency or suddenness to excuse, having ago. He asked the Lord. to look at Canada, where Disendowment had made the Colony loyal and the Church prosperous.

LORD GREY moved the rejection of the Bill, but denounced the Irish Church. But the Bill did not grapple with the subject, and, moreover, was a partisan Bill. Why had not the Liberals, when in office, discovered that the Irish Church ought to come down?

LORD MALMESBURY could not help animadverting—and didn't help—but was helpless.

LORD CLARENDON. The Irish Church has failed. Let us do justice. The Lords ought not to wage battle with a decided majority of the House of Commons.

The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, holding that the question involved the vital issue of union of Church and State, was bound to struggle to the last against Disestablishment in Ireland.

LORD DERBY, pleading ill-health, but manifesting all the dash and fire of a veteran champion, reminded us, if he will excuse us for saying so, of another distinguished nobleman—

"Cheers LARA's voice, and waves or strikes his steel,
Inspiring hope himself had ceased to feel."

He made a vigorous onslaught upon the enemies of the Irish Church, and with the skill of a practical orator rang out about Spoliation, Rights of Property, Blenheim and Strathfieldsaye, WILLIAM THE THIRD, the Coronation Oath and the QUEEN's feelings, until the Bishops nearly cried, and the Curates in the crowd felt eager to fight somebody.

LORD KIMBERLEY could not see that he was a Church Robber. Tithes had been taken away. The Nation was the rightful heir to Church Property.

The BISHOP OF LONDON temperately expressed his dissatisfaction with the measure. It would be useless. Ireland wanted peace and quietness. We adjourned.

In the Commons, the Bristol Election Committee reported that MR. MITES had been unduly elected, and had been guilty of bribery through his agents, but that there was no proof that he knew it. The evidence showed about the same sordid and vulgar corruption as usual, but rather more impudence. MR. MORLEY did not claim the seat, but offers himself for re-election. There were some election agents at work at Bristol, whom the House should order to be soundly flogged. There would be then no more mock elections in Bristol for a quarter of a century—and not many elsewhere. It would be against the law, would it? What are laws, passed by men who acquire, by bribery, the right of making them? There's a rope's end coming, boys, a rope's end coming.

The House got on Art, which curiously never softens the manners of Members, nor forbids them to be ferocious. On a motion of LORD ELCHO's, the Peel Statue, in New Palace Yard, was ordered to be taken away. It is due to the memory of the sculptor to say, that its inadequate proportions were due to the architect of the Houses, who was afraid of the effect of an heroic statue.

The PREMIER was taken to task for a speech he had lately made to the Merchant Taylors, in which he had said that, until LORD STANLEY took office, the affairs of Europe were in a wild sort of condition. Yet LORD DERBY offered office to LORD CLARENDON. MR. DISRAELI did not make much of his explanation, and had better have referred to the rest of his speech, and to his discovery that the Hand of Providence was in the present crisis, and have asked with the poet,

"Must one swear to the truth of a song?"

Then the Bribery Bill made some progress in Committee, and the House of Commons divided in favour of giving up its jurisdiction over Bribery cases, and then came a fierce wrangle, and bad language till two in the morning.

Friday. The Lords resumed their High Debate about the Irish Church and State. LORD CARNARVON tore his late colleagues to pieces, and though not approving the Bill as regarded its time of introduction, and as a partisan measure, could not take the responsibility of rejecting it. LORD REDDESDALE talked of Sacrilege and Sin, and had more to say about the Day of Judgment and our Creator than we care to set down. The DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH (Minister) defended the Church according to his lights, LORD DUFFERIN answering. The ARCHBISHOP OF YORK spoke up valiantly for the Irish Establishment, and the *Star* politely called him "a burly gentleman blustering," an awkward phrase considering whose fragile form and modest speech it is the *Star's* pleasure to glorify in and out of season. LORD ROMILLY complained that he had heard in that House six references to the acquisition of Church property by the BEDFORD family, and said that if compensation had been made to the poor abbots, the secularisation of such lands would have been an unmitigated good.

The ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH said that if the Church had failed, it was the State's fault. The EARL OF CORK was for imitating our policy in Scotland. The DUKE OF RUTLAND wasn't. The gentle SOMERSET

and LORD DERBY with trying to kick the House before him, and declared himself very happy in Opposition, a happiness which the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY hoped the Duke would long enjoy. LORD SALISBURY delivered a long, pungent, and telling speech against the principles alleged to be represented in the measure. LORD LYTTELTON thought the Church's position strange and untenable. LORD HARROWBY described the Bill as one for gratifying priestly revenge, and the BISHOP OF KILLALOE said that all property was a "grievance" to those who had none. Adjourned at 1.

The Commons talked of Cattle, Telegraphs, and Records till 12.35.

N.B. See *Mr. Punch's* cartoon of last week. It was yet more amply vindicated later. Because the Lords would not allow the Railway Conspirators to tax the public as they pleased, MESSRS. WATKINS & Co. have flung up the Combination Bill, and growl that the public may now look out for squalls. We thank the Coronets, and we warn the Companies. Our Iron Flail swings fluently.

PLEASEING INTELLIGENCE.

A PIECE of foreign news, from Italy, has hardly made the noise, the agreeable noise, that might have been expected, considering the important organic changes it involves, and the interest they have for this afflicted metropolis—far greater than the attitude of Prussia towards France, or the movements of PRINCE NAPOLEON, or even the proceedings of the Austrian Reichsrath. The Italian organ-boy has been brought up before the Italian Parliament, and the comforting words of an Italian Minister give multitudes of distracted sufferers a hope that their troubles are likely to cease, through the compulsory deportation of Italian organists into England and France (the co-operation of both these tortured countries is, it is superfluous to add, expected) being stopped by the Italian Government. What a happy day that will be which shall pass without a single organ, Harmonian, or street piano, being ground in our hearing! and what a Great Handle Festival we will hold in commemoration of an event long desired, almost despaired of; but now, thanks to Italian Statesmen, to be serenaded hereafter with the choicest, sweetest music instrument and voice can concert together, a cheering probability!

FRANK BUCKLAND ON THE DEVONSHIRE FISHERIES.

"MR. F. BUCKLAND recently, at a public meeting at Exeter, in giving thanks to the Corporation for a grant of £150 towards improvement of the local fisheries, pointed out that if the river obstructions and pollutions were but removed, the Devonshire waters would soon be swarming with delicious fish. He had himself lately turned 700 salmon into the Axe, and 600 into the Exe."—*Devonshire Paper*.

Says BUCKLAND to Exeter, "Think it not gammon:

Only pay to keep weirs, filth, and poachers in bounds,

And the *Axe* for the axing will answer with salmon,

And, in money and fish, your *Exc-pence* bring back pounds."

The Turf in a Blaze.

THE MARQUIS OF AILESBUURY's Moors at Osmotherly in the North Riding of Yorkshire have taken fire, and were burning furiously the other day. Nobody knows, it is said, how the fire originated. *Mr. Punch* would suggest that it may have been *roused*, if not nursed, by the rotten state of the Turf and the heat of the Days, together, since the last Derby. It is observed that, as in most cases of this kind, there is more smoke than fire. What with the blacks and the choking clouds of vapour, the spelling of the name might well be altered to the O'Smotherly Moors.

Dirge.

THE QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR's dead,

We hear from Antanarivo,

RANAVALONO reigns instead,

Her sister's crown upon her head,

And so we need not grieve, Oh!

THE BRISTOL ELECTION COMMITTEE'S REPORT.

Once more Bristol has disgraced itself in its Election. The fame of its *Bird's-eye* is only equalled by the infamy of its *Returns*.

EVERY ANGLER HIS OWN "FLY."

THE MARQUIS OF HASTINGS is gone to Norway, for fishing.

GREAT SLANGING MATCH IN THE COMMONS.—GRANT DUFF against Grand Duffer.

WHERE A FULL STOP IS WANTED.—To the Girl of the Period.



EVIDENT.

Emma. "WELL, AUNTY, HOW DO YOU THINK THE SEASIDE AGREES WITH ME?"
Aunty. "LOV', MY LOVE, IT'S MADE QUITE A MAN OF YOU!"

A MODEL MAYOR.

MR. PUNCH's best compliments to the Mayor of Welshpool. That gentleman appears to Mr. Punch to be the *beau idéal* of a jovial magistrate, one of the olden sort, and none the worse for that. There was question in the Town Council about a reception feast to SIR ROBERT NAPIER, whose father-in-law, GENERAL SCOTT, resides at Trelydan Hall, near the borough. According to the *Oswestry Advertiser*, up and spake the worthy Mayor:—

"We must fall in with the views of SIR ROBERT, as we are not certain that he can come to either a luncheon or a dinner. If we have a luncheon without SIR ROBERT it will certainly be a tame affair, but if we had a dinner, either with or without SIR ROBERT's presence, we might be very jolly together. Whatever you decide upon I shall be very happy to lend my assistance in carrying it out."

If country magistrates never spoke less sensibly or less genially, Mr. Punch would be relieved from a good deal of his trouble in opening the minds of those beaks. We should like to be at a dinner under such a President.

Interesting Conversation.

Trotter. WALKER, you are aware I cannot carry weights?

Walker. I am.

Trotter. Good. That being the case, why is last Wednesday like that portion of my frame between the shoulders?

Walker. Don't know.

Trotter. Because it's a *weak back*. Good morning. [*Exeunt severally.*]

ACCORDING TO A CLERICAL CONTEMPORARY.

THE REVEREND MR. RAM
Has resigned the living of Ham.

DANCE FOR MILKMEN.—The Can-Can.

A BEAUTIFIED BEIN.

(*Old Lady sings.*)

ONLY look at me,
Fair in every feature;
Don't you think you see
A fascinating creature?
Venus, Beauty's Queen,
Looked so lovely never.
Lo now, I have been
Made Beautiful for Ever!

Here are bust and brow,
White as alabaster;
Don't you tell me, now,
That I am cased in plaster.
Here's a cheek, whose rose
Time shall never pluck—Oh
Do not say it glows
With nought but painted stucco!

Oh, forbear to chaff,
Saying, Art doth trammel
Features, which a laugh
Would cause to crack enamel.
Freckles o'er this face
Where did Time's hand sprinkle?
Point me out the place
Or show me any wrinkle.

I have undergone
Renovation thorough,
Loveliness, laid on,
Has filled up every furrow.
So, to win my hand,
Now, boys, who'll endeavour?
Take me as I stand,
Made Beautiful for Ever.

Absurd Omission.

SOMEBODY not singing the charming new ballad, "*Oh, Fond Dove*" at MR. COOBY's Concert last Tuesday. (*The name was printed KUBE in the advertisements.—Printer's Devil.*)

HANDEL v. OFFENBACH.

"THEIR Royal Highnesses the PRINCE and PRINCESS LOUIS OF HESSE were present during the second part of the performance of *Israel in Egypt*. It is to be regretted that, with this exception, the Handel Festival was not honoured by the presence of any of the members of the Royal Family."—*Morning Paper*.

"The first performance of *La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein* was honoured with the presence of their Royal Highnesses the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES, their Royal Highnesses the PRINCE and PRINCESS LOUIS OF HESSE, H.R.H. the CROWN PRINCE OF DENMARK, H.R.H. the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, H.R.H. the PRINCE OF TECK, &c., &c., &c. The house was sparkling with the presence of royalty and nobility."—*Morning Paper*.

Chacun à son goût, eh, M. OFFENBACH?

The Seal of Destiny.

KING THEODORE's seal, which has been laid at the QUEEN's feet as one of the *spolia opima* of the Abyssinian war, turns out to have been made by MESSRS. STRONGT'ARM, Waterloo Place. It bears for its device a "monstrously rude" lion. An old Greek would have said there was an omen in the choice of manufacturer and emblem. The seal made by MESSRS. STRONGT'ARM, of Waterloo Place—the monarch's doom sealed by British soldiers, the MESSRS. STRONGT'ARM of Waterloo memories—the "monstrously rude" lion unquestionably the British, which has been so "monstrously rude" as to invade THEODORE's kingdom, release his prisoners, take and burn his stronghold, upset his empire, and drive him to blow out his own brains.

ABRAH, NOW! WHISHT!

An enthusiastic whist-player, an Irishman, says that as on Sunday in London he is debarred from his whist, the nearest approach he can make to it is attending the service in *Whist-minster* Abbey.



THE BAFFLED VOLUPTUARY. (A STUDY OF THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.)

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

(Respectfully dedicated to all whom it may concern.)

"WILL you walk into my Office?" said the Spider to the Fly,
 "'Tis the snuggest little office for business on the sly:
 The way into it lies down a broad and easy stair,
 And I've such accommodation to offer parties there!"
 "Oh no, no," answered the Green Fly, "To ask me is in vain;
 Your stair is easier to go down than to get up again."

"Scorning hedges, following fancies, no wonder you're drained dry;
 Do let me offer you a draft," said the Spider to the Fly.
 "I like to be the friend at need, and take poor green flies in;
 You'll oblige me by accepting: I've no use for the tin."
 "No, thank you," answered the Green Fly, "I think I have heard say,
 That for *your* accommodation through the nose one has to pay."

Said the knowing Spider to the Fly, "Dear Fly, what *can* I do
 To prove how strong's the fancy that I have taken to *you*?
 I've no end of 'good things' of which you're welcome to a slice,
 If your stomach is not squeamish, and your taste not over nice."
 "I don't think," answered the Green Fly, "that my way to that I see:
 Your 'good things' with *green* flies, I've heard, are apt to disagree."

"Dear creature!" said the Spider, "You are witty as you're wise:
 How honorable your scruples, how sagacious your replies!
 But though to take a check from you I really must decline,
 Lay aside your apprehensions, and take this cheque of mine."
 "Not at present, Mr. Spider," said the Fly, "and now good day:
 P'raps we may yet do business, should I e'er come round your way."

The Spider turned him with an air that said, though he was dumb,
 How well he knew the poor Green Fly soon round *his* way would come.
 So he wove his web of meshes, as strong as they were sly,
 And set his table ready to dine upon the Fly.
 Then he came out to his door again and temptingly did sing,
 "Come hither, hither, pretty Fly, with the Green in eye and wing—"

"You've had a cruel time of it: been cheated, choused, done brown:
 Freely you've bled, and heavily in many a field come down.
 They've 'nobbled you' upon the cross, when you ran on the square,
 And won of you by foul play, what they ne'er had won by fair.
 But I'm the card to teach you how doers may be done,
 And each 'lost' in your book-balance transmute into a 'won.'"

Alas, alas, how surely and how soon the poor Green Fly,
 With the Spider's wily tempting, round the Spider's way came by:
 His crippled wings slow dragging, still near and nearer drew,
 Not dainty was his stomach now: all qualms o'erboard he threw!
 Burning with shame to fly the last where 'mongst the first he'd flown,
 And hot to wreak on others the wrong that he had known.

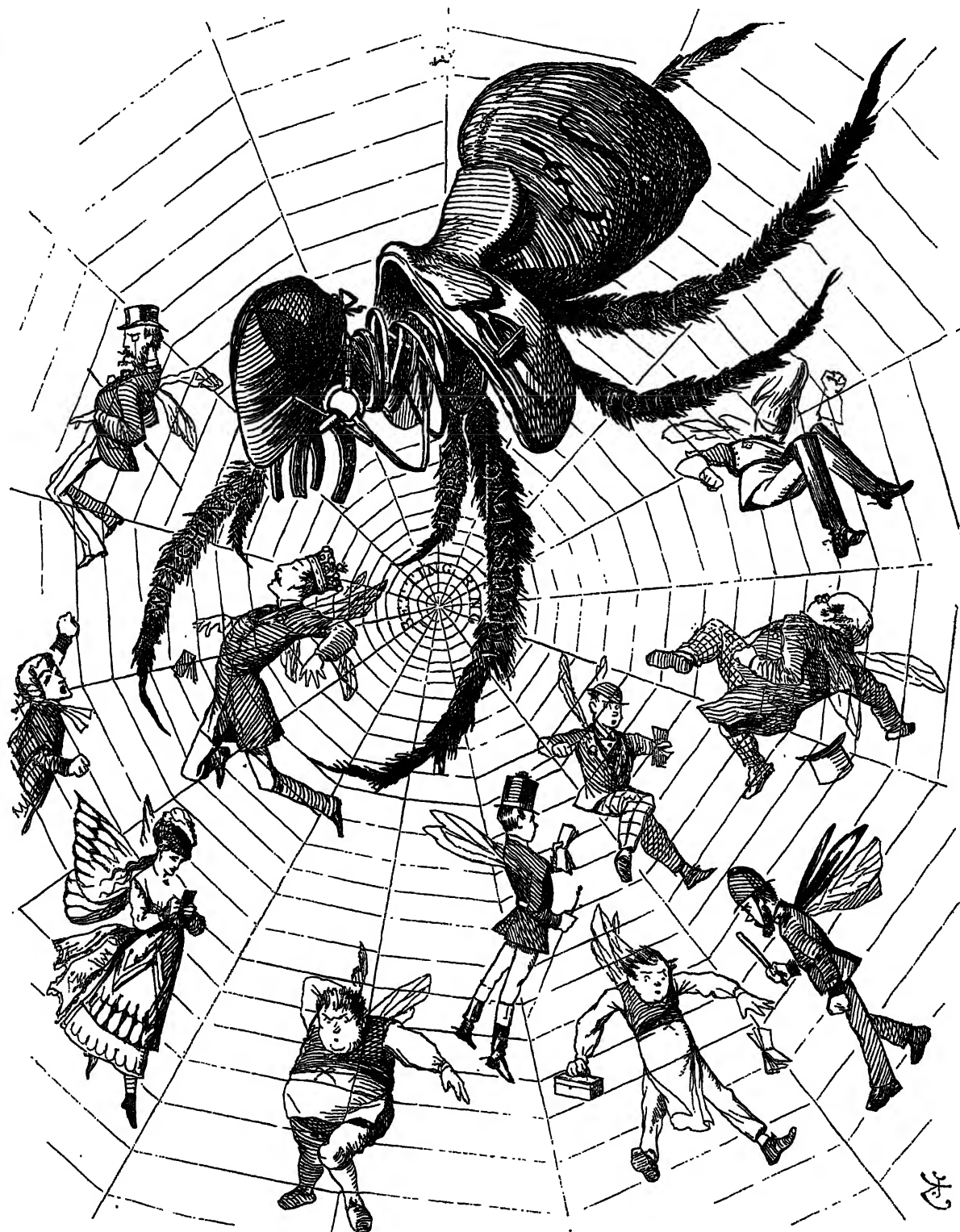
Reeking only of the suff'ring, and reckless of the sin:
 Whatso'er the loss in winning, at all hazards bent to win;
 He came within the Spider's clutch, poor foolish fly at last,
 When out-sprang the cruel Spider, and his long arms round him cast!
 Dragged him down his easy staircase into his little den,
 Then, a scratch—a drop of poison—he ne'er came out again!

Now, Turf Flies—green ones, most of all—who may this fable read,
 To the temptings of the tempter be deaf adders in your need.
 If you lose foully, never think to pay off wrong with wrong;
 Of the dead men's bones be mindful when you hear the Siren's song;
 'Ware down-ward stairs: of "good things" and turf-agencies fight shy.
 And take a lesson from the tale of the Spider and the Fly.

Additional Amusement.

It is proposed to add a room full of astronomical celebrities. Among such scientific stars are to be COPERNICUS, GALILEO, NEWTON, HERSCHEL, &c. It will be a substitute for the Chamber of Horrors, and be advertised as the Chamber of Horrery.

A LADY going to MADAME RACHEL to be made beautiful for ever, is in *Richard the Third's* position of standing "the hazard of the Dye."



THE TURF SPIDER AND THE FLIES.

MRS. PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HER DAUGHTER.



Y DEAREST JUDIANA,

You have now reached the age of eighteen, when it is the fashion for young ladies to take the reins of domestic government, and for their mothers to abdicate the chair of authority for ever; but I feel sure that your dear Papa, who has always been an advocate of woman's rights, would never consent to that sort of thing. I trust, therefore, that my daughter will not look down upon her mother because she is no Medical Woman, or would-be University-Woman, nor would-be Archbishoppess, to talk

sublimely about the Irish Church, no Mrs. Dizzy, climbing the greased pole at the political fair to win the pig! but simply a stewing, preserving, non-Novel-writing person of the weaker—I mean—stronger sex, and a firm believer in the Rights of Men.

Such, my dearest, is your Mother, and I cannot conceal my satisfaction that I am not writing this letter to you fifty years hence; for your dear Papa, MR. JOHN STUART MILL, and all reformers, whether they be great and glorious, or the veriest rag-tag and bob-tail of society, prophesy such changes, that the very thought of being alive then, and of having daughters, makes my hair stand on end. To be sure, it would be a good thing for young ladies to find wholesome occupation; but how overwhelming to think of one's girls being M.A.'s and M.D.'s, and Curates and Barristers, and Members of Parliament! I console myself with thinking that if the study of Greek and Algebra would not make ladies better housekeepers and financiers than they are now, it could not make them worse.

To return to the point, though I really forget what that is now, my heart swells with British ardour and maternal pride when I contemplate the education I have been enabled to give my daughter, and all the money it has cost! I know that it is the fashion to run down the present system of female education, but has not my daughter learned to dance, to sing, to speak a little French, to dress her hair becomingly, to play croquet, to discuss with knowingness every topic of the day; to amuse herself from morning till night?—and is not this the accepted curriculum of female education in this great country?

Your education finished thus, it is my wish to discourse to you upon many things which every young woman on entering life ought to see through the eyes of a mother, even if she is only a meek-minded person addicted to Pickles and Pastry. I really feel ashamed of myself when I reflect that I am a nobody, and have not even written a novel! But though extremely humiliated at the idea of never contributing immortal works to the literature of my country, I can discourse to you in your mother tongue upon such topics as Hair Dyes, Husbands, Chignons, Curate's slippers, Ladies' Committees, Rights of Men, Dear MR. MILL's theories, (of which I am a humble expounder) and so on.

When I first surveyed the greatness of my undertaking I thought I should never have courage to battle with it, but the sight of so many words on paper has such an exhilarating effect upon the spirits, that I can well understand how ladies take to writing as men do to cigars and billiards. It is the only dram-drinking within their reach, and having once got a taste they cannot abstain; and really it would be very terrible if this desire to hear oneself wordify had no other vent-hole but conversation. Your Papa, however, though he has a great objection to what may be denominated as Tatting and Twaddling women (for it is astonishing and lamentable how ladies' tongues go when occupied with their harmless tatting needles), is at all times pleased to hear the opinions of Persons, as we may now call ourselves, who have any—and no British matron ought to be without—though they suit his palate better when they have been kept for some time, like onions, and are not too strong.

Oh, dear! I ask any feeling Person of the other sex to think of what it is to have a daughter just coming out, or rather one ought to say, going in,—a daughter going in, then, for croquet and curates, if she is an ordinary young lady, or for Committees and Degrees and Causes if she is clever; but in either case with so much sail and steam that it is

impossible for any steady-going maternal craft to keep with her, and to imagine what the state of mind of such a panting and despairing left-behind mother must be! I ask that feeling Person, as a man and a brother, to shut his eye for a moment, and putting himself in the place of a parent who has a daughter, look into the future and make what he can of it.

I confess that a daughter is a delightful spectacle to outsiders and the world in general, and I never go into the dull London streets without gazing in amazement, not unmixed with awe, at these chignon-bearing creatures, as young ladies may now be described in natural histories of civilisation, and without wondering if they tie up their throats with so many yards of gay ribbon to show that they deserve moral hanging for their follies. But to return to the mental arithmetic of any Feeling Person doing a sum in simple addition, who shall put his income, moral sentiments, philosophy, fireside comforts, and a quiet mind on one side, and on the other, his daughter's lawn-parties, concert-tickets, trips to Paris, seaside expenses, guineas for fashionable charities, brides'-maids' costume, Doing-as-other-people-do and other Necessaries of life, and see where the balance remains.

Ah! my dearest daughter, the Necessaries of life have increased sadly since Mr. Punch led me to the hymeneal altar, especially the one last mentioned!

I do not wish to cavil at the spirit of the age. I only want you to feel that you have a mother, and that that mother is a reformer, though she can blow with no mighty trumpet. A few years ago there waged a terrible war between those of my sex who called themselves reformers and the men they wanted to reform; but after many sanguinary conflicts, in which both parties were always victorious, a truce has been proclaimed, arms are laid down, and the once hostile forces are upon the most amicable terms imaginable.

I have already made some allusion to the Rights of Men, and as this is a question quite set aside by most ladies who come forward as champions of humanity, I feel it incumbent upon me to stand up for the poor helpless injured things. For though all women have not husbands and brothers, all women must at some time or other have had fathers, and have thus come into pretty close relationship with the inferior sex, as I suppose it is in this age of scientific discovery universally held to be; of course, making a few glorious exceptions, such as MR. BEALES, the POPE, MR. TUPPER, &c. The fact is, or rather my fact is,—for may it always be Mrs. Punch's endeavour to state opinions in the mild pleasant manner peculiar to her sex—my fact is, that men as an institution are little understood by the female part of the community. Why, boldly asks Mrs. Punch, in the name of common sense and her sex in general (excuse the paradoxical phraseology) is a man treated as if he were a fool by his female relations? "Gentle MARY WALKER," as the old song sweetly runs, "tell me why."

Before expounding upon this particular text, I will state what I consider to be the rights of all Britons of the male sex, only excluding Spirit-Rappers, Mormons, and all mischief-makers from MR. BYRNE'S persecutors and MR. REARDON downwards.

The Rights of Men are:—

1st. The last word but one in every domestic discussion.

2nd. The privilege of proroguing the parliament when the subject under consideration has been vehemently handled for the space of an hour.

3rd. To see that his wife or fiancée is properly taught the rudiments of arithmetic, so as to be able to do such sums as these:—

B's income is £600 per annum, but B's wife cannot, with the strictest economy keep house under £800 per annum. Subtract the last sum from the first, and what remains to lay by for the education of the boys, and for the dress of the girls, poor things?

If this does not answer, a man is justified by the laws of his country to quote ADAM SMITH, JEREMY BENTHAM, and other learned authorities, demonstrating that two and two make four.

4th. To go to the club with SMITH and BROWN whenever he returns home to find the kitchen chimney on fire, remonstrating policemen in the hall, cook sulky, mistress stormy, dinner not in sight, and most likely out of the question.

5th. To be treated like a reasonable being, and not like a fool; that is, cajoled into follies he cannot afford, to snobisms he detests, flattered, fooled, wheedled.

6th. Every free-born Briton, provided he is harmless, and does his duty to his family and the world in general, has a right to a quiet life, a cigar now and then, sensible conversation, and a comfortable home.

Having enumerated the Rights of Men, I must now say a word or two about their wrongs; and this brings me back to the question—why is a man treated like a fool by most of the women with whom he is brought in contact? Whilst other ladies are proclaiming on the house-tops that we want Votes, Universities, and Medical Degrees, and Property Laws, let me, as becomes Mr. Punch's consort, act the part of a domestic reformer, and tell my daughter and the rest of her sex, what we want besides in the way of reformation.

I wonder whether there will be a Professor of Common Sense in the

new College proposed for Ladies; and if so, what worthy Person will fill the Chair? Must I speak the truth, boldly, then? The rudiments of Common Sense are sadly neglected in these days.

For instance:—dear ladies, are not men flattered by you from the nursery upwards till you marry, and then what a wretch is he who does not consider his wife a superior being? You exact large measures of deference from him, but do you manage the domestic provinces so as to deserve it? But for the present let me prorogue this discourse, for I am growing agitated. The first duty of a well-bred woman is to prorogue her discourse when growing agitated.

Your aspiring Mother, MRS. PUNCH.



"MEN WERE DECEIVERS EVER."

First Counter Tenor. "SCRITCHY, I THINK YOUR WIFE'S WAITING FOR YOU AT OUR ENTRANCE."

Second Counter Tenor. "OH, THEN, LET'S GO OUT AT THE *BASS* DOOR!"

INCREDIBLE BARBARITY AT BRIDPORT.

As children, and especially little girls, would be very likely to weep on being sent to gaol, the case subjoined, if it has been truly stated by the *Sherborne Journal*, may be safely said to have been one of "great cry and little wool."

"JUSTICE IS NOT ASLEEP IN THE WEST.—Two little girls were brought up before a Bridport magistrate, on Monday, for the offence of picking wool off the carcase of a dead sheep, which they found lying in a ditch, and 'on account of their youth' were—discharged, of course—No; sent to the common gaol for *three weeks*!"

The fact that a magistrate had been really guilty of the brutality thus ascribed to a member of the Bridport quorum, would give good cause for pronouncing that the savage *Shallow* deserved to go to the original author of the remark above-quoted on shearing. Is it really true, however, that such great cry was caused for so little wool? In that case the name of the justice who occasioned it ought to be known in order that, by direction of the HOME SECRETARY, it may cease to disgrace the Commission of the Peace.

Wanted—a Syllable.

THE Alexandra Park managers very properly reserve a right to turn disreputable folks off the race-ground. But the announcement scarcely expresses the meaning. The Directors "will exclude all persons whom they may think proper." Surely the word should be improper? If not, the meeting may prove jolly, but hardly respectable.

FORGET ME NOT.

(A Song of Summer Drinks.)

AIR—"Vergiss mein Nicht."—MOZART.

FORGET me not! blue Mouse-ear, *Myosotis*,
That haunts the mead, *palustris* named of ooze,
Forget me not! I too, when parched my throat is,
Do cooling moisture love in Summer's heat to booze.
Iced Cup then let me drain,
Admixed, by dear provider,
With claret or champagne,
Or brisk and sparkling cider.
Oh! give that drink to me,
Athirst in case I be.
Forget me not!
Oh, that iced pot!
Forget me not!

Forget me not! round that cool tankard's border
There is one plant I always like to see,
Forget me not! of thy botanic order,
For thou dost rank among the *Boraginæ*.
Oh, crown my Cup with sprigs
Of aromatic borage!
Brave herb, his heart who swigs
That fills with cheer and courage!
Then give that drink to me,
Athirst in case I be,
Forget me not!
That same iced pot!
Forget me not!

BEALES'S HAT.

THANK destiny! The Empire has been saved from a crime and shame.

It was announced, to the dismay of millions, in the report of the Liberal meeting at Guildhall, against the Irish Church, that in a fight between SIR W. ROSE and MR. BEALES, the hat of the latter had been crushed.

We were stunned and shocked for two days.

But on the third MR. BEALES wrote a letter to the papers, and it contained these "words of sunshine:"

"IT IS NOT TRUE THAT MY HAT WAS CRUSHED."

That was not all. Anxious completely to allay our feelings, and restore us with the honey of comfort to the balm of bliss, MR. BEALES, as kind as he is great, added,

"IT WAS NOT EVEN DAMAGED."

England has sustained many a trial, and not infrequently has come to grief. But History shall not say of her that she crushed the Hat of BEALES!

"A MEETING LIKE THIS."

WHY is the Member for Peterborough still silent? Did he not see that at a recent Charitable Meeting for the benefit of the homeless, or workless, though not worthless, Poor of London, HENRY EDWARD, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, sat next to the Protestant BISHOP OF LONDON? This, to apply a joke not new to the diocese, is indeed a *Traité-tête*, on which *Punch* the Protector smiles approvingly, and whereat WHALLEY the Woluble is dumb-founded. Yes! Three hundred years ago, one party in temporary ascendancy would have burnt the other; but now, in these days, better enlightened by the Sun of Liberty than by the flames of Smithfield, Protestant and Catholic Bishops, warned by the fire of a common charity in their hearts,

Regardless of creed,
Regard but the need
Of the Homeless and Hopeless;
We wish them God speed!

Election News.

It is announced that MR. M'COMBIE, of Tillyfour, the great breeder of stock and winner of cups and medals, will be a candidate for the Second Seat to be given to Aberdeenshire. In the event of a contest, it is believed that every head of Scotch cattle will be "polled."

THE WEATHER AND THE WAX-WORKS.

IN consequence of continued complaints from the Wax Figures at MADAME TUSSAUD'S, *Mr. Punch* issued a Commission to inquire into their state as affected by the present hot weather. The result of the inquiry the Commissioners now beg to place before the public.

Dated, June, 1868. The TUSSAUD'S Bee-hive, Baker Street.

From the Large Room, Centre Group.

Fig. No. 8. HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF GREECE. *Baker Street.*

I should think so, indeed: might as well be in an oven at once. I am described in the Catalogue as "celebrated for her beauty and accomplishments." If this weather continues, and we're not allowed any ices; or, if I might suggest it, a quiet walk, after the Hive has been closed for the evening, in the Thames Tunnel, mine will be a melting beauty. *Am I often dusted?* Oh, yes. The kindly young person who waits upon me every morning, thought I had either been crying in the night, or had caught cold (no such luck!) and I was unable to make her understand that my left eye had been running. *Am I wandering?* Wish I could, if away from Baker Street. The heat affects my head, neck, shoulders, arms, and hands. For the rest—a hem!—sawdust we are, and unto sawdust we shall return, unless the subject of this present memoir be put forward for ventilation. **QUEEN OF GREECE**, indeed! if this state of things is permitted, I shall be **QUEEN OF** only one very little spot of Greece, which will be found where I now stand, as all that remains of yours truly, H. M. Q. G. As the witness appeared in a fainting condition, the inquiry was discontinued at this point.

No. 7. KING OF SARDINIA.

Phew! Fought once with England and France against Russia, the Tallow Country. Tallow! And this is retribution in wax. **KING OF SARDINIA!** Wish I was a Sardine: done in oils, instead of this. Phew! The Commissioners bowed, and passed on.

No. 17. GENERAL CANROBERT.

What is this costume? It is the dress of a French General of Division. A wrong title, *par exemple*: there should be no division in a camp. Too hot to laugh. *Have I read MR. KINGLAKE'S third and fourth volume?* No; I hear he represents me as a General of Division in the matter of St. ARNAUD and myself. He is a droll. If the proprietors would only give me a holiday, then he who now runs, might then read. *Will I give you LORD RAGLAN'S present address?* By all means. **LORD RAGLAN** lives at No. 15 (back of First Group). He says he's been often under fire, but he never knew any engagement so hot as the one he is fulfilling now with TUSSAUD & Co.

The General was informed that his conversation with **LORD RAGLAN** could not be received as evidence; whereupon he refused to reply to any further questions.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. *Address, No. 35, Second Group. Right Hand.*

Oh, yes! at home and at your service. Don't call me your Grace; say, your Grease; that's more like it. TUSSAUD'S Hotel has been very long established. *Would I, in this June, 1868, vote for its Disestablishment?* Yes, heartily. I wish I was at Lambeth, ho, hi, ho! If I could only be permitted to stand in one of SYDNEY SMITH'S "parson-coolers," as that irreverent divine used to call the stone pulpits! Or take a dip in my own See! Or dance on my own Lawn! His Grace having become slightly confused, the Commissioners withdrew.

No. 70. CHARLEMAGNE.

Yes, I am correctly described as "A Magnificent Figure." What'll become of it if this weather continues. You can't say to the heat as you do to any other visitor, "Please not to touch the Figures."

No. 76. VOLTAIRE.

Ahem! I think I had better not complain of the heat, though I feel it. The subject, being evidently a painful one to the Philosopher, was dropped.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

Would listen to no questions.

"O, that this too too solid flesh would melt!"

"But alas! to make me

The fixed figure!"

"Albeit unused to the melting mood."

"I 'gin to be aweary of the Sun."

"We know what we are, but we know not what we may be."

The Bard supposed it was too hot to go to the Theatre, or would have liked to have heard how his plays were drawing. Under cover of a cough, the Commissioners finished the interview.

No. 117. LUTHER.

I perfectly agree with my friends, His Holiness (he'll only be his

Half-ness if July is like this) **Pius the Ninth, Cardinals WOLSEY, ANTONELLI, and WISEMAN**, also with **JOHN BRIGHT**, on the subject of 90° in the shade. If it continues, we shall all require Re-formation.

The Doctor here wished to enter into the Colenso Question, in which he manifested considerable interest. He was informed that such a topic was irrelevant, whereupon he commenced swearing in Latin. At least, it being Latin, the Commissioners concluded it was swearing, and left him to himself.

HENRY THE EIGHTH.

Lodging at No. 78. Ha! who said Reformation? Ha! Smithfield, I'm sure, could have been nothing to this Tyrant TUSSAUD! Commissioners retired in haste.

No. 120. JOHN WESLEY.

My Dear Brethren, I do not in anywise dissent from my neighbours, **H.R.H. the PRINCE OF PRUSSIA**, and His Majesty **RICHARD THE THIRD**, lodging at Numbers 119 and 121 respectively, who are using strong language about the heat. **RICHARD** says that he never will be "himself again," and calls this the summer of his discontent. I believe I am not long for this climate. How is **SPURGEON**? (*Left speaking.*)

The next witness was roused by treading on his toe; whereupon he raised his arm, turned his head mildly, and pretended to take a pinch of snuff.

No. 138. WILLIAM COBBETT.

I believe I am entirely "out of order." My arm moves rheumatically, and my head turns feebly. Where's a Doctor? As in life, so now, people tread on my toes. Oh, yes, they invariably beg my pardon, that's true; but the mischief's done. I grant I was a warm partisan, always, and perhaps a first-rate growler when there was something to growl at. Disappointed man, am I? Perhaps so. I expected that in this weather I should have been accommodated with a seat near the door. If they leave me here, they won't see much more of **WILLIAM COBBETT**, and be hanged to 'em.

No. 148. HENRY THE THIRD.

I hear visitors reading out of the Catalogue that I died of "natural decay." I shall do it again.

Further conversation declined.

No. 154. EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE.

Ich dien, TUSSAUD, but I should like to take a turn, on a pony, with **LOUIS NAPOLEON** on horseback, in Rotten Row.

The Commissioners were becoming interested in some important historical disclosures commenced by **H.R.H. THE BLACK PRINCE**, when they were abruptly summoned by

No. 181. WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

Orange? Wishes he had one now. Too faint to say any more, except that he thinks **JAMES THE SECOND** is better dressed than he is. Would the Commissioners make a note of it?

OLIVER CROMWELL (examined by **COMMISSIONER LINN**).

Expresses himself always glad to see Commissioners—reminds him of old times. Regrets he can't be removed like a bauble. Doesn't mean barbel—bauble. What's that on his nose? Wart. *Wart? Yes, wart* he said it was. Hates jokes; but said some good things himself when younger. Is dissatisfied with his position here. Why? Heat. Very hot between **CHARLES THE FIRST** and **CHARLEY THE SECOND**. Why does he think the TUSSAUDS Royalists? Because they executed him in wax.

CHARLES THE SECOND.

Asked a few unimportant questions about the ducks in St. James's Park and other little ducks. Wasn't there a dog show? Odds-fish, there's the governor asking for something, gentlemen; as I said on a former occasion, I beg your pardon for detaining you.

CHARLES THE FIRST.

Feels the heat. Would like to go out to the Serpentine. *Why?* Because he would make a decent thing of it by letting out boats. New idea for Ship-money. Sorry they couldn't stop.

The Commissioners were walking towards the refreshment bar, for the weather was beginning to tell upon them, when they were hailed by a "Belay there, you lubbers!" which appeared to come from **WILLIAM THE FOURTH**. On approaching, they found His Majesty had nothing else to say, so they adhered to their original intention, and after this the inquiry was adjourned.

Widdles for Wallflowers.

Widdle. When is a lovely young lady, who can't sound her "r's," like, by her own showing, a resplendent angel?

Answer. When she tells you that she wears a pair of gold wings.

NEXT WIDDLE.

Widdle. Why is a pocket-handkerchief tattered by wear and tear like an elderly clown in a circus?

Answer. Because he's an old wag.



ENERGETIC WAY OF TAKING IT.

"YES, GENERALLY COME AND SIT HERE FOR AN HOUR AFTER BREAKFAST. ONE MUST HAVE EXERCISE, YOU KNOW."

DISRAELI'S DISPENSATION.

O DIZZY, my darling, when next a libation
You pour with the Taylors, so gladsome and free,
Don't prate, if you love me, about Dispensation,
For that's not a word for yourself or for me.

When a gentleman spouts for his own recreation,
One wouldn't be hard on a firework phrase,
But the canting and *Recordish* word Dispensation—
Is *that* fitting stuff for these cynical days?

If you meant it in fun it's a mere desecration,
If earnest, my boy,—but you're not such a fool:
What certain religionists call Dispensation
Is something that never was taught in your school.

You want to set going a Church agitation,
Well, play out your game with each weapon that's fair,
But the humbug that calls lobby-votes Dispensation,
Old *Punch*, the great Umpire, 's unable to bear.

Assert, if you like, that a dread tribulation
Will follow the fall of JOHN MANNERS and you;
But don't call a vote a divine Dispensation,
Because you're aware that the thing is untrue.

Punch likes your smart books for your keen detestation
Of hypocrite howl that you christened a *Cry*,
But Taper and Tadpole ne'er roared Dispensation
When Protestant votes were the dearest to buy.

I'll end with a hint this unpleasant jobation:
If oft you display such an absence of Nouns,
You'll get what the Catholics call Dispensation
From paying the penance of leading a House.

PUNCH.

DESIGN FOR A MONUMENT OVER A TEATOTALLER'S TOMB.—AN UTM.

TO THE LORD JOHN MANNERS.

DEAR LORD JOHN,

July 1, 1868.

You were kind enough to promise us that water should return to the cleansed lake "in June."

It may have returned, but I walked across the lake, with my feet on the bottom thereof, in company with the Duke of Cornwall Terrace, the Duke of Albany Street, the Earl of Kent Terrace, the Earl of Gloucester Terrace, and the Misses Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia Lear, and back to the Ornamental Enclosure (where we play at croquet) last night, and none of us were in the least wet.

One would not hold a gentleman to a day or two, as if one were a sharp attorney, or an old maid who had grabbed at an offer, but the evenings are very hot, and if you would just prod the contractor a little, we and the ducks should be much obliged. Not that he has not been doing his work very neatly, or that the job will not be a good one.

Ever yours, faithfully,

*Boskybellows Terrace,
Alpha Road.*

"PARCUS" ET INFREQUENS, &c.

A Timely Warning.

WHAT a fearful thing a general drought would be! Water, water nowhere, and not a drop to drink! And yet to this we must come, unless Societies for the conservation of the English rivers are established everywhere to warn off oarsmen from their favourite work of destruction. We use the phrase, "work of destruction," advisedly, hearing from undoubted sources (of rivers) that boating is on the increase, and that everywhere stalwart young men and active boys are *pulling up our most beautiful English rivers*.

AFTER DINNER.

At the Banquet given last week to the Archbishops and Bishops MR. JOHN ABEL SMITH, M.P. "replied briefly to the toast, but his remarks were inaudible." Hadn't he better change his name to MR. JOHN UN-ABEL SMITH?

DEMORALISING SABBATARIANISM.

Is there not in existence a Society for Suppression of Vice? Because then its attention is invited to the question thus raised by the *Manchester Examiner* :—

"IS IT LAWFUL TO PLAY CRICKET ON A SUNDAY?—In DR. DORAN'S recently published work on 'Saints and Sinners,' it is stated that 'at the present time cricket is the only game that can be lawfully played on Sunday. Either DR. DORAN or the Leominster magistrates must be in error, for the latter have just fined four boys a shilling and costs, with the alternative of seven days' imprisonment, for playing cricket on Sunday week.'"

If Sabbatarian justices are indeed empowered by any law to fine or imprison people for playing cricket on Sundays, the Society for the Suppression of Vice, in case there is one, ought immediately to petition for its repeal. It is a law of a most demoralising tendency. Cricket is as pure, healthful, and mainly an amusement as any that can be imagined. It is difficult to conceive how the generality of boys, or men either, could pass their time on a Sunday between Church hours better than in a game of cricket. Being no manner of work, cricket is, nevertheless, occupation; and can therefore be displeasing only to the personage who "finds some mischief still," as DR. WATTS says, "for idle hands to do," and must, one would think, especially object to a pastime which keeps anybody out of mischief on Sundays. Whilst people are engaged in playing at cricket, they cannot at the same time booze in a public-house, or lounge and loiter about outside of it, repeating odious words every half-minute. Neither, as the Sabbatarians themselves might consider, can they travel in excursion trains or steam-boats. All the while they are playing they really rest the faculties which they have tasked during the week, and recruit the nervous system on whose condition mental health depends.



MR. PUNCH'S DESIGNS FROM NATURE.(P)

TOILETTE DU SOIR À LA SIRÈNE.

A New Exhibition.

(Notice by Our Travelling Cockney.)

THE EMPEROR, the EMPRESS, the PRINCE IMPERIAL, and PRINCE NAPOLEON, as *A Nappy Family*.

A SEASONABLE PETITION.

To SIR RICHARD MAYNE, and the Police in Scotland Yard assembled—

The Humble Petition of the Dogs and Curs of London, Sheweth,

That your petitioners are all, at present, of sound mind, although many of them, unhappily, are rather weak in body.

That your petitioners are afraid of being driven out of their senses by the recent cruel order that they must all be muzzled, when they take their walks abroad.

That your petitioners are by nature able to perspire only through their tongues, and the wearing of a muzzle impedes them in so doing, and thus induces fever, which to madness is akin.

That your petitioners will do their best to keep in their right minds, but if they be goaded out of them, their muzzles must be blamed.

That your petitioners would suggest that if dog-fountains were placed in convenient localities, stray dogs would not run the risk of being driven mad with thirst in the hot weather, and this would supersede the need of tying up their mouths.

That your petitioners have heard that this is a free country, but, while they are not suffered to walk about unmuzzled, they beg leave to doubt the fact.

Your petitioners therefore humbly pray that their muzzles be removed, and that they themselves be suffered to walk about unfettered as freeborn British subjects, provided that they pay the dog-tax, and in every way discharge their duty to the State.

And your petitioners will ever pray, &c.

The Practice of Baby Farming.

THE frequent mention of Baby Farming suggests the question—"What crops may a baby be expected to yield?" Thereto the only answer that can well be given is—"The usual exanthemata of infancy." But, at this rate, all the harvest a baby can afford would be reaped by the doctor.

DUET FROM "NORMA," ARRANGED FOR A LITTLE DUCK AND A CHORUS OF GREEN PEAS.—"Yes, we together!" &c.

OPERA FOR ODD-LAYERS.—Bet-ly.

THE ALEXANDRA PARK RACES.



OUR readers of African travels are aware that the races in Mungo Park are exceedingly dark. In this they differ widely from the races in Alexandra Park, which struck us as being remarkably fair. From Muswell Hill to Africa may appear somewhat of a jump, but the suffocating state of the weather was decidedly most suggestive of the continent in question, and certainly every race may have been aptly termed a heat. The approach from the railway station to the course having been liberally macadamised with

broken brick, and then mercilessly crushed by the heels of some thousands of pedestrians, produced a rich and aromatic powder, which showed to great advantage on the boots and trousers of the visitors, and completely negatived the remark of a tolerant Cockney, who gave it as his opinion that the affair was "none so dusty." The charge of a shilling admission kept out the roughs, the *Bill Sykes* element being almost unnoticeable save in one or two instances when *Bill* had passed in with his Bob. The police arrangements were, however, most efficient, nobody being apprehended for any offence in the park itself, though several people were taken up by their "carriage" friends on the road. The ring was crowded, every inch of standing room being occupied, which rendered the declaration of several bookmakers that they would "lay against the field" somewhat absurd; and the voices of the shouting betting-men seemed to us to be even huskier than usual. It is evident that, paraphrasing the line of the poet, they think

"Who bets on horses should himself be hoarse,"

for anything more rasping and suggestive of a rusty stable-door hinge we never heard than were some of the "voices of the crowd" in the Muswell Hill betting-ring. The Grand Stand itself is a very imposing piece of Alexandra Parkitecture, and its general appearance is exceedingly refined, whilst the racing ground must really be considered a little course. Still, by going over it twice the distance is obviously doubled, and the victory is invariably settled after the second round. There was a marked absence of "three sticks a-penny" men, and of broken heads in consequence; for though, as usual in English assemblages, there were many who were reserved, we are bound to say we saw nobody shy. Even the unlucky dog who on race-courses as a rule "urges on his wild career," exciting as he does so the execrations of the populace, was absent from Alexandra Park, and practical joking snobs were content to carry flowers in coats instead of flour in bags, whilst that most nourishing but misused escalent, the pea, was not observable to the naked eye, either as an instrument of deception or as a missile.

The means of transit, too, were specially commendable, and though we are compelled occasionally to grumble at the extremes in dress to which ladies go, we confess to feeling with the manager of the Great Northern line that there are seasons when it is quite the right thing to go in for long trains.

There can be no doubt that the affair was more successful as an opportunity for an "outing" than as an event in the racing world. The managers could not ensure a perfect condition of the course after so long a drought, and if the horses' hoofs found the earth's crust a "hard case," it must be remembered that the Alexandra Park is only a walk from Town, and that one can't have everything even in these accommodating times. If the Muswell Hill gathering is not an Ascot for its style, a Goodwood for its "family partyishness," a Stockbridge for its jollity, an Epsom for its immensity, a Newmarket for its thorough professional flavour, or a Hampton for its furious fun, it partakes of the nature of all of them, and it only requires some judicious improvements—in the matter of admission money to the exclusive portions of the field for instance—to render it one of the most pleasant of annual attractions.

We would however suggest that there should be some protection afforded even to the "Welcher." There have been instances where

innocent people have fallen a victim to that spirit of rough justice which incites a British crowd to resent and punish the deliberate cheat. It would be better for a "select circle" to investigate the charge rather than thrust him forth to the mercy of the mob. But for another offender we would urge no leniency. We allude to the individual (and his name on both days was legion) who continually remarks, "I'll have your hat." An assault in his case is quite justifiable; and in every instance of an expressed desire for the possession of one's head-covering, it should be perfectly legitimate to take him at his word, and "let him have it."

PEEL'S GHOST

Apocryph of PEEL'S Statue.

SAYS PEEL'S ghost to PEEL'S statue, as sadly it stood

In the corner of New Palace Yard:

"You're by far, far, the worst, where I fear none is good;
And to blush for one's own brass is hard.

"In the spirit, as erst in the flesh I was wont,
Choice of three courses let me suggest:

When of OSBORNE and ELCHO you've faced the full brunt,
I don't much doubt which you'll think best.

"The first is the course which good MANNERS demands;
But which Good Taste, says "No" to, I fear;
To leave your deformity just as it stands,
To Commons and Cabbies a jeer.

"Next course, to the wit and the wisdom we owe
Which JOHN HARDY hovers between,
To leave you a statue, but not *statu quo*—
Clapped away where you cannot be seen.

"The third course is that which I think, on the whole,
As original I should like best—
By way of repose for my wandering soul
That now hovers round you distrest—

"To the furnace again your spoiled brass to consign;
The poor Baron's friends it may hurt:
I honour their feelings, let them think of mine;
Of the three courses, that's your desert."

MRS. PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HER DAUGHTER.

MY DEAREST JUDIANA,

AFTER those preliminary remarks of mine, I debated in my mind what was the most important topic with which to begin a series of letters to my daughter, and it took me several anxious days and sleepless nights to come to no conclusion. At last I went to your dear Papa, who, however waggish and cynical he can be upon occasions, is the most feeling of men when his wife, or indeed any lady, is in real distress; and what was my surprise when he said, without taking a moment's time for reflection, "Dress, my dear, may be briefly stated as the most important object in a woman's life—so there begin."

So there begin! I couldn't have believed that matters had come to such a pass: but who so able to decide upon any grave question where ladies are concerned as my dear *Mr. Punch*? Of course, *Mr. Punch* is right, but I can only say that Dress is far from being my most important object in life; and though he did not say so, it is to be taken for granted that he excepted me, as every gentleman is bound to except his wife when making severe assertions.

It must be admitted that the sin of dowdiness can no longer be laid at the door of Englishwomen by any impertinent foreign nation. It is, indeed, a most delectable and praiseworthy circumstance, and a crowning decoration and honour to the age we live in, that ladies of all ranks in life have at last been awakened to a sense of their moral responsibility as Wives, Mothers, and Daughters, and have learned the ART OF DRESS!

Golden Age, ineffable period! when the whole Duty of Woman is understood and acted up to with exemplary zeal and unmitigated self-devotion. How will my daughter's heart glow with exultation when she finds the heroic sacrifices of which her sex is capable, where so dear and so paramount a duty is concerned, as that of being well dressed! A few unkind people may doubt as to whether such a principle is the best upon which to found a moral code; and I was only saying something of this kind to Mrs. GRUNDY the other day, but she answered in a very decided tone—

"My dear *Mrs. Punch*, what you say is very sensible, and so on; but then, like all theorists, you live up in the clouds. Put yourself in my shoes, if you please. As a practical, conscientious British matron, with grown-up daughters to marry, and poor GRUNDY not being nearly so

well-off as he appears, and tradesmen's bills increasing like snowballs from year to year, and the boys being obliged to launch out a little at Cambridge as other young men do, I cannot do as I would for my girls, though I give them every advantage in my power. It is true they have had little education, excepting dancing and music, but what is education in comparison to a good wardrobe? and really few girls can make a better show than my JULIA and CLARA and BLANCHE, especially at night, when white silks don't show their yellow tint, and no one is the wiser for cleaned gloves and "done-ups." The worst of it is, that milliners are sometimes so disagreeable and ask for money, the ungrateful creatures, when a lady of my position has patronised them for years, and is almost sure to settle up accounts some day or other! Ah! poor GRUNDY and I have an anxious time of it, especially since false hair and other expensive fashions have come in. I assure you, dear Mrs. Punch, I have lately paid—I mean I have bought—for paying is quite out of the question, just now when provisions are so dear, and one is obliged to have lawn parties and other sociabilities of the season) no less than twenty guineas' worth of false hair for my girls, and even now BLANCHE's chignon is detestably small. If crinolines were a thorn in the flesh, hair is two thorns, for the fashion is always changing, and you can't do up hair at home. Last year, my darling girls had the loveliest golden locks, so crisped and flossy, perfect bits of colour as artists would say, and now brown has come into fashion, and any lady knows what those simple words involve; to-morrow it may be black or burnt senna, or indeed aquamarine for all I know. But what Englishwoman would not dye for the honour of her country? and I pride myself that my daughters have dyed to some purpose. Revolutionise us, dear Mrs. Punch, as much as you please in other respects, but the art of dress is, in my opinion, the first business of a woman's life."

"I confess to you, my dear daughter, that I do not agree with Mrs. GRUNDY, and had I been a person of moral firmness, I should have told her my opinions of the present Red Indian, Abyssinian, frizzly-headed, scanty-skirted, be-feathered, be-spangled, be-fooled sort of costume, illogically called Ladies' full dress."

Your dear Papa and I are old-fashioned people, and though we try to keep up to the spirit of the times, we cannot reconcile ourselves to seeing respectable ladies dressed with as much violation of good taste and decency as women in the Gorilla country who know no better, poor dears!

Mr. Punch and I went to an evening party the other night, arriving as we were bidden to do, at the rational hour of ten; but no sooner had we entered the drawing-room, than Mr. Punch drew back, and said with a shocked, almost a solemn air, "We have evidently come too soon, my love, for the ladies have not finished dressing themselves."

I said meekly that I thought he was mistaken. "We must have come to the wrong house, then," he ejaculated quite fiercely; "and, in Heaven's name, Mrs. Punch, among what sort of company are we? Let us retire forthwith." But up stepped the hostess, a charming young lady, the modest wife of a fond husband, the mother of sweet children, and lo and behold, she was as outrageously dressed as a dancing-girl at a fair! An awful boss of some hairy material surmounted her head, and the remainder of her costume might be said to consist of a pearl necklace, pearl ear-rings, and a white silk train commencing at the waist. Of anything pretending to be a bodice there was no sign.

What are we coming to, then? What does it prognosticate when mothers and wives dress in the style of ANONYMAS? Is it done to please the men we wish our daughters to marry? What a lesson for them is this drawing-room spectacle! What an incentive to decorum! Oh, fie, ladies! Burn your chignons, every one of them; cut up your trains into vestments for your shoulders, dears; fancifully as Nature dresses the flowers, if you will, but with regard to comfort and propriety, and see how the men like that.

If ladies adopted this insufficient mode of Ball-dress out of economy there might be something said in its favour, but as it is, they spend double and treble the money necessary to cover their shoulders, upon pyramids of false hair, so firm and securely fastened that the Redan hardly stood cannon-balls better than they would do.

A clergyman's wife, in that mild and benignant manner with which clerical ladies are wont to handle the parochial reins, not long ago suggested the desirability of Liveries for female servants; but on the principle that modest dress, like charity, should begin at home, I commend other reformatory notices to the lady's notice. If Liveries would keep housemaids and cooks from vanity and ruin, for Heaven's sake, Reverend Madam, let the system be introduced among their betters! What a revolution would be effected in society if some enterprising Moses were to set up a grand millinery and drapery Mart where ladies could buy costumes exactly proportionate to their husbands' incomes.

Let us begin with the £300 per annum department. Straw bonnets, of any colour, trimmed with ribbon, no flowers nor veils, except Shetland veils worn on hygienic principles to prevent tic-douloureux, Linsey dresses for winter, serge for Sundays; cotton and alpacas for summer, with cloth or alpaca mantles.

Next let us take the £500 per annum department. Plain net bonnets for summer, plain velvet for winter; dresses as before, with the addition of black silk, and mantle of same material for summer.

£700 per annum department. Bonnets as before, with the addition of neat flowers and one small feather; grey silk for summer, silk mantle trimmed with jet, French merino or black silk for winter—choice of mantles from £3 to £5.

And so on: do, dear Mrs. Rector, see what you can do in this matter, and when you have reformed the mistresses, then turn your attention to the maids.

Do I in my most ardent moments expect such a reformation? Shall Mrs. Punch call upon her sex for a Burning of the Vanities, to some purpose? Join, my JUDIANA, in the aspirations of

Your devoted and patriotic Mother,

MRS. PUNCH.



A NATIONAL TRIUMPH.

MR. DUNCAN CAMPBELL read in *The Owl*, which he had borrowed:—

"Her Majesty's Government have resolved to confer a Peerage on Sir ROBERT NAPIER."

He remarked to MR. ARCHIBALD FRAZER—

"There'll be just nae Peer like NAPIER."

MR. ARCHIBALD FRAZER, in less than a minute, burst out laughing. MR. DUNCAN CAMPBELL laughed too. Then they went off, both of them, into fits of laughter, which continued with momentary intermissions for about twenty minutes, and recurred at intervals during a period of four hours and a half.

Valuable Suggestion.

DEAR SIR,—Being a constant reader of your valuable paper, I observe in the *Illustrated News* that the King of *Tigre* uses a *Lion* for his seal. Surely there is something here which you could work up, and by so doing oblige,

Yours, obediently,

City. Tuesday.

A STOCK-EXCHANGE WIT.

[We prefer to print our delightful Correspondent's letter, *minus* his respected signature.—*Ed. P.*]

PRINCE NAPOLEON.

IMPECUNIOSITY is evidently threatening the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH. He has been sending a NAPOLEON for change all over Europe, and can't get it done anywhere.



A PROTECTOR.

"ALL RIGHT, MISS, ALL RIGHT! I'VE GOT 'OLD ON 'IM! YOU'VE NO CALL TO BE AFRAID!"

A WELCOME TO NAPIER AND HIS ARMY.

'Twas Old NAPIER of Merchistoun first won the crown
Which a NAPIER has never been wanting to wear:
And NAPIER of Magdala now brings renown
To a stock with scarce room a new honour to bear.

Let the heart of old England be vocal with thanks,
Let the joy of old England be uttered in cheers,
That know no distinction of races or ranks,
But of chief and of army, alike, own "nae peers."

Ne'er had Captain or soldiers a worthier cause,
Nor themselves of that cause did more worthily bear;
Maintaining, not outraging, Chivalry's laws,
Till they tracked the hyena to Magdala's lair.

In all the strange hardships through which they have past,
Foes or friends had the due that to either belonged;
In march, halt, or fight, from the first to the last,
Not a woman was outraged, a peasant was wronged.

From the salt of the sea, and the sand of the shore,
Through the wall of the mountain a door-way they clove;
Up the torrent bed slowly but surely they bore,
Over Alp upon Alp irresistibly strove.

If the loads were too heavy for scaling the track,
If the followers shrank from such marches, dismayed,
Let loads be abandoned, and followers sent back:
The track must be scaled, and the march must be made.

On and on, up and up, ever higher and higher,
But forwards, still forwards, they held on their way:
Till the basalt of Magdala gave back their fire,
And the tyrant stood, faced in his fastness, at bay.

Small renown such a foe to his conqu'rors can bring:
With the realm, not the chief, was the battle they won:
But from holier cause never warfare did spring,
Nor gave retrospect fairer, when fighting was done.

'Twas in no doubtful quarrel, for no sordid ends,
Not to humble a rival, or win land or fee;
But to prove England counts not what treasure she spends
If the wronged she but rights, and the captive sets free.

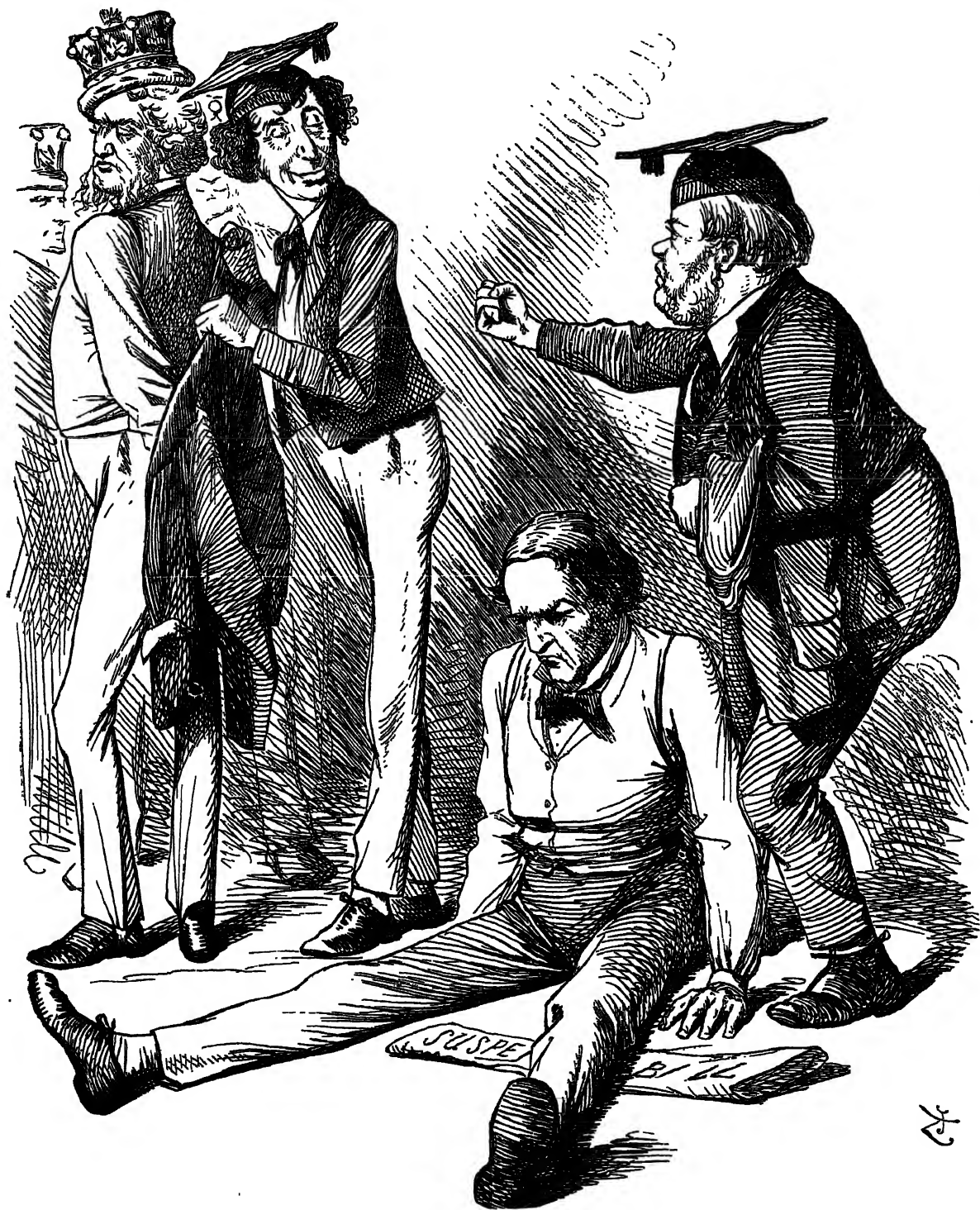
ROYALTY v. RITUALISM.

If the Ritualists are prohibited from using incense *à la Romaine*, they may find some substitute for it in the following telegram, sent by her Most Gracious Majesty, QUEEN VICTORIA, Defender of the Faith, on the occasion of the unveiling of DR. MARTIN LUTHER'S monument to the KING OF PRUSSIA, at Worms:—

"Pray express to the Committee for the erection of the Luther Memorial my most hearty congratulations upon the successful completion of their task. Protestant England cordially sympathises upon an occasion which unites the Protestant Princes and peoples of Germany."

Priests of the mock-turtle persuasion put that in your thuribles and smoke it. You see the QUEEN calls this country "Protestant England." HER MAJESTY expresses sympathy with an assemblage met to honour the memory of LUTHER, whom you call a heretic. What do you say to this demonstration on the part of your Sovereign? Nothing disrespectful, nothing malignant, nothing foolish, nothing that convicts you of hypocrisy and humbug? Then you will agreeably surprise straightforward and sensible people by showing yourselves more loyal, and wiser, and honest, than they imagined you to be.

AN EXTRAORDINARY RISK.—From the case of RISK ALLAH against the British and Foreign Marine Insurance Company, it seems that the Company consider that though they insure against any ordinary risk, they decline the responsibility of RISK ALLAH.



ATHLETICS AT WESTMINSTER.

JOHN BRIGHT. "HA! WON'T YOU KETCH IT NEXT HALF, WHEN OUR BIG BROTHER COMES!!!"

MR. PUNCH'S ENGLISH PRIZE POEM.

Recited at No. 85, Fleet Street, on the occasion of the Encenia or Commemoration of Benefactors and Typefounders.

DESCEND, O Muse! Yea, condescend, all Nine,
To aid my venture in the heroic line;
Your plectrum lend, your aluminium lyre,
And fill me with the best poetic fire.
In orient climes, where broad lagoons of sand
The horizon rim with leagues of lonely land,
Where green savannahs cool the heated eye,
Their grassy prairies billowing to the sky,
And the bright heaven is gay with tint and hue
No poet dreams, no painter ever drew:
The fragile palm the monarch of the scene,
The blithe cicada chirping on the green,
Birds on the wing with iridescent crest,
Proud of their plumage and their rainbow breast,
Now nigh, now neighbour to the climbing sun,
But all unconscious of the doomful gun;
The fragrant bush—its tamarisk and teak;
Restoring bloom to many a distant cheek—
With sweet temptation and mellifluous bribe
Alluring all the apiarian tribe,
And with a burst of coleopterous glee,
Which SPENCE and KIRBY would have longed to see,
Startling the love-birds in their dewy nest,
Mourning the brood they yesterday possessed,
And wondering why the cruel heart of youth
Could know no pity and could feel no ruth.
There, in their own pagoda, miles away,
With neither taxes, rates, nor rent to pay,
They sat and watched the young Mammalia play;
Heard the flamingo in the adjoining wood
Bleeding herself to find her offspring food;
Helped the torpedo, loth at first to creep,
Not half-awakened from hybernal sleep;
Enjoyed the peace, the privacy, the prawns,
Walks in the woodlands, lounges on the lawns,
And in the evening, resting from their toils,
Painted in water-colours and in oils—
A youthful pair, by boonful nature blessed
With gifts of grace and beauty, nicely dressed,
Bound by the tie but death or WILDE can sever,
And wishing five-pound notes would last for ever.
The moon was up, when in their new calque
They dared the sea and rounded peak on peak,
Trusting the star that shimmered in their wake
Deep as their love, but tranquil as a lake,
Flying from home and several guardians' rage,
Both wealthy wards, and under legal age:—
He, who had risked for those blue eyes and hair
All that conspires to make life's morning fair,
The large estates which his great-uncle won
Beyond the telegraph and beyond the sun,
In various lands and different climes
Where no man thinks of writing to the *Times*,
Careless of fame and foxes, friends and foes,
If only she were near to mend his clothes;
While she, half-madden'd by the arrowy taunts
Of spiteful cousins and malignant aunts,
Flung to the winds her hopes of Earls and Dukes,
And fled with PERCY from the world's rebukes.
See roseate youth with mutual grace advance
Through the swift mazes of the rhythmic dance,
Wile the soft hours and lead the day along
With all the pomp and pleasantry of song,
Give time no respite, and foreclose the dawn
With games and sports, and croquet on the lawn;
Or, sometimes, neophytes in nature's lore,
Examine infusoria on the shore,
Till the chill shades of punctual twilight fall,
And PERCY's hand adjusts her Paisley shawl.
High in the midst the Sujah on his throne,
Between two monoliths of carious stone,
In robes of purple slashed with angry puce,
Spangled with bees, and fleur-de-lys, and luce;
A carcanet of "cat's-eyes" on his brow,
Sculptured all over with the sacred cow;
Grasping a sceptre jade and jacinth mixed,
With one blue beryl in the ferule fixed;
Swords at his side, and hanberks in his waist,
These set with sard, those with smaragdite faced;
His voice distinct above the maddening drums,

The gongs, the cymbals, and the hoarse tum-tums,
Rolled like a simoom through that vaulted hall,
Where lions crouched and leopards came at call,
Bidding the tremblers say why they had dared
Enter a land, where youth was never spared—
A land no stranger ever left alive,
But died next morning at the stroke of five.

Around him ranged his stalwart stevedores stood,
Lust in their eye, and rapine in their blood,
In curious armour cased from head to heel,
Courslet and casque, and greaves of Sheffield steel,
Wielding the claymore and the Libyan lance,
Awful in slogan, awful in the dance,
And leal to him their Sujah and their King,
Who ordered fifty turbaned slaves to bring
Mead and metheglin in huge mazer bowls,
And told out moldores to buy sausage-rolls.

The goblets brimmed, they sang in Odin's praise,
And made their talk revolve round other days:
Told of their chief at tourney and at tilt,
Horsemen unhorsed, but he was never spilt;
First at the joust, and foremost in the fray,
The kingdom's backbone and the nation's stay;
Stalking the jaguar in its mountain lair,
Flashing his falchion through the polar bear,
Cleaving the dodo down from toe to tip,
And smiting wily wombats on the hip.

Such are the souls who mount supreme and climb,
And write their names upon the towers of Time;
Who soar in space away beyond the ken
Of well-dressed, drawling, ordinary men,
And on the roll of those who've dared to think
Stand as indelible as marking ink.

The Sun, with clouds in waiting, was at rest
On Ocean's broad immeasurable breast,
The moon had risen, as sometimes is the case,
With one slight frown across her lovely face,
The usual stars were winking in the sky,
Theme of the poet's song, the lover's sigh,
And the wide welkin rang with peals of glee
Arising from a party taking tea;
When—for the Sujah changed his dire intent
And death commuted into banishment—
The *Trirème* came, and at her prow appeared
An aged henchman with a milk-white beard,
Charged to escort the youthful couple back,
By cape and coast, by tor and mountain track,
Fast islands anchored in pellucid seas,
Where spices scent the soft meridian breeze,
Past headlands haunted in the gloaming hour
With Faun and Fay from barracoon and bower,
Along lone straths which few have ever trod,
Or heard a footfall chiming on the sod,
Through vales and valleys, gorge and gloomy glen,
Where pumas prowl, and ounces pound their den,
Up to the hills which skirt the eternal blue,
Home of the Condor glittering in the dew,
Who brings his brood the lamb, the savoury cub,
And meets a member of the Alpine Club.

She spoke—her words were soft as eider down,
And heard with rapture by the crowded town,
Who thronged the casements and the chimney-tops,
Who dressed their areas with festoons of hops,
Got banners, flags, and military bands,
Grew hoarse with shouting and then clapped their hands,
Sang national airs, rang all the rolling bells,
And fired off matchlocks, guns, and petronels;
To honour her and him so loth to go
From those bright shores where never falls the snow,
To face offended aunts and outraged law,
And all the horrors which their fancy saw,
In hyperborean districts, zones away,
Where morns were dark and eves were mostly grey—
Lands which might suit the solemn and the strong,
And had made something like a name in song,
But could not please that melancholy pair,
Who in each other's arms both perished there.

So have I seen the great Atrides' son
Fall down and die ere yet his race was run,
Expire and sink amid a ruined world,
And blood the flag his prowess had unfurled;
Cry to the eagle in his eyrie far—
"Bird, tell my queen, who owns yon streaming star,
That her great chieftain, loveliest of his clan,
Lived like a hero—died like a man."



YEOMANRY TRAINING—(VERY SEVERE IN THE HOT WEATHER.)

DELIGHTFUL POSITION FOR MAJOR BLAZER, COOLING ON HIS WAY HOME FROM PARADE.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MR. PUNCH is a Trappist. Not only because he sets the most refined traps and catches therein all the Notabilities of the time. He is one of the order of *La Trappe*, founded 1140, in Normandy. Like *Alice*, he has quitted his Normandie, but he adheres to the rule, especially in this hot weather. The monks of *La Trappe* are bound to silence, and to labour, and are forbidden study, wine, fish, and other luxuries. He has obtained a dispensation from labour and from observing the other inhibitions, but he has devoted himself to silence and to smoking, and means to adhere to his vows until the thermometer shall permit him to wear clothes, and walk about. In these circumstances, he cannot restrain his compassion for people who crowd into public places, make speeches, hear music, or do anything which they are not obliged to do. He is filled with the tenderest compassion for the Lords of England, who met on

Monday, June 29, for the Third and last night of the great set debate on the Church of England in Ireland. Again came the Nobles, and the Ladies, and the Commons. The DUKE OF EDINBURGH, home again from Australia, sat with the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF on the cross benches, and in the Gallery were the Princes CHRISTIAN and LOUIS OF HESSE. The Stranger's Gallery was blackened with parsons.

The DUKE OF ABERDEEN, whose lady-clan mustered in large and charming force, opened the night's debate, and declared that all Eyes and all Hearts were on the great question. He believed that the object was gained, for that question was raised from languid speculation into living politics. His Highland Grace made a very good party speech.

The BISHOP OF OXFORD took a large piece of chalk, and wrote "Presbyterian" all across the Duke's back. He was very humorous, and the way in which he imitated MR. SPURGEON, while reading a letter from that hierarchy, was exceedingly telling. He had something to say about a concession to the spirit that excited Fenianism, and about a sentimental grievance, like that of Cain against Abel. Finally, he protested against sacrificing the Church and our liberties to Rome. It was all very clever, and did not in the least convey the idea that his Lordship was in any terror for the Church of England.

LORD SHAFTESBURY was like *Shirley*, in the old play, "O dear, I

cannot tell what to say, nor what to do." But he manfully resolved to do nothing, and not vote, though he owned that the course was pusillanimous. We do not think, considering LORD SHAFTESBURY's surroundings, that it was anything of the sort. He was reasonably averse to putting the Lords into collision with the Commons.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND made a very mild speech against the Suspensory Bill, and in behalf of the bulwarks of the Constitution, which had better be called bullrushes if they are likely to go down on such a question.

LORD HOUGHTON thought that sentimental grievances were the most likely to become serious grievances. The Irish establishment was the Church of the Conqueror, and the Church of the Garrison. Had PITT's intentions in favour of the Catholics not been defeated, we should have long ago made Ireland tranquil: now we must do it in the best way we could. The Poet vindicated his name—he was a Doer, eh, MR. CARLYLE?

LORD BANDON was solemnly Protestant, and a clever reporter remarked to his successors in the duty of taking down the dreary harangue,

"All Hope a BANDON, ye who enter here."

LORD GRANARD, as a Catholic, declared that his fellow-believers were most anxious for the disestablishment. Which nobody can deny, or has denied except in Parliamentary speeches.

LORD CLANCARTY protested against violating the Act of Union. Dear CLANCARTY, the Union was obtained, partly by bribery, and partly by noble promises which have never been fulfilled. You know that, jewel. Eh, now, grammachree, mavourneen, dudeen, astore, and several other terms of endearment which we don't remember at present.

EARL RUSSELL. The veteran Irish Reformer made a very good speech. He could hardly say anything new, having been agitating against the Church in Ireland for fifty years, but he stated the entire case with vigour and terseness, and *Mr. Punch* feels contempt for any man (whether he regards the Irish as fellow-subjects who deserve justice, or aliens who are the better for stern rule) that could listen without a sentiment of veneration for the honourable little old brave English nobleman who, true to the convictions of a life, made another appeal on behalf of a principle, which he has held so long.

LORD CHANCELLOR CAIRNS (evidently ill, *Punch* is sorry to say) then made his grand effort, and in a speech of some two hours and a half, addressed himself, with signal ability, to all sorts of arguments, great and small, against touching the Church. He ended by declaring that he had confidence in the true heart and faith of the country, and let the result be what it might, a statesman could desire no nobler cause for which to fight, no fairer field on which to fall. The plaudits were well-earned, and enthusiastic.

LORD GRANVILLE replied in a speech of point, and said that in a few months the battle would be fought and won.

About three in the morning the Lords divided.

For the Irish Church	192
Against her	97

Majority for rejecting MR. GLADSTONE'S Bill . 95

In the Commons there was also a great question. Some boys at Leominster had been fined for playing at Cricket, and of course the "liner" said that they were fined for playing it on a Sunday. The punishment was for damaging a growing crop, and Sunday had nothing to do with it. But, unless they were hardened sinners, who had been warned, JUSTICE PUNCH thinks a good blowing-up might have done.

Something about the Customs on Silks—not so interesting as those of ladies, whose customs are to make remarks on silks worn by their friends, and if the silks be cheap, to call the wearer a dowdy, and her husband a mean wretch; and if dear, to wonder how soon that extravagant woman will bring her poor henpecked spouse into bankruptcy.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL (Conservative), himself one of the braves who wear the Victoria Cross, becomingly pleaded for giving Government employ to discharged soldiers. His proposal was warmly praised by MR. GLADSTONE, and coldly approved by SIR JOHN FAKINGTON.

Another row about the Architects, ending with a division—the House by 90 to 45 didn't want to hear any more about it.

Vote for increase in police force, now more wanted than ever, and it was resisted by a little knot, who could number only 22 to 192, and we hope the minority will have an early opportunity of discovering that the police are much wanted. Of course we don't desire any serious damage, but we should like to read that MR. AYRTON had had his watch-guard torn away, and that ALDERMAN LUSK's best Sunday hat had been knocked in, with the loss of his lunch, if he carries that in his castor or beaver, which is silk.

Tuesday. The Lords, as we mentioned last week, did well in crushing out the Conspiracy among the Southern Railways. They did less well to-day in passing a Bill by which the Brighton line will be able to raise its fares. They were lowered to defeat competition, and that being defeated, the Company discovers that the fares were too low. LORD REDENSDALE made an energetic protest against assent, but was outvoted by 44 to 35.

Protestant magistrates somehow hate to let Catholic priests into the prisons to see Papist criminals. Continued complaint is made of the hindrances, and some of them are offered in a very vulgar and petty spirit. Of course, a Protestant may be as sincere in believing it wrong to assist in teaching Popery as a Catholic is in believing it to be right, but it was the intention of the Legislature to grant the priest as it grants the parson; and though the Act is permissive (which no Act should be, in a country of men who dislike doing anything new), its meaning ought to be carried out. Don't let us hear more of magisterial impracticability in this matter. MR. NEATE was amusing. He would make it obligatory on a priest to state whether a hanged Catholic had confessed his crime, or not. We object to this for two reasons. First, the Catholic Church enjoins secrecy, (though a good citizen would, in the interest of society, manage that a needed fact should come out) but, secondly and chiefly, because the criminal is hanged on evidence that ought to satisfy every one, and not to need confirmation from the lips of a felon. The hankering for confession is natural, but illogical.

Those Excisemen and their votes again. Government thinks they ought not to vote, so does MR. GLADSTONE; but a general election is at hand, and the measure was carried by 79 to 47. If it gets to the Lords, they will probably throw it out.

MR. MILL's most valuable Bill for giving us Municipal Corporations instead of jobbing Vestries, was got rid of—for the present.

Wednesday. More massacre. Down goes the Weights and Measures Bill, and our system, or rather our bundle of anomalies, the scoff even of the French peasant, is to continue. And the Libel Bill, to prevent newspapers from being punished for doing their duty and giving truthful reports, is also withdrawn.

But MR. COLERIDGE's Bill for admitting Dissenters to all the privileges of the Universities was read a Second Time by 198 to 140. One opposing gentleman was good enough to say that the Dissenters were composed of the lower classes. Well, we have no particular friend in the First Life Guards who is an Independent, nor have we lately read the name of any distinguished Baptist lady on the doors of an opera box. But we fancy that we have met ladies and gentlemen, who go to

chapel. And if dissent prevails among the lower classes, it is a very good thing, for the religious police of dissent is far more vigilant than that of the Church, and very useful to those who are in danger of falling into divers temptations. ARCHBISHOP PUNCH is justice incarnate.

Thursday was a remarkable Parliament day, but it was marked with a black as well as a white stone. First, the white. The thanks of both Houses were given to SIR ROBERT NAPIER, for the third time, mind. He has been thanked for Indian and Chinese services, and they have been noble. To-day LORD MALMESBURY moved and LORD RUSSELL seconded the vote to him, and to his gallant naval coadjutor, COMMODORE HEATH, and LORD DERBY and LORD ELLENBOROUGH echoed the praises. And in the Commons, MR. DISRAELI, in language of artistic power, and MR. GLADSTONE with a generous warmth, performed the same duty, and LADY NAPIER heard them. When *Mr. Punch* adds, as he heartily does, his loudest cheer, the victor of Magdala may well be proud—yet he is one of the most modest of men, and talks of every one's services but his own.

All this was delightful. But then, in the Lords, we had the jolliest row. MR. DISRAELI in the Commons (his friends say for the Commons only, but this was taken to mean for the Government) accepted the altered Boundary Bill. Now the LORD CHANCELLOR and LORD BEAUCHAMP proposed to undo the alterations—to delay the Bill—and, folks say, to try to make a before-Christmas Parliament impossible. LORD RUSSELL was so indignant that he declared he would not stop in the House, and accordingly he haughtily left it, followed by about twelve Liberal lords. The Government in the Lords was so astonished at this that it opened its mouth, and had not shut it when our reporter left, and *Mr. Punch* was so much amused that he swore by Odin that he would do no more Essence this week. Mirth takes various forms of demonstration. BEAUCHAMP's proposal was withdrawn next day.

A REMONSTRANCE WITH SIR RICHARD MAYNE.

(From TRAY.)

AIR—"Guy Fawkes."

THE Dog Days Act, well meant, turns out in operation sinister. SIR RICHARD MAYNE are you obliged that blunder to administer? Wear muzzles when we go at large we must on pain of slaughter, To hinder hydrophobia you prevent our drinking water.

Bow, wow, wow!

Oh, how uncomfortable! Bow, wow, wow!

The authors of this precious piece of British legislation, If they had known we dogs have no cutaneous perspiration, (Our lolling tongues performing the diaphoretic function) Would not have doomed us thus to be tongue-tied without compunction.

Bow, wow, wow! &c.

A drunken dog it sometimes may be meet and fit to muzzle; But we, dogs proper, no intoxicating fluid guzzle. We're all of us teetotalers, drink water, pure and single; A bit of brimstone in our cups is all we ever mingle.

Bow, wow, wow! &c.

I wish you could experience the miseries we suffer Through that hard Act, devised by some unscientific duffer. The dreadful irritation which that measure is exciting Is quite enough to drive us mad; then he'll deserve a biting.

Bow, wow, wow! &c.

How would the House of Commons like to suffer this infliction Themselves, which we do now endure, the worse for that restriction, Which would be wholesome if imposed on certain legislators, Interminable talkers, and impertinent debaters.

Bow, wow, wow! &c.

Pensive Thought.

In his speech on the vote of thanks, the PREMIER said, "Happy is the man who has been thrice thanked by his country." Well, the country has twice thanked MR. DISRAELI, and it was on his two resignations. He may be happy yet.

PUDDING IT PLAINLY.

WHY is a promising Cricketer like flour and eggs? Because he's calculated to make a good batter.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S FAVOURITE STIMULANT.—BETSY'S British Brandy.

BAD FORM OF RING-WORM.—A "Welcher."



THE QUEEN'S BREAKFAST PARTY.

Mrs. Alderman Saltash and Daughters (in chorus). "GOOD GRACIOUS, 'PA! YOU'RE NOT GOING WITH US IN THOSE —!!"
Mr. Alderman Saltash. "MY DEARS, I'M 'ONG RAYGLE,' I ASSURE YER!"

EGYPTIAN FINANCE.

WE have often of late had long and elaborate articles in the Papers under this heading. They might be compressed into one sentence. Egyptian Finance is for the Pasha to take all he can get, and quarrel for the rest. ISMAIL's real revenue is black mail, levied indiscriminately on all the Pasha's subjects, and all other Egyptian residents whom he can plunder with impunity.

As the Pasha never pays a debt, he is naturally disgusted with the Consular Courts, which are the only Courts in Egypt rude enough to give judgment against the Pasha in suits by the Pasha's creditors. He therefore proposes to alter the capitulations under which these Courts exist. There is nothing wonderful in that. What is wonderful, considering that the British is the most respectable and independent of all the Consular Courts, and that many of the Pasha's principal creditors are English subjects is, that LORD STANLEY should be in favour of the alteration. It is meant to make the Pasha independent, he says. We don't exactly see why he should be made independent of law and justice, and that is the independence he most values, and can most safely rely on Courts of his own to secure for him.

Spinsters of Arts.

IN his scheme for the establishment of a Ladies' College, somewhere between London and Cambridge, MR. LLEWELYN DAVIES proposes to take as a model the Cantabrigian "poll" examination. Very good; only the ladies, with their fondness for diminutives, will be sure to turn "poll" into "POLLY."

ON DIT.

THE Music Hall Comic Singers are about to publish *A Plea for Tol-ol-leration*.

ADVICE BY A REASONABLE ABSTAINER.—Stick to dry wine.

PRACTICAL INCREDULITY.

COMMENTING ON MR. MONK's Bill for the removal of the electoral disabilities of revenue officers, the *Post* observes:—

"We know that the Commissioners of Inland Revenue object to their officers having even any religious opinions."

For that matter there is no difference between the Inland Revenue and the Excise and Customs. Now the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, some of them being Scotchmen, are doubtless familiar with the celebrated song of ROBERT BURNS, relating how:—

"The de'il cam' fiddling through the town,
And danced awa' wi' the Exciseman."

It is easy to see why they should wish their subordinates to be free-thinkers. Not believing in the personage named by BURNS, those officers will never be deterred from doing their work by any fear that he will dance away with the Collector of Income-Tax.

A Woman's Question and Answer.

THE reason assigned by men why women ought not to have votes is in fact a woman's reason—because they oughtn't. Unless, indeed, you say:—

Why shouldn't females vote as well as males?
Because the women don't push down Park pales.

LEGITIMATE COMPLAINT.

THE Ritualists separate the sexes in Church. Paterfamilias writes to a paper complaining of this. He has been in the habit of sitting by his wife for twenty-five years, "and who," he piteously asks, "is, under the new plan, to pinch me when I snore out at the stupid sermon?" The clergy ought to see to this.

"MEDEA" AT DRURY LANE.



ACT THE FIRST. We perceive on the rise of the curtain, That *Dirce* considers her future uncertain, For though she's expecting her *Jason*, and he A wonderful hero is well known to be, And is going to wed her, the fact that her *J.* Has another wife living although far away, Whom he's left, makes her fear that he may not prove steady, And she turns all white, knowing he's married all-reddy. For, after all, heroes should not commit bigamy: It's right to be *Young*, but it's wrong to be *Brigham-y*. However, when *Jason* and *Creon* appear With the famed *Golden Fleece*, she gets over her fear, And whilst the procession files grandly before us, She seems to be much re-assured by the Chorus. But in midst of the general con-gratulation, There enters *Medea* in great agitation, And there, in the hearing of swells of the nation, She calls *Jason* "Ingrate" in great perturbation. *Medea* says, "*Jason*, this match mustn't be, You know you are lawfully wedded to me, And surely one wife is enough, sometimes more; You'd be married by two, you've been married be-forc." Says *Creon* to *Dirce*, who's cut to the core, "I'll see to it, *calma il tuo terror*:" *Medea*, at *Jason's* attempt t'wards the lady, You needn't take umbrage—admitting it's 'shady;' But leave us this instant, for though p'rhaps we may Have shortly a dance, or charade, or a play, Whichever the bride and her spouse may desire, A dull mourning consort we do not require." *Medea* then kneels, and in *scena* pathetic Appeals, then indulges in language prophetic; But *Creon*, the father, is blind to her kneeling, Is deaf to entreaty, and dead to all feeling: He's a stony old *père*—so it's no use ap-pealing. Then deep threats of revenge at the party she flings, And the Act Drop descends on this nice state of things.



When the **SECOND ACT** opens, *Medea* says, "Oh, King, I feel in a humour just now Not for Jo-King."

I ask you to pause in this act you'd commit." Says *Creon*, "The Bridal put off! Not a Bit. Leave the place—you shall punished be, Ma'am, if you stay." Thereupon she appeals for another short day, Which he grants; then to *Jason*, who's really unkind, She gives a most liberal "bit of her mind," And she asks for her children, which *Jason* denies her: To her threatening he turns a deaf ear, and defies her. And then with unlimited heartlessness goes And marries a second wife under her nose. Whilst wrathful *Medea*, the right mood for crime in, Exclaims, "Hymen, aid me, for such a rage I'm in!" And seizing a brand all alight in her hand, (Which proves her wrath's genuine—witness the brand, With revenge in her eye, as the dullest can see, Rushes off in a tempest of passion *O. P.*



In the **THIRD ACT** we find out her dreadful intention, Of which in the previous one she'd made mention. It is to present to the young bride as present A mantle and crown steeped in poison, which pleasant Acceptable gift *Jason's* children, no other, Hand their father's new wife with the "Compts" of their mother. And then poor *Medea* determines to slay Her innocent boys as a lesson to *J.* But feelings maternal asserting their sway, She finds that she can't put them out of the way; And her sorrows in wild plaintive music out-pour Such an air! It commences, "*Del Rio Dolor*." At length she determines she will do the deed, And vainly doth *Jason* with sword intercede; Too late to defend either *Dirce* or those Who called him "Papa," we are left to suppose That the dreadful design of the ill-treated wife Is accomplished, and so for the rest of his life We feel pretty sure as the curtain descends That *Creon* is safe to be cut by his friends; Whilst *Jason*, no longer a husband or pappy, Can't even expect to be mod'ately happy. And the moral conveyed by the airs which abound In this beautiful work are in two senses sound; Whilst the lesson that's taught by the author's libretto, Is, that once on a bad road who knows where you'll get to?

Medea is, for instance, seized by Furies, Which forms a most effective "situation," Although the densest of provincial juries Would find in her case some extenuation. But we confess, as given at old Drury's Grand house, the climax meets with approbation; And as a change from *VERDI* and *BELLINI*, We welcome very warmly *CHERUBINI*.

"Two stars keep not their motions in one sphere," The Poet sang, but we saw 'tother night Three stars at Drury Lane, each brilliant, clear, One really dazzling, but all very bright. *Punch* could not yield the palm; and so, to steer Clear of mistake, gave both palms—left and right. To finish with a vile pun—oh, a base 'un—He saw two *suns*, too—*MAPLE-SON* and *JA-SON*.

NEVER WASTE YOUR TIME.—Waste Somebody Else's.



DIFFICULT TO PLEASE.

Landlord (exultingly). "BEAUTIFUL, PROMISING WEATHER, MR. CLOVERDALE!"
British Farmer. "AH, WE SHAN'T HEV' ANY NICE MOULDY HAY FOR THE COWS THIS YEAR!!"

ADVICE TO THE POPE—

Don't take too much Rope.

POOR dear PRO NONO! I prithee take warning,
 Nor good advice, though it is *Punch's*, be scornful.
 Take up whate'er hobby may please ANTONELLI:
 Take to scourging your back, or to starving your belly—
 To hair-shirts or Chasse-pots, to Zouaves or penitents—
 To preaching at women in tunics, or men i' tents—
 To holding your toe to be kissed by young 'Merica—
 To consigning KING VICTOR to—let us say—Jericho—
 To putting down Campagna cub-hunts or chignons—
 To gagging free speech, clipping free-thinkers' pinions—
 To sending gold roses to QUEEN ISABELLA,
 And making believe that she's all that you tell her—
 To threatening damnation to Austria's Kaiser—
 To laying mare's nests for our own *Advertiser*—
 To cramming *canards* for our wonderful WHALLEY—
 Giving Orangemen points for a row and a rally—
 To sainting or sinning, blessing or banning—
 Finding texts for a MURPHY, or truths for a MANNING—
 Bringing down Peter's keys, bringing up Peter's peace—
 Putting truth in the Index, and banishing sense—
 Anything, in a word, that is commonly foolish,
 And in mere Papal measure mistaken or mulish,
 But, as you your good would achieve and renounce ill,
 Have nothing to do with a General Council:
 The Council I mean that is called "Œcumenical,"
 For which to Rome's bishops the earth o'er, you pen a call.
 Pan-Anglican Synods may look Lilliputian,
 To the crowd that obeys *your* world-wide allocation,
 But, from small things to great, by that Synod take warning,
 Which left its foes laughing, its friends in deep mourning.
 For as surely as too many cooks spoil the broth,

EXQUISITE HOMAGE TO A LION.

OF course, when SIR ROBERT NAPIER visited the Crystal Palace there was tremendous cheering, and—

"The two bands, accompanied by the Great Organ, at the same time played '*See the Conquering Hero Comes*.'"

This was a truly British, straightforward, and explicit demonstration of merited homage, honest and hearty, if a little adipous. A more refined and delicate, because at first sight not quite so flattering compliment was paid, in the course of a musical performance, to the victor of THEODORE, when SIGNOR FOLI sang the famous air from HANDEL's *Samson*, beginning with the words:—

"Honour and arms scorn such a foe;"

As whom, one naturally asks, if not the late King or Abyssinia? The song continues—

"Poor victory,
 To conquer thee,
 Or glory in thy overthrow;
 Vanquish a slave that is half slain!
 So mean a triumph I disdain."

To anybody whose sensibilities are but commonly keen, the foregoing strain, considered as sung in honour of SIR ROBERT NAPIER, may appear an example of curious infelicity. A nicer sense discerns the exquisite subtlety of a reticence which may be imagined to suggest that the foe with whom that great General had to contend was not the miserable THEODORE, but the nature of his country, with the obstacles which it opposed to an invader. Otherwise one would think that "*Honour and Arms*" had been selected for the occasion of Wednesday's *fête* at the Crystal Palace by some sly member of the Jamaica Committee and the Peace Society, or at least that NAPIER had fallen into the hands of the Philistines.

Cruel Satire.

LORD DERBY has charged LORD CARNARVON with having recommended "a dash" upon Magdala.

What LORD CARNARVON says he recommended was, "a diplomatic mission."

The idea of LORD STANLEY's father confounding "dash" with "diplomacy!"

The Church will be spoiled by too much of "the cloth."

For proof I appeal to the deliberations—

Conciones ad clerum—of our Convocations.

No work they get through, not a question they settle:

'Tis but clerical pot pounding clerical kettle:

Or if e'er they unite to direct Church's thunder,

'Tis to back an injustice or bolster a blunder.

Whate'er your Episcopal Council proposes,

For putting down LUTHER, or backing up MOSES,

They have no more chance of o'er-bishoping men so

Than has Convocation of muzzling COLENSO.

Be wise then, and stick to encyclic and syllabus,

To mumming and mass in *pontificali*bus,

Prove Papal misdoings mere Protestant scandal,

Excommunicate monarchs with bell, book and candle,

Intone "*Miserere*" and chaunt "*Dies Ira*,"

O'er Bishops and Cardinals prone to inquiry,

Trust CULLEN in Ireland, or MANNING in London,—

Their zeal may be checked, or their blundering undone,—

But would you as POPE still direct fasts and feasts,

Ware General Councils, especially Priests!

Very Alarming.

THE *Waterford Mail* says the intense heat in that part of Ireland has created quite a frenzy among the cattle, who are rushing about the country, half mad, in all directions. An excited mob of British Bulls is bad enough; but think of a stampede of frantic Irish Bulls! Perhaps they are all moving towards Rome, to be canonised into Papal Bulls. Nothing more crazy can well be imagined.

LITERARY.—The excellent article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* on "The Pleasures of Wapping" has been erroneously attributed to the Head Master of Eton.



"UNTO THIS LAST."

Provincial (at the Leeds Exhibition). "I'VE HEARD AS THE PAINT ON SOME O' THESE YERE 'PICTERS' COMES TO A MATTER O' FIFTY POUNDS SOMETIMES, LET ALONE THE MAN'S TIME A LAYIN' OF IT ON, YER KNOW!!!"

THE GREAT AMERICAN ELECTION.

It is fitting that every Diner-Out should understand the situation in America, as, *Mr. Punch* is happy to say, you are nearly sure to meet American gentlemen, and happier to say, American ladies, in good society. He will, therefore, in a few words, explain matters with the lucidity all his own. PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S time will soon expire, and his successor must be elected. The rival candidates are GENERAL GRANT and MR. HORATIO SEYMOUR. The General is put up by the Republicans, HORATIO by the Democrats. You might think that in a Republic everybody was a Republican, but this would only show your frightful ignorance. You might think that in a Democracy everybody was a Democrat, but this would only show your frightful ignorance. There is much more behind. It is all very well for men in a rotten old country like this to label themselves Liberal or Conservative, and so to be placed at once. Subtler politics pervade the States. Generally, you may say that the General's friends are those who were most persevering with the war, and are most resolved to make the South understand that it is whipped, and to give power to the Nigger. You may also understand that MR. HORATIO'S party call themselves Conservative, and are for something like repudiation of financial bargains, and for encouraging the Fenians while the vote of the Irish rabble is useful, and then for throwing them over. Also that SEYMOUR'S friends are of the Johnsonian party, partly. Those facts will do for you to shuffle with; but, if you want to discuss the whole subject seriously, you must know that the Reconstruction Question has to be considered along with the Nebraska Line, and yet that the Hard Shells are separated, to a certain extent from the Copperheads, yet not so far as to involve the Naturalisation Doctrine, at least in its bearings upon the issue of Greenbacks, and the recognition of the Confederate Debt. You must also bear in mind that, although MR. COLFAX, who is put up as Vice-President with the General, is in the habit of smiling a good deal, this by no means weakens the right of CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE to be sent to Vienna in the place of MR. MOTLEY, when MR. HORACE GREELEY shall have finished inaugurating the new *Public Ledger Buildings* (the most superb newspaper office in the world, and

one that will make famous the name of MR. CHILDS), though not too much stress must be laid on the return of MR. ADAMS, greatly respected by all. Lastly, you must balance all the above items, and then throw into the scale the death of HIRAM KIMBER, the eminent Mormon, which is a counter-blow to the demise of MR. BUCHANAN; and then, if you read the Constitution by the light of the will of GENERAL WASHINGTON, and the European Edition of the *New York Herald*, and carefully study the first ninety-seven tons of MR. SEWARD'S Despatches, you will be able modestly to sustain a conversation on American politics, if your own share in it be limited, as *Punch* advises, to asking questions of your American friends.

AERONAUTICAL SOCIETY.

SIR.—This is Thursday, July 9th, and I am in London. I read of the doings of the Aeronautical Society. What's the use of such a Society existing, if they can't give us a breath of air in Town? What are Water Companies for? Water. What are Air Companies for? Air. Very well then, let's have some. Yours, gaspingly, GASPARD.

P.S. I was going to add two jokes about raising the wind, also about water rates and aerates, including something good *apropos* of aerated bread; but I can't work them up. Too hot. If you like the ideas, do 'em yourself.—G.

An Alderman on the Antique.

MR. ALDERMAN LUSK, M.P. for Finsbury, has endorsed the remark of one of his friends, touching the Elgin Marbles, that those remains of Grecian sculpture were "big stones and men without heads, and he did not think much of them." Probably the worthy Alderman prefers Gog and Magog.

THE "CROSS" BENCHES IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—Where the angry Peers sit.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

FRIDAY, July 3. As if the Sun were not portinacious enough, the Lords must kick up a little Shine again to-day. They could not wait for the Monday, to which LORD BEAUCHAMP had postponed his Amendment on the Boundaries Bill. MR. DISRAELI had, of course, sent for his colleagues, the LORD CHANCELLOR and LORD MALMESBURY, and had told them that they must oppose the Amendment which they had supported on the previous night, whereby they had made EARL RUSSELL and his tail rush out of the House in wrath. The PREMIER's orders were imperative, but LORD MALMESBURY revenged himself by giving LORD RUSSELL a terrible scolding, declaring that conduct so disrespectful to the House had never been seen. LORD BEAUCHAMP also told him that his behaviour was ignominious, and LORD DERBY added that it was ungenerous and unworthy. LORD RUSSELL could not see things in that light; but, as the Government had abandoned the Beauchamp Amendment, it dropped.

The Commons talked about the admitting Foreign Cattle into London. It is a dull subject, but it acquires liveliness when we come to look at our butchers' bills, and to find ourselves charged thirteence a pound for meat.

Monday. The groans of the Nova Scotians were respectfully listened to by the Lords, and the Blue Noses were assured that they had really nothing to complain of, and ought to understand that.

LORD JOHN MANNERS was asked by MR. THOMAS PARRY whether he meant to do anything to carry out the recommendations of a Report of 1866 as to the Accommodation of Public Departments. The Member for Boston was informed that nothing was to be done at present, but that notices would be given at the proper time. The idea of expecting Government to do anything, when only two years have elapsed since they were told what to do. N.B. No water in the Regent's Park yet!

Now, about this Bribery Bill. Whether the House of Commons much wants to pass it is not for *Mr. Punch* to say. It is a Government measure, and MR. MILL says that it is a meritorious attempt to grapple with a tremendous evil. Some wicked folks affirm that there is intention to use corruption at the General Election on a more stupendous scale than has ever been witnessed, and in this case it might be highly inconvenient to sundry persons to find themselves being tried before real Judges, who, have a way of administering the law without respect of persons, instead of before a Committee which is very hard upon "publicans, low attorneys, and other villains" (as MR. DENMAN observed), but has such a belief in the virtue of gentlemen, that it can never think that they know anything about bribes. The Bill proposes to take the jurisdiction from the House, and give it to the Judges. It were unprofitable to detail the wrangling, and the divisions that nearly brought the measure to grief, and caused a rumour to spread that MR. DISRAELI intended to throw it over. He has once more adjusted it, and declares that he will pass it if he can. We shall see.

Tuesday. The Lords passed the Scotch Reform Bill, rejecting LORD REDENSDALE's proposal to enlarge the boundaries of Glasgow. *Mr. Punch* is worshipped in Glasgow with the fervour of admiration which distinguishes the *perfervidi*, and he has some idea of standing for that enormous city. His only objection is that, during the canvass, he should utterly ruin his digestion by yielding to the temptations of LANG's, the most variegated luncheon-house in visible creation—and a reproach to London, with its greasy sandwiches, of two sorts only, and both usually stale.

Schools debate in the Commons. MR. LOWE wanted to examine all the great schools, once a year, in the very things they don't teach; namely, reading, writing, arithmetic, English grammar, geography, and history. This was very properly described as an insult to the schools. And who wants his son to learn any such useless nonsense, or anything else but bad Latin and good cricket? The real examination of Eton and Harrow is going on while *Mr. Punch* writes, and is being conducted at Lord's, in the presence of thousands of elegant spectators. But what do you think MR. MILL said? "All those things a boy should know before he goes to the great school." *Should* is a noun, or it may be a verb—we never learned grammar—anyhow it is a word, and it is a word that saves more trouble than any other in the language.

On a British Museum debate ALDERMAN LUSK intimated that the contents of the Museum were not various enough, and that there were too many things so much alike as to be a bore. Also the place abounded with "big stones and men without heads" (the honourable Alderman was supposed to refer to the Elgin marbles) and a friend of his did not think that they were so very good. The Trustees instantly gave orders that the natural history collection and the sculptures should be sold for what they would fetch. Will Finsbury return this Alderman again? *Punch* may have something to say, at fitting time, and his influence in that borough has been fatally tested by candidates whom he thought objectionable.

Questioned about a Small Packets' Delivery Company, which is now being prosecuted by the Post-Office, MR. WARD HUNT said that he did

not know anything about that, but that some of the "circular delivery agencies had a way of throwing the circulars into rivers and ponds, instead of leaving them at the doors." We heartily applaud such agencies, and beg that they will continue to do so with all the circulars that they may be asked to deliver to us: and if the postmen would do the same with ninety-five per cent. of the letters, our happiness would be increased.

Wednesday. The Bill for making Mines pay rates was taken in Committee, and cut to pieces in the most wholesale manner. In fact, all the clauses but one were knocked out.

On the Oaths Bill, SERJEANT GASLER remarked that the less a man swore the better. *Mr. Punch* is happy, for once, to proclaim his entire concurrence with an opinion of the learned serjeant.

Thursday. On the preceding Monday morning, early, our adored PRINCESS OF WALES added a little Princess to the group at Marlborough House, and to-day addresses of congratulation to the QUEEN were moved in both Houses. *Mr. Punch*, of course, drains his deepest goblet to the health of the three royal ladies, and rejoices with all his might. H. R. H. was at the Napier Fireworks on the Saturday, and driving about on the Sunday,—a lesson to young matrons who make unseemly fuss over these little arrangements.

In the Lords, the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY got up a debate on Ritualism, and, declaring that he had never known such Awful Times, wanted to pass a strong Bill on the subject. Needless to add that he met his match in LORD SALISBURY, who said that the contest between those who liked different forms had been waged for two hundred years, and now Parliament was asked to strike down one party—the result would be to strengthen it by uniting all who approved the high worship, who supported the weak against the strong, and who hated the Evangelicals. The BISHOP OF CARLISLE made a good speech, showing that Ritualism, professedly intended to catch the poor, caught none except the upper classes, the poor preferring the sermons in the theatres. LORD RUSSELL was for postponing legislation to the most distant period, and there was other opposition. Then LORD DERBY suddenly cut the knot by moving the Previous Question, and this was carried, to the apparent astonishment of LORD SHAFTESBURY.

The Irish Reform Bill has been passed, so the Triple work is complete. In the Commons, a select party, nine soldiers and four officials, said MR. CHILDERS, discussed the all-important question of the management of the War Office. *Bref*, the Treasury is trying to defeat the admirable plan for consolidation, and for entrusting the direction to a master-hand, like SIR HENRY STOKES. This must be seen to.

Friday. The Abyssinian Conqueror is graced by his QUEEN with the well-earned title of LORD NAPIER, of Magdala, and by Parliament with a pension of £2000 a-year for his own life—may it be long and happy—and for that of his male heir.

"So should desert in arms be crowned."

Strong expressions in the Lords about the conduct of some of the Volunteers at the Windsor Review. Perhaps LORD LONGFORD, Under-Secretary for War, went far enough in observing that the offence of straggling led to the offences for which the Duke hanged many soldiers in the Peninsula. The authorities are considering what less punishment will suffice.

The Commons went at the Bribery Bill, and got on. They were also bored about the diet of Irish paupers, the dishonesty of Egyptian tribunals, and Trinity College, Dublin. The Lords' Amendments to the Scotch Reform Bill were accepted. "Courage, lads, I see land," as SOCRATES used to say when he nearly got to the end of a volume of *Alison*.

A "Derry" Down Ditty.

SAYS HARDY, "I know not, when CALCRAFT we lose,
Where to look for another to put in his shoes."
SAYS DIZZY, "Be easy, the right one to fill
Such a vacancy, sure, is Suspensory BILL!"
SAYS SIR STAFFORD, "I wish ere the old man depart
He would give us just one parting touch of his art:
I'd spend the last sixpence we had in the till,
If he'd string up JOHN BRIGHT and Suspensory BILL!"

COMPANION TO RUFF'S GUIDE TO THE TURF.

Sold by all Low Booksellers, and in all Low Neighbourhoods.

ROUGH'S Guide to the Gallows, comprising the adventures of Dick Turpin, Claude Duval, Tom King, Jack Sheppard, &c. &c. With an introduction, by the Author of Paul Clifford.

CHANGE OF RELIGION.

DURING the Dog-days SIR RICHARD MAYNE has become a Muzzelman.



A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

"Think, if the Nemesis that waits
On tyrants and their minions,
Were the new Parliament to move
To clip the Force's pinions,

"And anxious no more cooks should fall,
No masters more be chuzzled,
Were to condemn your Blues to walk
Their round of areas muzzled!

"And there, before the liberal Cook,
In Tantalus-like pause,
The baffled Bobby of her love,
A muzzle round his jaws!"

[See page 29.]



GREAT LION SHOW. 1868.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

ROYAL LION, FIVE SHILLINGS.

ZOOLOGICAL LION, SIXPENCE
(ON MONDAYS).

ABYSSINIAN LION, ONE SHILLING.

LEX TALIO-NIS.

(BY A SAD DOG.)



Why clap dogs into muzzles
In this time of parching
drought?
'Tis the knottiest of puzzles,—
From which we can't get out.

It is not yet the dog-days,
And even if it were,

We're not more giv'n to rabies, then,
Than in winter time, we swear.

But though we don't go mad from heat,
Nor yet from want of water,
We do, what's vulgarly called "sweat,"
And the tongue's our sweating quarter.

To show their tongues, and not their teeth,
Is dogs' need in this weather,
But how can we hang out our tongues,
With jaws fast bound in leather?

The Blues may say, "Dogs shouldn't drink,—
No more than human critters;"
And if our kind were given to gin,
The Law might add its bitters;

But strong drink isn't in our line,
On Adam's ale we draw:
Then why, SIR RICHARD, tie us up
By this MAYNE-liquor law?

If London areas had tongues,
To reach the Commons' lobbies,
They could tell tales to prove *Dogs'* teeth,
Less dangerous than *Bobbies'*.

The cat stands charged with broken glass,
The dog with broken victuals:
If cats and dogs laid down the law,
They both would earn acquittals,

While area-walls proclaimed the deeds
Of guilt by *Bobbies* done,
And the devourer stood revealed—
In cook-charming A. I!

Think, if the Nemesis that waits
On tyrants and their minions,
Were the new Parliament to move
To clip the Force's pinions,

And, mindful of their cup-board loves—
And midnight area-pickings—
Vanish'd veal pies, cold legs walked off,
And fugitive cold chickings—

And anxious no more cooks should fall,
No masters more be chuzzled,
Were to condemn your Blues to walk
Their round of areas muzzled!

I see the sudden shudder run
From A to X division,
As each portrays in his mind's eye
The horrible position!

Beholds the rich cold roast and boiled
The willow-pattern load,
The crown of foam from off the pot
Demanding to be blowed,

And there, before the liberal Cook,
In Tantalus-like pause,
The baffled Bobby of her love,
A muzzle round his jaws!

Imagination from that scene
Of Horror, shrinking cowers—
Conceive the suffering of the Force,
And put an end to ours!

ELEMENTARY AND PAPAL TEACHING.

ACCORDING to the *Pall Mall Gazette's* Roman correspondent, the POPE, the other day, paid a visit to his army on the plateau of Monte Cavo. Here his Holiness, in a temporary chapel, erected at great cost in the midst of the camp, said mass during a violent storm. At that elevation it was so cold as to oblige him to wear his red velvet cap. The rain came through the roof of the chapel, and an umbrella (red, likewise) had to be held over his head. By reason, also, of the weather—

"The white linen of the altar was retained in its place by the weight of bullets, and the Host was placed under a glass clock-shade to prevent its being carried away by the tempest."

Bullets, considered as means for the maintenance of the POPE's temporal power, may be deemed objectionable, but nobody can disapprove of their employment, in the way abovementioned, for the purpose of aiding him in the celebration of mass. It is to be hoped that he will have no more occasion for recourse to bullets except in some such a way as that. The necessity for the glass clock-shade may have taught the POPE something. Ecclesiastical consecration has but a limited effect on the elements.

FIRE-EATING IN FRANCE.

In a book on *The Romance of Duelling*, MR. ANDREW STEINMETZ gives certain instructions for the guidance of British travellers who, at Paris or elsewhere on the Continent, may have the misfortune to get engaged in a quarrel, and consequently in a duel. Attention, Monsieur, if you please to that word, consequently. You pride yourself on your logic. Do you call the conclusion whose premises are sword-thrusts and pistol-shots logical? If you do, then surely, you retain the faith of mediæval chivalry, that Heaven defends the right. Otherwise, how can you allow any fool who is also a bully to compel you to stake your existence against his own at pleasure by offering you an insult of which you hold the receiver bound to call the author out? Of course, if you like the excitement of bodily peril, you are thankful to the fool who gives you an excuse for risking your life or limbs. In that case your invitation requesting him to try and kill you is logical enough; but is it the logic of a rational Monsieur?

Undeniable.

SOME silly people object to MR. BURNAND's parodying MESSRS. READE and BOUICCAULT's Holborn drama. Surely, everybody must admit that *Foul Play* is *Fair Game*.

AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

SOME of the newspapers comment with surprise on the "modesty" of SIR ROBERT NAPIER. They seem to have fancied that the victory of *Arrogie* must necessarily have made the hero *arrogant*.

A WIRE-DRAWN NOTION.

A MR. STRING-FELLOW has been exhibiting a flying machine at the Crystal Palace. That is, his machine won't exactly fly, but it will move along a wire. Really the inventor ought to be called MR. WIREFELLOW.



A FELLOW-FEELING.

Poor Man (to Swell emerging from Club). "NO, INDEED, SIR. CAN'T GET ANY WORK, SIR. DONE NOTHING FOR MONTHS, SIR; AND YOU KNOW WHAT THAT IS, SIR!"

THIEVES UNDER THE THUMB.

ONNED Mr. Punch, Sir, is this a free country? that's what I wants to No. 'Cos there's a covey 'ave bin writing to the *Times* for to edwise as burgelars and pickpokkets and sich should be ad afore the Beeks for to inquire into their carackter, which he says it was suggested by MR. M. D. HILL, the late Recorder of Birmingham—small thanks to 'im for the same:—

"All persons suspected of living by theft might be apprehended under a warrant, in order that their mode of life might be inquired into, the *onus probandi* of honesty being with the accused. If a person has not an honest mode of obtaining his living, he must have a dishonest one. Separate crimes are punishable when the offender is caught, but criminality is a tolerated profession."

It's werry well to sport fine words like "criminality" and "tolerated," but I means to say as this 'ere cove he don't know what he's saying. Vy, if you come to that, there's thieves in one or two "purfessions" as is "tolerated" by society, a'cos they can't well 'elp it. Ow about your money-lending lawyers, and your bubble joint-stock swindlers? Ortn't some of them to be surveillanced, don't you think? Vy, they swags their thousands easy, while we filches a poor fiver. Talk o' public safety and pussional seccority, which is the most dangerous, the pore pickpokket like me, who prigs a ticker now and then, or the purfessional swell-mobsmen, who's a bubble bank director, or a blackguardly attorney as discounts young nob's bills? If you apprehends the one, you should nab 'em both, I ses, and if you quods the pickpokket 'acoss the peelers swear as he's purfessionally a prig, you shoold also quod the usurers and jointstockers who swindle by purfession, and who would find it preshus ard to prove as they are urning of a reelly 'onest livelihood.

Which I remain yours to comand, purfessionally,

A PRIG.

THE JULY ORDER.

SHAKSPEARIAN Title for SIR RICHARD MAYNE—Dog-bury.

PENAL STARVATION.

IN avoiding mistakes it is rather characteristic of certain administrative officials to run into opposite extremes. Some time ago, society had reason to complain that convicts were too well treated in prisons. Rogues and ruffians were so absurdly pampered that Mr. *Punch* was obliged not only to point this out with pen, but also with pencil in suitable sketches and cartoons. *Pictura idiotarum sunt libri*.

From facts lately published by the Howard Association, it appears that criminals, instead of being any longer pampered, are now starved, not a few of them actually to death. Now, although the law directs that malefactors, condemned to death, shall be executed within prison walls, it orders them to be hanged, not starved, and none others to be executed at all. Even a fraudulent contractor, director, or banker should therefore be allowed a sufficiency of food to keep body and soul together.

Some difficulty is doubtless created by the necessity of maintaining the diet in gaols below that of the Union, inasmuch as if it be raised a degree above the starving-point, convicts will be put on a level with paupers. But could not DIVES afford to add a few crumbs to the pittance of LAZARUS whom he confines in his workhouse?

It cannot, however, be denied, and should be borne in mind, that rogues and thieves can effectually secure themselves from being starved in prison by the simple expedient of not stealing and cheating any more. And certainly a solution of the question how to deal with our criminals is discernible in the possibility of a sufficient bellyful, balanced by a sound flogging.

More Political Inconsistency.

THERE is ground for fearing that LORD JOHN MANNERS will, in the future, not be so good a Conservative as he is at present, for he has warned the House of Commons that next year he thinks it will be necessary to take a vote, (of course, there is no doubt that he will be in office for years to come) for the purpose of reforming—the ground to the north of the Albert Memorial!

A MATINÉE MUSICALE.—A Lark's.

THE COURT CIRCULAR A SPHINX.

WHY were the QUEEN and the Royal Family like night-lights on the morning of Sunday last week? Because, according to the *Court Circular* for that day—

"Her Majesty the QUEEN, and the Princes and Princesses went out this morning."

After this alarming announcement it was reassuring to learn that Her Majesty and her illustrious children had continued to pursue their usual occupations.

"In the Multitude of Councillors there is (no) Wisdom."

THE Judy of our bosom, reading of the proposed General Council, long insisted on confounding "ecumenical" with "economical." We have at last succeeded in impressing upon her, that though the sounds are almost alike, the meanings are as nearly as may be the reverse of each other. An "economical" council is a Saving council. An "ecumenical" council is a council that never saved anybody or anything; but has precipitated the destruction of a good many.

PROTESTANT THOUGHT.

THE POPE's Bull of Invitation to the Ecumenical Council was published to the sound of silver shawms. Before the Prelates come, Rome may have heard the trumpets of Jericho.

Notice!

Good place for Whitebait Dinners, to be remembered by that historical question put by QUEEN ELIZABETH to the Dutch Admiral—"How's your *Pur-fleet*?"

THE Clergy who have a "vested interest" in the Anglican Church—The Ritualists.



HONOUR WHERE HONOUR IS DUE.

Susan (with reverence). "LAUK A DAISY ME, HANN! O'OZE THAT!"

Hann (with awe). "MISS JEMIMA LARKYNS—OLD CHUMLEY'S COOK, NEXT DOOR!"

WAS THEODORE DECEIVED?

THE papers have been asking this question, the *Pall Mall Gazette* leading the way.

Mr. Punch would reply, not a doubt of it.

For example: he thought England would put up with the imprisonment of her consul, and the outrage of her envoy, rather than pay five millions to punish him and set them free. But she wouldn't.

He thought no English force could march from Zoulla to Magdala. But it did.

He thought his prison fortress impregnable. But it wasn't.

He thought his own big guns would smash the little English mountain batteries. But they couldn't.

He thought the rocket brigade at Arrogie was a train of baggage-mules, and the Punjab Pioneers a rout of camp-followers. But they weren't.

He thought SIR ROBERT NAPIER would walk off thankfully with cows and captives, and leave him in quiet possession of his chiefs, his crown, his mortars, and his Magdala. But he wouldn't.

Yes, THEODORE *was* deceived at all points—not a doubt about it.

And "sarved him right," says *Mr. Punch*.

Excepting Exceptions.

BROWN stopping on the scorching flags of Regent Street to moralise, observed, "There's nothing new under the Sun!"

"Except boots," exclaimed his limping friend, who was suffering agonies.

JAPANESE OUTDONE.

JUGGLING Extraordinary in Society. Feat as performed in Belgrave Square. Keeping up a Ball from eleven P.M. till five in the morning.

MAN WHO HAS A TURN FOR MUSIC.—An Organ-Grinder.

OUR LAW REPORT.

AN action was recently brought by a tenant of one house against his neighbour for annoying him by constantly playing on his pianos such tunes as "*Champagne Charley*," "*Not for Joseph*," "*Paddle your own Canoe*," and so forth. Abatement of nuisance was promised, but let us sincerely hope that *harmony will not be restored*.

Risky Allak's Latest Case.—Both SERGEANT PARRY on the one part, and SERGEANT BALLANTINE on the other, omitted to quote the well-known lines evidently applicable here,

" * * * My Lord,

Who steals my purse steals trash: 'tis something, nothing."

For the rest consult your memory, or the nearest *Shakespeare*.

Free Translation for Financiers.

(Suggested by SIR MORTON PERO's *Whitewashing*.)

"*Hanc veniam petimus damusque vicissim*."

"We are all PEROS more or less; so don't let's be hard on him."

NOTHING=0.

CONSIDERING what their flying projects come to, no wonder the *Peter Wilkiness* who have lately been exhibiting at the Crystal Palace call themselves "*Aëro-noughts*."

CAUTION.

LADIES who wear long dresses, and dislike their being trampled on, should wear upon their backs a card with the inscription, "NO FOLLOWERS ALLOWED!"

A MAN IN ADVANCE OF HIS TIME.—One who has been knocked into the middle of next week.

A POET'S INDIGNATION.

DEAR SIR,

You have been down upon me a good many times, but I know you love justice, and I confidently ask your aid. Sir, it has been reported that I am the author of the words of the song sung (and excellently, I hear, by MR. CUMMINGS) at the Crystal Palace on the day the DUKE OF EDINBURGH was there.

Sir, *Mr. Punch*, it is not true. I had nothing to do with it.

I allow, Sir, that the style of the so-called Poet is based upon mine, and that the mistake is not unnatural. But when you come to look at the verses that were sung, you will see that I, the POET CLOSE, could never have written such nonsense. Look here, Sir.

"Of NELSON, HOOD, and COLLINGWOOD,
Our grandsires used to sing;
Our fathers had a toast as good,
They gave 'the Sailor King!'
Now royal ALFRED treads the deck,
His courage to evince;
He braves the storm, nor fears the wreck;
God bless our Sailor Prince!

Treads the deck to evince his courage! *Mr. Punch*, would I thus libel my Prince? He treads the deck for no such unseamanlike and idiotic purpose. He treads the deck because it is his duty to do so, and at the right time goes below for the same reason. But worse stuff follows.

"Young, brave and true, he wears the blue,
His courage to evince,
The pride, 'the darling of his crew';
God bless our Sailor Prince!"

Wears the blue to evince his courage! One would think that it was a proscribed colour, and that like wearing of the green in Ireland, the feat was one of danger. Isn't it sad that thousands of folk should have to hear such bosh? But there is worse still.

"When o'er the land a flash of pain,
Shot through th' electric wire,
That England's darling son was slain,
High rose the people's ire;
Now let him know, the coward blow
Our fealty doth evince,
And blend our prayers, that God who spares,
May save our Sailor Prince.

What does the so-called Poet mean by saying that a flash of pain shot through the electric wire? Did it hurt the wire? And how does the coward blow (which wasn't a blow) evince our fealty? The fact is, Sir, that the barren-brained bard wanted to rhyme to Prince, and could think of no rhyme but evince. I, Sir, could have given him many rhymes, much better; as

Our noble Prince
Did never wince,
But ever since,
When eating mince,
Has wished for quince,
His mouth to rinse,
And thus convince
That he is every inch a Prince.

Sir, as the LADY FLORENCE PEPPLE, the sister of the young King of Bonny, successor to him of whom I was proud to be Laureate, is coming over, and I shall have to address her in song, it might do me injury in my business if I were supposed capable of writing such verses as those I have quoted. By giving publication to the facts, you will oblige, Your obedient Servant,

July, 1868.

THE POET CLOSE.

What will the Teetotallers say?

THE REV. DR. JELF, on retiring from the Principalship of King's College, London, had a testimonial presented to him. You shall have as many guesses as you like, and yet you shall not find out what was selected to be given to a Doctor of Divinity on resigning the headship of a great educational establishment. A Theological Library? A set of clerical robes? A full-length portrait? A silver tea and coffee service? A candelabrum?—All wrong. They gave him (besides founding a Jelf prize, or scholarship, or something of that commendable character), "A Bacchanalian Vase!" This we can only suppose to be classical either for a claret-jug or a wine-cooler—a punch-bowl being, of course, out of the question. Whichever it may be, we heartily wish the excellent Doctor many years' use of it!

"GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME."—Suppose while MAYNE's order continues in force we were to christen the Police "Muzzle-Loaders."

ALDERMAN LUSK.

"MR. ALDERMAN LUSK could not congratulate the Museum upon its success in a popular point of view. Notwithstanding the sums that had been spent on it, the people did not go to it as they used to do, and the number of visitors fell off every year. . . . A person he knew said of one room that it was 'full of big stones, and men without heads, and he did not see much merit in them.' (*A laugh.*) He told his friend he was not perhaps a judge of fine art, but being himself in the room devoted to antiquities the other day, not a single person was to be seen. People wanted greater variety; and not so much of one thing to look at."—*Debate of Wednesday, July 8th.*

ALDERMAN LUSK may love things that bring grist in;
ALDERMAN LUSK may be purely Philistine;
ALDERMAN LUSK MATTHEW ARNOLD may slight,
ALDERMAN LUSK may scorn "sweetness" and light;
ALDERMAN LUSK may not see, for M.P.'s use,
What's the good of your *Fates*, your *Ilyssus*, or *Theseus*;
ALDERMAN LUSK on the marbles of PHIDIAS
May look but as "damaged lots," more or less hideous.
In whom ALDERMAN LUSK may feel want of clothes is,
Still worse than the want of heads, legs, arms, and noses.
But when ALDERMAN LUSK takes his trumpet, he blows it—
"He don't want no Museums, and don't care who knows it."
Philistine he may be, but one thing he's not,
A Pretender, that is, to more taste than he's got.
And were all our Philistine M.P.'s, Lusk, like you,
The Fine Arts would fare better with us than they do.
Philistines with *no* tastes, on Art may keep quiet,
Philistines with *bad* tastes are *sure* to run riot!

AN EXAMPLE TO OUR NEIGHBOURS.

In the French Legislative Chamber, the other day, M. EMILE OLLIVIER made a speech against the financial extravagance of the Imperial Government, in which he said:—

"In France we shall never come to bankruptcy, but we shall arrive at expedients such as we know have been adopted in countries which have entered upon the dangerous routes in which we ourselves are now travelling: we shall come to taxes on the route: we shall come to paper money."

This prophecy was received with "loud exclamations." Well it might have been. France has a frightful example before her. We English have come to "taxes on the route" already, and worse; we have also come to a tax on hypothetical income. What we shall finally come to, Heaven only knows. Possibly not grief. Perhaps a Reformed Parliament, elected by the People, will readjust fiscal burdens on the acknowledged principle that partial taxation is confiscation. Let us hope for the best.

SAD WASTE OF OIL.

A TELEGRAM from Belgrade, dated July 5, informed newspaper readers that:—

"The solemn unction of PRINCE MILAN, as Sovereign of Servia, took place at the Cathedral to-day."

So it seems unction is not only practised in the Roman Church, but also in the Greek, and indeed a punster would remark that it is a rite which might be supposed to be especially characteristic of the Church of Greece. In these days of progress, and especially steam-progress, when people are so familiar with the process of oiling machinery, it does seem rather an odd trick to oil a king. If sovereign princes are oiled, why not sovereign presidents? MR. ANDREW JOHNSON was never oiled, but if he had been is it likely that he would have suffered any less than he has from friction with Congress? LOUIS NAPOLEON has never yet been oiled as Emperor of the French, and yet he appears to rub on in that capacity tolerably well.

Maxims.

(BY IVAN THE IMMORALIST.)

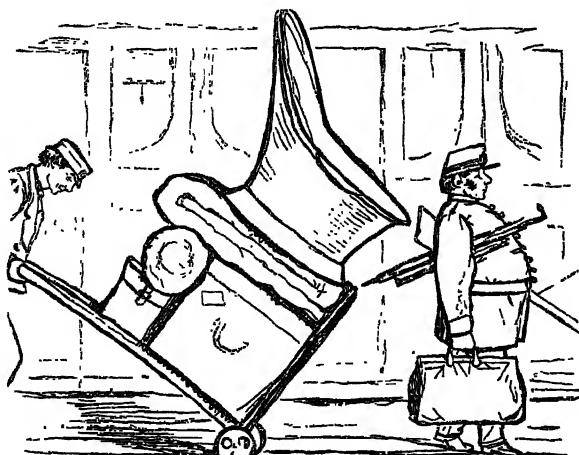
To Intending Elopers.—Don't run away, when staying will do as well. With fair words butter some parsons. Never do anything of which you would be ashamed: when anyone is looking.

Consider your wife as an angel: a recording angel. Never speak ill of a friend, as one day you may be seen walking with him.

ON DIT.

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS wished for a Shakspearian motto under his portrait. The one immediately suggesting itself was of course, "The DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM is taken."

CAMP-LIFE AT WIMBLEDON.



PRIVATE SMITH DETERMINES TO "CAMP" AT WIMBLEDON THIS YEAR, AND FINDS HE CANNOT POSSIBLY GO DOWN WITHOUT A FEW NECESSARIES.
[Volunteers are requested to make their baggage as small as possible.]



HE RIDES INTO CAMP



FIRST NIGHT, THINKS THERE IS A DRAUGHT THROUGH THE CANVAS. MAKES USE OF HIS BATH.



CANNOT GO TO SLEEP. FANCIES ANTS, SPIDERS, EARWIGS, AND OTHER CREEPING THINGS.



DOESN'T AT ALL LIKE GETTING UP WHEN THE BUGLE SOUNDS.
"CAN'T I HAVE ANOTHER FIVE MINUTES?"



IS OBLIGED TO GIVE UP HIS BATH. NO ROOM IN THE TENT, AND DOESN'T "SEE" HAVING IT OUT IN THE OPEN.



IS ON FATIGUE DUTY, AND HELPS TO FETCH THE WATER, &c.



SCARCELY KNOWS WHAT TO DO WITH HIMSELF ALL DAY, AS HE DOES NOT SHOOT.



AND THINKS THE BEST TIME IS THE CONVIVIAL GATHERING IN THE EVENING.

Slight Mistake.

Country would-be Visitor to the Opera, who has made a mistake and selected a fashionable tailor's instead of a second-hand emporium. Oh, I say, do you "let out" dress coats?
Affable Shopman. Hon'ly when they're too small, Sir.

The Political Preacher.

"A PREACHER I am of political righteousness To my countrymen," JOHN BRIGHT at Limerick said. Then righteousness is Brighteous and righteousness Brighteousness. Else he Brighteousness preaches in righteousness' stead.



IN FORMÂ PAUPERIS.

London Arab. "PLEASE SIR, CAN'T I HAVE A SHILL'N'S'ORTH!!"

THE PATENT PREMIER.

(From the "Arcana of Art.")

THIS is a very clever invention. Until recently it was thought impracticable to produce a Premier possessing such comprehensive properties—the *vis inertia* in perpetual motion. Picture to your perplexed imagination a solid body attached to a fixed point while constantly progressing in political space. Science smiles upon her latest triumph—a Premier in a rapid state of oscillation, and never for one moment in danger of being displaced.

Several curious mechanicians have examined its intricate works, and confess themselves unable to discover by what combination of secret springs its vibratory action is regulated. To some extent the Patent Premier resembles an ordinary repeater with a dial elegantly enamelled, but its maintaining power surpasses that of any similar instrument extant.

The Premier has a heavy striking weight and a powerful alarm—so powerful, indeed, as to startle many superstitious people in the dark. Another remarkable feature about the Patent Premier is its marvellous accuracy. It is warranted never to go wrong, nor to stand in need of correction, its capacity of self-adjustment rendering it peculiarly suitable for any Government office. We are happy to see that our most influential merchants—those connected with the Tailors—have set up the Patent Premier in their Hall of Audience, where its ticking is listened to with whispered delight and admiration. If furnished with stronger hands—at present those indispensable adjuncts are somewhat rickety—the Patent Premier would really be a valuable church-clock. As it now stands, the Premier should not be shaken violently, and it requires a good pair of bellows to blow the dust out of it.

A Place very much Wanted.

THERE are not too many employments in the public service open to men who are necessitated to earn their living by the pursuit of literature. The creation of an office for which skilled authorship would be a qualification is suggested by the disputes continually occurring on the construction of Acts of Parliament. The ambiguity and obscurity of parliamentary enactments is due to their not having been properly revised and corrected. To put the language of all bills into such order as to fit them to become law, Parliament wants an Editor.

A WEATHER WAIL AND A WEATHER WANT.

"Drink, pretty creature, drink."—WORDSWORTH.

To drip I run when in the sun,
To damp, when in the shade;
Thermometer at ninety-one,
And rising, I'm afraid!
In-doors or out, or slim or stout,
At a red heat one groans,
Longing one's flesh to go without,
And sit in one's bare-bones.

One cannot eat but little meat,
One's stomach is not good;
'Tis shame, methinks, that cooling drinks
Aren't better understood.
Such drinks there are at every bar,
Where stars and stripes wave high,
And ticklers bland from hand to hand
In icy rain-bows fly!

But here, ah me, I nowhere see
The drinks the time requires;
If, clubless, I for "coolers" cry,
What answers my desires?
There's soda-water, lemonade,
And there's Imperial Pop;
There's SAINSBURY'S fruit syrups, made
At his peculiar shop.

There's lemon-kali, with the gripes
Resulting from its use;
There's more or less adulterate swipes,
In quantities profuse.
There's JACOB TOWNSEND'S cooling draught,
Sarsaparilla sp'iled;
But for my taste, however chaste,
Drinks may be drawn "too mild."

There's what for BASS attempts to pass,
Or ALLSOPP'S bitter beer,
Which or in draught, or bottle quaffed,
Inebriate—not cheer.
And where "*aux vomica*" with "grains
Of Paradise" combine,
Such drink, howe'er one longs for drains,
'Tis wiser to decline.

For us no *café* opens its door,
With marble tables spread;
With smooth-swept matting on the floor,
And awning o'er the head.
And iced carafe that woos to quaff,
And waiters trained and trim,
While in the breeze the boulevard trees
Cast chequered shadows dim.

So to the flaring gin-shop's bar,
Or pastry-cook's hot den,
After my wanderings faint and far,
I must come back again!
For cooling draughts there's but one mart
In London's vasty pale,
The drinking fount's my last resort—
My liquor, Adam's ale!

The "Intelligent Foreigner."

ONE Sunday an Italian went into an English Church during service, and took a seat which did not belong to him. The Verger, who was ignorant of Italian, was at a loss how to explain the case to him. Remembering, however, by a happy thought that music is the universal language, the ingenious official leant over the door, and in an undertone, so as not to disturb the clergyman, hummed the air of

"Non pèu mister."

The intelligent Foreigner, comprehending his false position, immediately retired.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—The Bold Rover who was seen a week ago snatching a kiss from FLORENCE was detected last Tuesday in taking a bus from Highbury.



John. "NOW, THOMAS, AIN'T YOU READY! THE CARRIAGE IS WAITIN'!"

Thomas. "I AIN'T A GOING. IF MISSIS IS EQUAL TO CARRIAGE HEXERCISE IN THIS 'OT WEATHER, I AM NOT!"

MARRIAGE ON A MODERATE INCOME.

GENTLEMEN entertaining the question whether a man can afford to marry on £1,000 a year, are informed, in an advertisement by a Milliner, that there exists at a shop in Regent Street:—

THE LARGEST COLLECTION OF ANTIQUE and MODERN REAL LACES in EUROPE.—The new Bruxelles pointe d'aiguille bridal veils (without powder), 10 to 100 guineas; volants, tuniques, &c., en suite: Shawls in every kind of real lace, 5 to 500 guineas (many exclusive designs and particularly adapted for wedding trousseaux). Real laces of every description direct from the ouvrières at the lowest prices."

This information may suggest the inquiry whether shawls at from 5 to 500 guineas each, particularly adapted for wedding trousseaux, constitute a beginning that may be looked upon as an earnest of the way in which a wife is likely to go on. If so, this sort of earnest will be no fun for anybody but a millionaire, who thinks unlimited expenditure a joke. That amongst those shawls there are some whose designs are exclusive, one would think likely. The designs of 500 guinea shawls must be exclusive of all purchasers except those endowed much more plentifully with money than with brains, unless endowed with practically no end of money. From the figures named with reference to shawls and veils, the lowest prices of real laces would seem to be too high to admit of matrimony on a pittance of £1,000 per annum. Bridal veils at from ten to a hundred guineas may be thought to imply brides proportionally expensive in every other particular. All this is intelligible; but what is the meaning of bridal veils without powder? Not, surely that they are composed of materials like gun-cotton, which will blow up. That can be no recommendation, although many husbands may wish that such costly veils were exploded.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH PLAYS.

At the St. James's *The Grand Duchess* finished by becoming the wife of *Paul the Prince*. At the Olympic *The Grand Duchess* began by being *MRS. PAUL*.

THE RAILWAY AMALGAMATION SCREW.

THE subjoined extract from the *Railway News* looks rather like a defiance thrown in the teeth of Parliament and the People of England by certain Directors of:—

"THE RAILWAYS SOUTH OF THE THAMES.—One of the first effects of the withdrawal of the Amalgamation Bill of the Southern lines will very shortly be felt by the public. Up to the present time several of the Brighton trains have been allowed to run into the Cannon Street terminus. As, however, Parliament has refused power for the South-Eastern to charge a reasonable toll for the use of the station on which so large a sum has been expended, the directors have given notice to the Brighton Company that their trains will not, on and after August 1st, be allowed to enter the station. Some additions to the fares, which the company have power to make under their present Act, will also come into force at that time."

"We will see whether you and your Legislature, or we are the stronger. We will try whether we have not the power to make you accept our terms, and submit to what you are pleased to call our imposition." Such is clearly the meaning of the announcement that the Brighton Company's trains will be excluded from the South Eastern's station, and the intimation that, simultaneously, the fares will be raised to the highest figures allowed by law. In short, the Railways South of the Thames inform the British Public that, in order to extort consent to their rapacious Amalgamation scheme, they are about to put on the screw. Let them. A few turns of that instrument will probably have a different effect from what they contemplate. Already Government is proposing to take the Telegraphs into its hands. Perhaps the Railways will follow.

A Sors Horatiana.

(Apropos of Ritualism and the Vicar of Wymering.)

"*Hæ Nugee seria ducent
In mala—*"

"These Nugees may lead the Church into serious mischief."

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

SCENE—Interior of the St. James's Theatre. Time 8.30 P.M.

Enter into the Stalls YOUNG FLANNAY, of Lounge Chambers.

Flannay (to Friend whom he finds in the next stall). Hallo, old fellow, how are you? [Of course doesn't wait for an answer, and continues] Come to see SCHNEIDER, eh?

Robinson (his Friend, admitting ingenuously that that is his object). Yes, one's heard so much of the Grande Duchesse for the last year that—

Flannay (interrupting). Ah, then, you didn't see it in Paris?

Robinson (weakly). No, I somehow missed it (trying to recover his position). But I know all about it.

Flannay (as the Overture commences, hums "Voici le Sabre," while using his opera-glass). Who's in that box with NINKUM?

Robinson. With whom?

Flannay. With LORD NINKUM—you know, the fellow who—

Robinson (utterly ignorant of the subject). Oh, yes; I know him, by name, of course. (Inspects LORD NINKUM and his party closely, so as to know his Lordship again, and point him out to his friends.) Handsome woman.

Flannay (who would have made the same observation if he hadn't been forestalled). 'Um, pretty well.

Miss Jones (who has been brought by Mr. & Mrs. Smith). One recognises all the airs.

[Is slightly astonished at finding them so different to what she had made of them singing to her own accompaniment.

Mrs. Smith (secretly hoping that she will "recognise the airs," as she stands very little chance of recognising the words). Yes, oh, yes; one knows them all by heart. (To her husband) MONTAGUE, I wish you'd get a book.

Smith (who has paid three guineas for the stalls, and has brought the original French book of the Opera with him). We don't want one—you can use this (presents it to her with a certain amount of malicious pleasure, adding) Miss JONES is a first-rate French scholar, and can follow it easily. [Passes the book.

Mrs. Smith (smiling to Miss Jones). There's the book, dear. (To her husband aside.) I think you need not try to make me look foolish before my friends.

Smith (sniffing the battle afar off, saith "ha, ha," to himself, and then nods pleasantly to Brown in the distance). There's BROWN, and his daughter, I suppose. I didn't know he had one so old as that.

Mrs. Smith (accepting the diversion in favour of Miss Brown). She looks dreadfully painted. [Hostilities suspended: Opera commences.

Smith (to his Wife.) That's FRITZ—DUPUIS played it in Paris.

Mrs. Smith. Thank you: I don't want to know. You couldn't take me last year.

[After this shot, which knocks SMITH over and silences him, good humour is partially restored. Royalty and Nobility enter private boxes. A party, evidently having dined, enter one of the lowest boxes, where their heads just appear above the stage. People in stalls point out Royalty and Nobility to one another, and everyone is pleased with themselves at being in such distinguished company. Royalty and Nobility smile, and try to look as little self-conscious as possible. MRS. SMITH and MISS JONES wonder what Royalty's laughing at, and feel inclined to join them patronisingly.

Flannay. This fellow (alluding to FRITZ) doesn't play it as well as the original.

Robinson (generally prepared to be pleased with anything or anybody French). Doesn't he? (Timidly.) He's not bad, though.

[FLANNAY shrugs his shoulders.

Young Brown (who is supposed to have met Schneider in Paris off the stage, and be generally an authority, to Miss Sharpe, who is always playing in amateur theatricals, and is a sort of drawing-room star). No English actress can touch SCHNEIDER.

Miss Sharpe (raising her eyebrows). Indeed!

Young Brown. Yes; it isn't her voice exactly (MISS SHARPE is great in amateur opera bouffe) though she does manage that admirably; but it is her—her—there's only one word for it—her *chique*.

Miss Sharpe (who wishes to attend to the piece). I understand.

[Understands about as much as he does himself.

Flannay. Smith.

Robinson. Brown.

Royalty. Nobility.

(in chorus). Ah, here she is—here's SCHNEIDER.

[The audience being too aristocratic to applaud violently at first, give her, for them, an enthusiastic reception. You can't do much, you see, in hot weather for a guinea a-head in the stalls, and half-a-guinea in dress circle, particularly with the recollection that the Artiste can be seen for six shillings in Paris.

MLE. SCHNEIDER enters from the left of the stage, walks round jauntily, with a sort of unsteady waddle (which YOUNG BROWN supposes to be peculiarly "*chique*") smacking a little riding-whip in front of

her soldiers, she leers at FRITZ, hits two or three people pointlessly with her whip, which makes the audience laugh. LORD NINKUM is so delighted he actually applauds, and kicks his little legs against the box in champagne ecstasy.

Flannay (in raptures). Oh, she's deuced good!

Young Brown (to Miss Sharpe). What do you think of her?

Miss Sharpe (sensibly). I haven't seen enough of her yet to judge.

[YOUNG BROWN is astonished, he has always heard SCHNEIDER praised immediately she has appeared.

The Great actress then walks round, leers at her audience, winks at them, takes them into her confidence in bye-play, smacks her whip, gives a little kick of the leg, hits two or three people, including a ponderous Frenchman, doing his best in a perspiring performance of *General Boum* (the original—poor KOUDEK—was very good, and not a bit of a buffoon) and sings "*Ah, que j'aime les militaires*" during which, with an admirable display of wit and humour, and with an elegance of action which belongs, we are glad to hope, to this actress alone, MLE. SCHNEIDER kicks her leg up in the air, and hits the person nearest to her with her riding whip. The greater part of the "business" of the First Act seems to consist in hitting each other, grimacing, upsetting tables and such novel practical fun.

Mrs. Smith (to her husband, indignantly). Well, if that's what you admire—

Smith (rather taken aback, and apologising). She didn't do that in Paris. Whenever this "kicking up behind and before" is repeated, shouts of laughter issue from certain private boxes saluting this and the constant repetition of hitting anybody with her whip as an inimitable piece of burlesque humour. Two or three true English ladies, in Nobility's boxes, turn away from the stage, and regard one another in eloquent silence.

Flannay (who has been delighted with everything). She's charming. *Elle a du chien, n'est-ce pas?*

Robinson (vaguely). Oui.

[Sees that LORD NINKUM and party in private box are in fits of laughter, and is satisfied.

Miss Sharpe (who, for reasons above-mentioned, is something of a critic). She's very vulgar, and I am sure that any of our actresses who play burlesque are infinitely superior to SCHNEIDER.

[Thinks of MRS. MELLON, MISS MAITIE WILTON, MISS OLIVER, MISS FAREEN, MRS. HOWARD PAUL, &c. &c.

Young Brown (feeling that she is not far wrong). Yes, but—(falling back upon his one resource)—they haven't got the *chique*.

Miss Sharpe (following up her attack). If you mean they are not so horribly vulgar, I hope that they never will have the *chique*, as it is called.

[Rupture of amicable relations between these two amateurs who are going to play together at LADY KETTLEDRUM's in a few days.

Robinson (during entracte, to Young Brown in the lobby, quoting Flannay as his own opinion). She has *du chien*, eh?

[Thinks he has shut up YOUNG BROWN, then.

Young Brown (thinking of Miss Sharpe, and gradually coming to a decision). If I want to see this sort of thing I can do so legitimately at one of our music-halls. It's only a form of the Fast Female Comic Singer.

Jack Bull, Esq., Jun. (to his young Wife). SCHNEIDER may be the Duchess, but no one would call her your Grace.

Mrs. J. Bull, Jun. (after the Second Act, when the Grande Duchesse has sung "*Dites-lui*," and joined in the can-can). If any but a French actress had done this, she'd have been hissed off the stage. I'm sure she would—it's disgusting!

Jack Bull (highly respecting his Wife's candour). Yes, it is; but they really do manage these things better in France; for there, SCHNEIDER, whose performance, by the way, as it is, is witnessed chiefly by ladies of the faster sort, would not do a quarter of what she has done here. What was hinted at the Variétés, is developed at the St. James's. In the song, for instance, of "*Dites-lui*," where you admit that SCHNEIDER manages the few notes she has in her voice admirably, or it were more correct to say, M. OFFENBACH manages them for her, she grossly over-acted. She Out-Schneiders SCHNEIDER here.

Mrs. J. Bull, Jun. (from an economical point of view). As we have been foolish enough to pay a guinea for our stalls, we will remain to the end.

She does so, and understanding French and French acting, is not particularly delighted with the Third Act, showing how *Messieurs les tambours* disturbed Fritz and Wanda; nor with the Grande Duchesse's treatment of Baron Grog; and her reason for marrying Prince Paul in the Fifth.

LORD NINKUM is delighted throughout, and applauds all the strong points throughout most heartily. Flannay in the stalls follows suit, and the after-dinner party in the stage-box are in ecstasies over the action and manner of Mademoiselle in the "*Dites-lui*" song especially.

Flannay (to Robinson at the door, during the entracte, where they are smoking cigarettes—so like Paris!) She's delicious! it's quite refreshing to see her. (Assumes the character of *l'homme blasé*.)

Mrs. John Bull Senior (who fetches the young couple in her carriage on

returning from the Olympic). MRS. HOWARD PAUL is very good, but the piece is entirely un-English. (Quoted from the observations of MR. JOHN BULL, SENIOR, now asleep.) It is a pity that the QUEEN does not resume her personal patronage of our theatres. From your account, my dear (To Mrs. J. B. JUNIOR), I do not think that such a performance would have been tolerated by Her Majesty. What do you say, JOHN? (Rousing him). Really you are always asleep when theatrical subjects require your consideration.

Mr. John Bull (awakening to the situation). My dear, I don't understand this introduction of *can-cans*. I can't make out why my licences permits to French players in England what would neither be allowed to our own performers, nor to them, I believe, in their own country. Some two hundred years ago we English required an apology for the appearance of a female actor upon the stage. For another reason, it seems to be required now. The stage, as a clever writer has observed, should be a popular school of morality, a supplement to the pulpit, where virtue, according to PLATO's sublime idea, nerves our love and affections, where—

Jack B. Junior. Come Governor, here we are. (Carriage stops.) I'll smoke a pipe after supper with you, and talk it over. JULIA (to his wife), Would you like to see SCHNEIDER in *La Belle Hélène*?

Both Ladies (decidedly). No, thank you. Instead of wasting your money on that, take stalls for the Opera. [All retire.]

P.S. Since writing the above I have seen *La Belle Hélène*—announced, by the way, as produced for the first time in London. This is not correct. *Helen*, with nearly all the music, was done at the Adelphi, and M. OFFENBACH himself complimented MISS FURTADO upon her performance of the beautiful Queen. MISS FURTADO had the advantage over Mlle. SCHNEIDER in many respects, and MR. TOOLE was far beyond his French prototype as *Menelaus*. Neither of them can sing brilliantly. Again, the riddle scene in the First Act is tedious in the French original, as is also the Game of Goose in the Second Act, which was wisely omitted at the Adelphi.

In its French form, and played as it is at the St. James's, it would not last a week here were it not for Mlle. SCHNEIDER's prestige and the judiciously high prices; but *Helen* at the Adelphi, with MRS. MELLON, MISS FURTADO, and PAUL BEDFORD (pleasanter to the eye in his solidity than is M. RAVEL with his overdone buffoonery) ran for upwards of a hundred nights, and is still a favourite piece.

Mlle. SCHNEIDER as *Helen* is perhaps scarcely so extravagant in her vulgarity as in *La Grande Duchesse*, but there is all that excessive grimacing, continual adoption of a "cad" tone (which her admirers think so charmingly clever), that pointless introduction of rough horse-play, hitting and kicking, without which SCHNEIDER would not be SCHNEIDER.

The "cascader" song does not give her such an opportunity for acting as did the "*Dites-moi*," and as there is no translation of it in the book, (there is a weak adaptation incorporated with something else on another page,) our English ladies, not understanding, follow the male lead in their applause. I don't suppose they know much about the history of Jupiter and Leda, which is delicately portrayed on the wall of HELEN's chamber. Well, well, it was coldly received by a very warm audience. Royalty was not there, and not many stopped to the end: those who did, however, got up a feeble call for the great actress.

The costumes were dull. By the way, when classical dresses are worn, is it not usual for French actors to adopt *caleçons*? I was in the stalls: need I say more? The second Ajax was knocked by Mlle. SCHNEIDER right over a stool, heels uppermost.

M. DUPLAN was not equal to the rôle of *Paris*, he could not touch the high note in his song about the three goddesses. Perhaps he was suffering from cold; but he was much better in *Fritz*. The rest were nowhere; except *Orestes*, who shone out as she did in *Wanda* by the neat quiet finish of her burlesque acting. I have alluded to the English translation sold with the French book: it is what might be called "humorous," awakening a gentle feeling of pity in the reader's breast, but lacking the genuine fun of the usual English libretto to a serious Italian Opera.

So much for Mlle. SCHNEIDER at the St. James's. I have done.

MARCUS CURTIUS, OR A LEAP IN THE DARK.

(A Classical Comic Song for a Music Hall.)

Civis Romanum sum I am, an ancient rum'un true;
So now I'll sing a rummy lay of ancient Rome to you.
A Swell, gents, of the period, here in *toga* toggled you see;
Now don't you fancy KICKERO looked very much like me?

(Spoken.)—Old KICKERO was a celebrated Lawyer, you know. I daresay you've heard of KICKERO's Offices. They wasn't in Lincoln's Inn; nor yet in the Temple of—Jupiter, or any other divinity. But never mind KICKERO. 'Tis another ancient rum'un I'm going to tell you about—

With my 'ic 'oc 'orum, unky dorum, asinus dum sto.
Did you ever see such a Guy as me, Quirites? O! Io!

Now listen to the story what I'm going to relate,
I'll take my arf a David of the truth of all I state,
We 'ad at Rome, I tell you 'cause I don't suppose you know,
A place we called the Forum, 'bove two thousand years ago.

(Spoken.)—Well; this Forum, you see, was an open space surrounded with public buildings, like—I don't know what you've got exactly—but suppose I say Trafalgar Square—

With my 'ic 'oc 'orum, &c.

A wonder in the Forum did our minds one day astound,
The earth yawned right asunder, and wide open gaped the ground;
We couldn't tell, how deep 'twas to the bottom of the 'ole,
Some said it 'ad no bottom; and they called it PLUTO's Bowl.

(Spoken.)—You'd have said Ancient NICHOLAS's Bowl. PLUTO, he was the Ancient NICHOLAS of the ancient rum'unns, but we didn't fancy he drank punch; thought his tippie was nectar, 'cause we 'adn't got no punch ourselves, either liquid or literary, in my young days—

With my 'ic 'oc 'orum, &c.

This 'orrid gulf we looked on with astonishment and fear,
As DR. CUMMING views a sign the end is drawin' near;
And then it 'indered bisnis worse than ever you 'ad yours
With excavations made by the Commissioners of Sewers.

(Spoken.)—You see, we used to 'old public meetins in the Forum with our BEALESSES and POTTERS in the Chair. There was situated our Sessions Ouses and Palaces of Justice; so in course a great 'ole in the middle of the Forum was a bore of uncommon dimensions to my fellow-citizens and self—

With my 'ic 'oc 'orum, &c.

We sent and asked the oracle what course we should pursue,
The answer we got back was one that put us in a stew—
That 'ole will never close up, was the message brought us 'ome,
Till it has 'ad flung down if the most precious thing in Rome.

(Spoken.)—Now, in London I suppose you'd call that the Koh-i-Noor. But we 'ad a jewel among us that proved worth any diamond—a regular Brick, as I may say—

With my 'ic 'oc 'orum, &c.

"Now what, in all Rome's city of more value can there be
Than youth and arms and valour—a young swell, in short, like me?"
So said a cove who thirsted less for cooper than for fame,
One MARCUS CURTIUS, to pronounce his full and proper name.

(Spoken.)—Only, you see, we used generally to call him MARK CURTIS, by way of abbreviation. I was in the 'abit of sayin that CURTIS was a title of courtesy—

With my 'ic 'oc 'orum, &c.

"I'm in for it," the 'Ero cried, and few more words he spoke,
With which he put his armour on, and jumped across his moke,
And right into the Forum, amid all the people's cheers,
He rode the patient animal distinguished by his ears.

(Spoken.)—Some said there went a pair of 'em, and inquired which was the biggest moke of the two. For my part, now, if you ask my opinion, my answer is, I can't exactly say—

With my 'ic 'oc 'orum, &c.

They went together at the 'ole, but down the moke did peep;
He didn't seem to see the fun of takin such a leap.

"'T' 'im be'ind," said CURTIUS, and thereon exclaimed, "Here goes!"
So down they went, and over them the earth at once did close.

(Spoken.)—To the mingled 'orror and admiration of the be'olders. The Patres Conscripti werry much applauded what he had done, and on the strength of it took a boat and went to Philippi, where it formed the leadin topic of their conversation. They called it an 'eroic act of self-sacrifice and virtue as was its own reward, which may be quite sufficient for some people, but decidedly not for JOSEPHUS, oh dear, no; not for JOE. Accordingly, peraps you'll excuse me if I venture to improve the occasion—

With my 'ic 'oc 'orum, &c.,

and conclude with an appropriate

MORAL.

Reflect on MARCUS CURTIUS, gents, and let his early fate
Be an example to avoid and not to imitate;
Don't act with eyes wide open like that caution to young men,
'Tis easier gettin in a 'ole than gettin out again.

NOT A MILITARY NATION?

In the prospect of a General Election all England is one camp. The whole people, at least all the householders, are under canvas.



AN EXPLANATION.

Freddy. "EACH WANTED IT, MAMMA DEAR, AN' SO BABY PULDED IT, AN' I PULDED IT, AN' THEN DOLLY BROKEK ITSELF IN TWO, AN' BABY FALLEED OVER AN' 'TITTED 'ER 'ED, AN' 'URTED 'ERSELF, AN' CALLED OUT," &c., &c. [And so on for five minutes.]

SHAFTESBURY TO THE RESCUE!

BRAVO, SHAFTESBURY! Fear not but *Punch* and JOHN BULL
You will find at your back for a long and strong pull,
From our Protestant pie to keep out the Pope's paw,
And on Ritual rigs clap the stopper of law.
Hold tight to your Bill that proclaims through the land,
That no monkey nor monkish tricks England will stand.
As for vestments, and incense, and lights and such stuff,
Let who want them seek Rome, where they'll find *quantum suff.*
But we won't have Pope's work done by Anglican hands,
Nor in Protestant rope let 'em twist Popish strands.
Of the claims of the Church let the Ritualists jaw;
There's but one Church of England—the Church of the Law!

Let DENISON shudder at thought of a Church
Where priest high o'er layman has no right to perch.
He may prose and may prate, and declaim at his ease,
Of the charge to St. Peter, the power of the keys;
BULL loves the old rule that no strange shaven poll
In English dominion shall tithe, tax, or toll.
And *his* Church is a Church that holds clergy and lay
One in eye of the Law both are bound to obey.
His Church has no sanction that Law does not bound,
His Church has no terrors that Law does not ground.
Sway or swag whence they list other churches may draw,
England's Church has one root and one refuge—the Law.

No miracle-mong'ring she needs or desires,
Simple service and seemly is all she requires.
'Tis enough in our clergy if models we see
In learning and life of what laymen should be.
By the lives that they lead more of power they will reach,
Than by titles they claim or by sermons they preach;
'Tis the man that makes sacred the office he bears,
Not the rites he performs or the vestment he wears.

These moppings and mowings, incensings and lights,
As mummeries are harmless, but serious as rites.
Who trust *their* hocus pocus had better withdraw
From the Old Church of England, the Church of the Law.

THE ROMAN CITIZENS AND THEIR BIG BROTHER.

OF course, LOUIS NAPOLEON, you observed the passage following in the address presented by the Roman Committee to the KING OF PRUSSIA, on the anniversary of the Battle of Sadowa:—

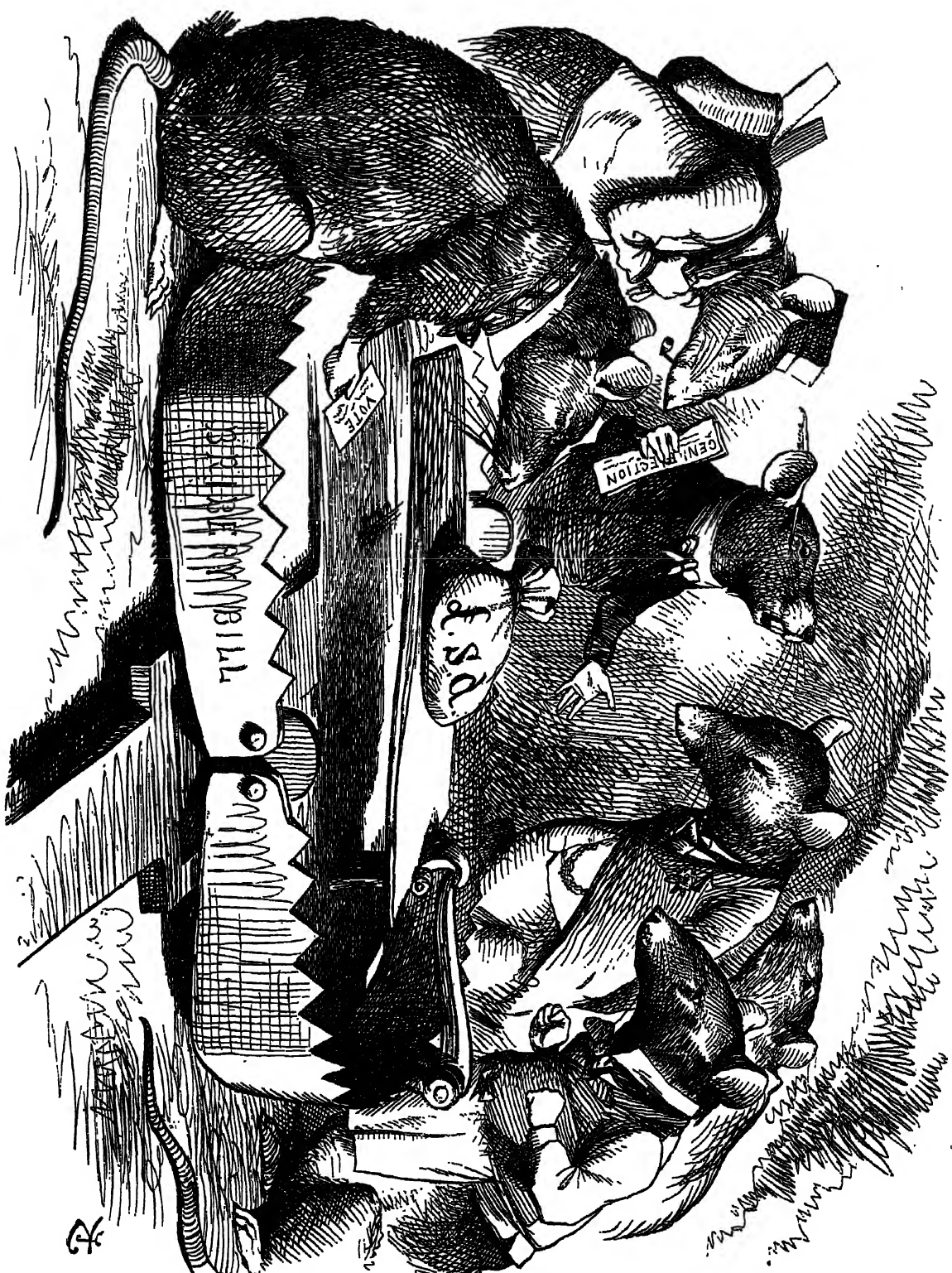
"The most ardent wish entertained this day by the Roman people is, that under your wise guidance the noble German country may fully attain its object, and raise itself to that absolute greatness that does not envy the development of other peoples, nor desire to oppose it."

Is there a nation, think you, between which and the German a contrast is suggested in the words foregoing? Do you know of any nation in Europe which has not raised itself to that pitch of greatness that does not envy nor desire to oppose the development of other peoples? No you don't. It is a mistake to suppose that the French is that nation. France is too generous to be such a nation as that. If she appears to be so ignoble a nation, that appearance is simply owing to the deplorable fact that her Government is forced to oppose the completion of Italian unity by a groundless fear of the influence of an Ultramontane priesthood.

Only Natural.

THEY say that the War Office Clerks are in revolt against *King Storks*. No wonder. They have been used to *King Logs*, and don't want a change of dynasty.

MOST LIKELY.—Is it because so many Swells have "handles" to their names that they are called "knobs"?



THE RATS IN COUNCIL.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, July 14th. These Railways give a great deal of trouble. Perhaps more than they are worth. Let us go back to the old Coach-system. Parliament was never bothered about the Coaches. There would be many advantages in this retrogression. People travel a great deal too much, instead of staying at home minding their business and saving their money. Women are always wanting to go somewhere. Folks keep two residences, and spend half their time in unprofitably running from one to another. There are many other evils connected with Railroads, only it is too hot to think and remember. But it is clear that the system is a failure. LORD TAUNTON to-day proposed a resolution that no Railway Bill, containing power to raise fares, should be read a second time before a special report from the Board of Trade that such increase was just and necessary. LORD REDESDALE thought that all Railways ought to be kept to their bargain with the public, and he entirely objected to being guided by the Board of Trade, which was notoriously under Railway influence. LORD SALISBURY (a chairman of a company) thought the Railways ought to be treated generously. We should particularly like to know why. Certainly not because they show any generosity. A Company has as much human feeling as one of its own buffers. Some row was made in defence of the Board of Trade; and LORD TAUNTON (he used to be MR. LABOUCHE) carried his motion. It will not do much good, but it is well to show what the Lords think of the Companies.

Mother Church was then finally destroyed for ever. At least, as much was done to that end as can be effected by the passing of the Bill for the Abolition of Church Rates. The Lords mended the measure, and assented to it. We have not heard of the fall of any churches in consequence, but when such catastrophes happen, *Punch* promises to record them. Nevertheless, it is a fearful sign of the times, and if it was not too hot to care about anything except iced drinks, we would be terribly emphatic on the subject. When it is cooler, we will be hotter. Meantime, Mother Church must do us the favour to believe that we are awfully what-does-she-call-it about this proof that the House of Lords is atheistic, and that all religion is done away with in England.

Naval debates in the Commons, and it was clearly shown by the Enemies of the Admiralty that all our ships are good for nothing. First Lord ill, so LORD HENRY LENNOX had to defend the Admiralty, and we honour his pluck, for he was so gouty that he had to speak with his knee on a stool. He promised two turret-ships as soon as possible, and more when the best designs could be obtained. We went into supply, and supplied a great lot of naval money. It was very hot—we mean the night; though the money might have been hot also, to the burning of fingers, to see the readiness with which it was dropped.

Tuesday. The Conservatives had intended to throw out the Bill for letting Excisemen have votes, but MR. DISRAELI had ordered his colleagues to change their minds, and the LORD CHANCELLOR ably advocated a Bill which his associates in the Ministry had resisted in the Commons. These little spectacles of consistency are now so common that they cease—especially in this hot weather—to excite a smile. The Exciseman is to have a vote, and we hope that he will make no mistake in the exciseman of an election, but give his vote like a calm gauger. If not, we shall sing, with BURNS,

"We'll mak' our maut, we'll brew our drink,
We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man,
And mony braw thanks to the muckle black deil
That danced awa' wi' the Exciseman."

The Commons, in Committee, discussed the Bribery Bill, and there was a good deal of cavil at many of the clauses. Among other things it was proposed that MESSRS. GURNEY, the short-hand writers to the House, should not have the monopoly of taking official notes on election trials. MR. GLADSTONE emitted a great eulogy on the incomparable way in which their work is done. No doubt they do it very well, but there are scores of gentlemen in the gallery who can do it equally well. The newspaper reports on an important night, when the crack stenographers go to the front, deserve quite as much praise from MR. GLADSTONE. Besides, any machine of a man can take *verbatim* reports. The high class reporter is seen in the reports in which all is condensed, and nothing worth note is omitted. No disparagement to MESSRS. GURNEY, whose house has been famous since its representative, according to LORD BYRON, went to Madrid to take down the divorce proceedings in ALFONSO v. INEZ AND ANOTHER. We wonder whether it is as hot in Madrid as in London.

The Bill proposes to exclude a briber from Parliament for seven years. This MR. POWELL declared to be a horrible punishment, taking from a man all that was worth living for. We honour his affection for the House of Commons, which no doubt returns it, but we think that there are one or two other things worth living for besides the honour of sitting in the same assembly with MR. POWELL. As has been well asked, does nobody in the world except the 658 live for any worthy purpose? In the course of the debate, MR. CLAY, as is common with

him, said a wise thing. He could see no difference between bribery by an agent and bribery with one's own hands. Yet we can. The former is the worse offence, as it makes three rascals instead of only two. A tremendous majority, notwithstanding the hot weather, remained to support the horrible punishment, which was enacted by 197 to 26. This looks like earnest.

MR. CHILDERS showed that the Civil Service costs us about Twelve Millions and a half a year, and is not done particularly well, either. By the way, an odd result has arisen from our desire to have clever men. We get them too clever. They pass examinations, and then consider themselves superior to the work for which they have been struggling. It is, however, only fair and just to the Civil Service to say that though we have frequently been brought in contact with its members, for official purposes, we never witnessed any particular superiority of intellect. If the weather were not so hot, we would enumerate a series of anecdotes illustrating this, but it shall suffice to say that having, the other day, desired a Treasury clerk to make a champagne cup, he came humbly up to us to know whether he should put in any curaçoa.

On Secret Service Money, ALDERMAN LUSK, who aims at being a successor of the late MR. W. WILLIAMS, and is, in the fact that he comes a long way after him, wanted to know the use of Secret Service when everything is published in the papers. It is too hot to be witty, and we content ourselves with a hope that one thing will not be published in the papers, namely, ALDERMAN LUSK's re-election for Finsbury. We would introduce a compliment to his excellent colleague by instituting a contrast, only his name reminds us of torrid, and that is not an idea to be invited.

Wednesday. The Bill for interfering with the sale of poisons was discussed in Committee. LORD ROBERT MONTAGU wished to be bound by the suggestions of a farmer whom he named, but we don't see why this Farmer Butical, or any other farmer, should dictate. There are some good things in the Bill, and when it has passed we will get the Professor whom we keep on the premises to analyse it, and report for the warning of chemical and druggical men, which reminds us that, this hot weather, the chemist with his cool bottle of soda-water fresh from his damp vaults below is a sort of angel. But—

"O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep delv'd earth!"

Thursday. The Lords held important discussion upon the endeavour on the part of the Government authorities to make the proceedings of SIR HENRY STOKES of none effect. The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE spoke out manfully for his gallant friend SIR HENRY, and hoped that he would be allowed to complete all that he wished to do. The same subject was raised in the Commons, and SIR JOHN PAKINGTON was very bumptious, but quite unable to remove the impression that the War Office was divided, and that some superior power was hindering reform. We shall get at it all in time. The Lords then went away, like gentlemen, at thirteen minutes to 8, just in time to dress for dinner.

But we shudder to say that the Commons kept the SPEAKER in his chair, this hot weather, for fourteen hours and a half—that is, till 3 in the morning. We have no heart to dwell on the details, beyond saying, with approbation, that MR. DISRAELI declared that *he would not advise the QUEEN to prorogue until the Bribery Bill should be law*. Well said, Sir. The chief talk was of bullocks.

Friday. Dear LORD REDESDALE, this Coronation Oath gives you much trouble. You are a good Lord, and *Punch* will try to make it easy for you. Suppose that, in exchange for the great glory and comfort of your being allowed to sit at the head of the table, when *Punch's* Council meets, he made you take a tremendous oath, by Thor, Odin, and Frigga, that the current volume of his work should always lie upon your dressing-table. Suppose that your housemaid objected that the book was much in the way of your combs and brushes and Macassar oil. You are bound to leave the book in its place. But would it not be competent to *Mr. Punch* to say, "Never mind the old oath, RENDY, I know you honour the book—put it on the bookshelf." Would you be breaking your vow in doing so? Come, use the sense you apply to railway matters, and take a cool drink.

The Commons declined to pay the judges £500 a year more for sitting in Bribery. And in the debate MR. DISRAELI said that the Lords used to have power to tax themselves, though they are now taxed by the Commons. MR. GLADSTONE said that nothing but the whole weight of MR. DISRAELI's authority could make him believe that. *Mr. Punch* cannot understand MR. GLADSTONE's demurrer. Did not both Houses sit together? *Vide COKE*. And as for the Bishops, did not Convocation tax itself, that is, the clergy? MR. DISRAELI knows history.

MR. FLASHMAN, of Dover, petitions that Palestine may be restored to the Jews. But, to say nothing of Palestine not being Parliament's to give away (a trifle to a religious reformer) the session is too far advanced and too hot for the Restoration to be managed this year.



LETTING HIM DOWN GENTLY.

Podgers. "D' SEE THE LOVELY CREATURE I DANCED LAST GALOP WITH!"

Smith. "O YES—KNOW HER VERY WELL. MARRIED TO A CONFOUNDEDLY JEALOUS FELLOW, WHO INSISTS UPON HER DANCING WITH THE PLAINEST MEN IN THE ROOM."

GRUMPY, LUMPY, AND BUMPY.

A DIALOGUE FOR HOT WEATHER, WHEN ATTENTION, ANSWER, OR ARGUMENT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO A RATIONAL BEING.

MR. GRUMPY is smoking a coarse Churchwarden, MR. LUMPY a handsome Meerschaum, and MR. BUMPY an elegant cigar. A vast refrigerating tankard of iced drink on a table between them.

Mr. Lumphy. Yesterday the thermometer was 88° in the shade, which is a great age, as THOMAS HOOD wrote.

Mr. Grumpy. Yes; and I don't believe that the Siamese Twins are going to be separated. It is a puff preliminary to a new European tour. Why, I saw them when I was a little boy.

Mr. Bumpy. Probably. For the new number of the *Quarterly* is a very good one; but I think the critic who insists that TENNYSON will not permanently retain his rank among the greatest poets, will catch it, hot and hot.

Mr. Lumphy. That story about the two serpents each half swallowing the cat, and then one serpent swallowing the other, and getting choked, is interesting. The narrator says that the cat got in, ignorant of the contents of the box. How did he know? If so, it was careless in Puss not to read the inscription: "Two boa-constrictors inside. Care."

Mr. Bumpy. But whether the judge or the magistrate is right about which of 'em ought to admit MOTHER RACHEL to bail, is a point that should be settled for the sake of better people.

Mr. Grumpy. Unless LORD JOHN MANNERS soon turns the water into the Regent's Park Lake, there will be a row. I wonder what that hideous great pipe is for. The boats will run against it, and capsize—that's certain.

Mr. Lumphy. MR. HENRY MORLEY is an authority, and he seems to have no doubt that those quaint verses which he has discovered are by

MILTON. But the Museum authorities say that the initials are not J. M., and that the writing is not Milton's.

Mr. Bumpy. Just so; and I should like to hang a few road contractors for throwing down stones to make traffic difficult for the poor horses this awful weather.

Mr. Grumpy. I don't know. The patronage bestowed on MADEMOISELLE SCHNEIDER's performance is a disgrace to a church-going upper class, and an indication that we are likely to have a very different régime from that of the PRINCE CONSORT.

Mr. Bumpy. Still, there is no excuse for beef being thirteenpence a pound. Housekeeper is ready to swear it was asked. Butcher denies it. I don't know where the truth lies, if truth ever lies. Some people say in a well. Wish I did.

Mr. Lumphy. When a culprit has been flogged, he ought not to be kept in gaol until the affair is forgotten; he ought to be immediately dismissed with all the inconveniences caused by the cat upon him, and go home to his admiring pals, who would improve the occasion for him, and take hint for themselves.

Mr. Grumpy. But I object to removing St. Margaret's, Westminster. It is ugly, but interesting, and it gives scale to the Abbey.

Mr. Bumpy. Ah! And I was very glad SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN charged the jury dead against those railway fellows who, not content with getting a man fined, gibbet his name all down the line. He got £150, and serve the railway right.

Mr. Lumphy. MR. OPPENHEIM did not originally propose a statue to the PRINCE CONSORT. He sensibly offered a Fountain. The Effigy was the LORD MAYOR's brilliant idea.

Mr. Grumpy. I went to the South Kensington Museum to see the Theodore trophies. They are not much, but the Museum is the best thing in Europe, and I am sorry that I have sometimes been jocose on MR. COLE. It is worth close study, but is delightful, if only surveyed Sketchily.

Mr. Bumpy. I dare say I should agree with you, if I listened to what you say. But the Conservatives have now been in office exactly two

A CARD.

MONDAY is the 27th of July. What imports the nomination of this date? Simply this. On that date there will be performances at Covent Garden Opera House for the benefit of MR. WILLIAM HARRISON, whose fortune was wrecked in his chivalrous attempt to establish English Opera in England. Two classes ought to give him their best support,—those who think we ought to have an English Opera, and those who think that an honourable artist who has fallen into undeserved trouble should be assisted out of it. The bill is a very attractive one, and (as *Abel Druggier* was told to bury a magnet to attract the spurs of the gallants towards his shop) hope that under the portico of the Covent Garden Opera House will be found the potent attraction of the pleasure of doing kindness to one who has been deprived of wealth and health by his exertions in aid of National Music. If MR. HARRISON has not a fine Benefit, we shall say that there is more cant among musical people than we at present believe that they talk. Monday, July the 27th.

OUR NAVAL ROLLING STOCK.

THE Admiralty has provided us with ironclads deserving a name to match with that of *SEELY'S* pigs. In their course on a cruise they roll in a manner which entitles them to be called *REEP'S* porpoises. We are too little provided by land with steam-rollers; and we have too many at sea: not enough to crush stones; more than enough to cut water. BRITANNIA did at one time rule the waves; now she rolls them: and if she goes on rolling them with broadsiders instead of turret-ships much longer, they will very soon be ruled by France or the United States, and even Germany may become more of their ruler than England.

A Last Chance.

SCENE—A Room. Present: SWELL, YOUNG LADY, and LITTLE BOY.

Algernon (who has been anxiously hoping Tommy will leave the room). Here, TOMMY, my man, here's half-a-crown. Run up-stairs and fetch your sister's photograph book, and don't come back.



"THERE'S MANY A SLIP," &c.

WAGGLES SAW A SPLENDID THREE-POUND TROUT FEEDING IN A QUIET PLACE ON THE THAMES ONE EVENING LAST WEEK. DOWN HE COMES THE NEXT NIGHT, MAKING SURE OF HIM! BUT SOME OTHER PEOPLE HAD SEEN HIM TOO!!!

years, and there is only one important Minister, STANLEY, in the place he held in July, 1866.

Mr. Lumpy. The reason why the fixed stars give light is that their photospheres are all in a state of the fiercest combustion. We were so once. It is still very hot down a deep mine. If we went to the depth of seven miles and a half we should find a temperature of red-hot iron. I know that's right, for I have read it in an admirable astronomical handbook by MR. NORMAN LOCKYER, just issued by MR. MACMILLAN.

Mr. Grumpy. Quite so, and the POPE was so justly angry with his officers for not building a proper chapel for him at the Camp, that he countermanded the beautiful dinner he was going to give them. The idea of putting the Pontiff into a linen edifice, and letting the storm come down on him at mass!

Mr. Bumpy. Exactly; and MADEMOISELLE PATTI is going to be married on the 1st of August to the MARQUIS DE CAUX. *Punch* affirmed the betrothal three months ago, and was rudely contradicted; but he is always right, which is very wonderful.

Mr. Lumpy. Yes, and I hope that MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE, who has completed his postal mission, and is on his way home, means to write an American novel.

Mr. Grumpy. I read in the *Choir*, "That semi-barbarous meeting called the Eisteddvd is to be held at Ruthin. MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS has refused to attend, and no wonder, when we recollect how he was treated by his countrymen last year." Let us drink to the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the blessed KING EDWARD THE FIRST.

[They catch the word drink, and do.]

Mr. Lumpy. No doubt it was an improvement, as they call it, to pull down Middle Row, and build handsome houses, and leave Holborn open. I saw the change the other day only. But I hate a city to be deprived of all its queer old characteristics, and made monotonous. That new Smithfield Market promises to be a fine thing.

Mr. Bumpy. There is no manufactured pen that a man who was reared on quills can write with. At least, I have never found one, and I have tried everything, from gold to rats' bones, or what were sold for such. I wish there were such a pen. I am ruined by quills, for I can't mend 'em.

Mr. Grumpy. But I am very glad that MR. LEIGHTON was chosen as the new Royal Academician. Let us drink his health.

[Phenomena as before.]

Mr. Lumpy. I have read all the letters in the *Daily Telegraph* about Marriage and Celibacy, and I do not know which offends me most, the extreme eagerness of the girls to get married, or the extreme selfishness of the men who plead that marriage would deprive them of clubs and cigars. Fancy a man who cannot live without baccy.

[Re-fills Meerschaum.]

Mr. Bumpy. But why did wild Half-Can stab Potts? SHAKESPEARE had some odd caprice of thought when he gave the names. I shall write to MR. CHARLES KNIGHT about it? The question has troubled me for five-and-twenty years.

Mr. Grumpy. I hate the slang that calls the Zoological Gardens "the Zoo." Why not the Hort. and the Bot.? Are the fashionable vulgarians better than the shop-boys who talk of the Vic.?

Mr. Lumpy. That very graceful poem which appeared in the *Times* as a welcome to LONGFELLOW, and which, from the initials, was attributed to the author of *Hypatia*, was written by MR. CHARLES KENT, the Editor of the *Sun*, and was worthy of a priest of Phoebus Apollo.

Mr. Bumpy. Whatever you may have urged, it was no reason why we should have allowed WALTER SCOTT'S MS. of *Quentin Durward* to be bought for France, though I appreciate the good taste of the French authorities in buying the tale whose scene is laid in their country.

Mr. Grumpy. Somebody sends me a pamphlet, "How to Deal with the Criminal Classes." I won't read it, for I don't see how you can deal with anybody who never opens a shop, except with a crowbar.

All Three. By Jove! let us drink *Mr. Punch's* health on his birthday. This is the 17th of July, and he was born on Saturday, the 17th of July, 1841.

Grumpy. Hooray!

Lumpy. Hooray!!

Bumpy. Hooray!!!

(Left at potations pottle deep.)

MRS. PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HER DAUGHTER.



MY DEAREST DAUGHTER,—I feel that I should be ill preparing you for the Battle of Life without some practical hints on the Choice and Management of a Husband; for though it is not incumbent upon every young woman to marry at all, it is highly necessary that she should have her mind made up upon a subject so important. First then, let me tell you that your dear Papa and I are both of opinion that the present system of Husband-hunting which has its laws and seasons as well as otter or fox-hunting, or any other fashionable sport, is both a vulgar

error and a reprehensible custom; and curiously enough I was only yesterday lining my jam-cupboards with waste-paper when I came upon this fragment of some old chronicle evidently written by one of our posterity. "In the nineteenth century a curious and immodest fashion prevailed among what were called the Upper Classes of this barbarous people. For quite regularly in the pleasant spring-tide of the year, all the youngest and fairest women, insufficiently clothed but profusely adorned, ran races by gas-light in what was called the Matrimonial Curriculum, all their mothers looking on and encouraging the game, by every conceivable womanly wile and art. And those who ran best won divers prizes; this one an Earl, that one a Baronet, a third only a Younger Son; and many got no prizes at all, and as there were no other stakes whatever to run for, left the Courses, sore dismayed."

Oh, my dear! It does seem shocking that Posterity should have such a bad opinion of us, doesn't it? but *Mr. Punch* views the matter in precisely the same light, and *Mr. Punch's* Posterity must be right. I hope and trust, however, that Posterity will not class me with those ambitious and unmotherly mothers, as I am not ashamed to call myself a person of only one or two ambitions, and those of most humble and maternal kind.

I would have you especially take notice, my JUDIANA, that choosing a husband is quite as important as choosing a dress,—for the unsuitability of the first is much more inconvenient than that of the last, and the quality quite as much so. Be circumspect therefore, lest you allow yourself to fall in love with a man on account of a delectable appearance, of which he is pretty sure to be conscious—and, for worlds, do not marry a handsome man. Good looks being quite as much of a delusion and a snare to the one sex as the other, especially to the other. For myself, I proclaim it on the house-tops, that I am proud to be the wife of an ugly man. I should be proud to own an ugly son-in-law, and if the world asks the reason why, I can give it, chapter and verse.

An ugly man will most probably have been treated in a reasonable manner by his mother, sisters, aunts, female cousins and friends. He will not have been spoiled from his babyhood upward by all the women who have had the honour of ministering to him, he will not have begun his career in life by taking it for granted that if he knew a million nice girls, nine hundred thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine would take precisely his own view of the case, if he proposed to them. Ah! it is a lamentable piece of good fortune for a man to be handsome; he may be big, he may be little, he may be young, he may be old, anything but that—till there are fewer foolish women in the world, and then it would matter less.

I shall never live to see that golden age, my JUDIANA, though you may do so, when a man who prides himself upon his whiskers, his waistcoats, and his knack of talking drawing-room twaddle glibly, will be all but an extinct species—as also the women who delighted to honour him.

Having warned you against marrying a man with patented attractions, let me warn you against one or two other types to whom *Mr. Punch* and your mother have objections quite as decided.

The Money-loving Tribe is quite as low in the scale of humanity as the one just described, which may be called the Self-admiring tribe. The latter cares for his wife and family because they are his belongings and furniture, so to say; but then they must be common-place and

vulgar to suit his fancy. He has no vanity, and plenty of contempt, and entertains odious notions concerning Women's Emancipation and other intellectual topics. Have nothing to do with him.

There is a particular race of clergy of mild exterior against whom I urgently warn you; for I know not how it is but men of their profession are more prone to a sleek sort of self-assertion than any other; and I never see a country rector issue from the vestry in his white robes but I think how sick his poor wife must grow of that stagnant self-satisfaction which neither she, nor refractory dissenters, nor incroaching dissenters can for a moment distrust. Such men are quite unimprovable, and terribly dull company. Marry no man, though he were an angel, who is your junior by ever so few years or months. Women, my daughter, are much too prone to command, and assuming the equality of the sexes, humanly considered, no man has a right to put himself in this position of inferiority.

Marry a man double your age, if you don't mind it.

Marry a wise man if he be ugly as *Æsop*: of any profession; but do not marry an ass, although he may have the look of an Apollo. Of such Apollos there are not a few, and they are sure to give a warning bray.

Between a spendthrift and a money-hunter choose neither. Pursue the same course with men who spend their time in toys, trifles, and unproductive conversation.

Marry no man who will not subscribe to these Articles in a satisfactory manner to yourself:—

Do you believe in *MR. MILL*, and in his notions concerning women?

Are you prepared to sign any document concerning the legal claims of women to the Franchise, Universities, Professorships, the Medical Curriculum, *etcetera, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera*, including the entire and arbitrary disposal of their husbands' income?

Do you hold women to be superior to men, and men to be horrid selfish creatures, preferring clubs, papers, and cigars, to the delights of tea and home conversation?

Will you engage never to interfere with your wife in her choice of a church, and to admire the sermons of her favourite preachers; also to subscribe handsomely for Easter decorations, presentation gowns, &c.?

Will you promise never to shelter yourself from reasonable expenses under the plea of "Limited Income."

Lastly, will you take an oath to see everything exactly from that point of view that your wife desires?

Having caught your hare next proceed to skin him, the old cockery book says; so having chosen your husband, next begin to break him in, my JUDIANA. Far be it from *Mrs. Punch* to come before the world as a Female Rarey, and yet has not *Mr. Punch* himself gone through a mild process of taming? For, if we unfortunate women who are so shamefully enslaved by the laws of our country had no moral weapons wherewith to defend ourselves, we should be in worse plight than the squaws of barbarous tribes. Thank the happy Fates, therefore, that you are blessed with a tongue, a fountain of tears, and an implacable memory. An ordinary domestic tyrant may be kept perfectly tractable by the cunning use of the first appliance, an extraordinary one is tamed with the second, and the most incorrigible despot going cannot stand the third. For instance, your husband is sulky when asked to take you to Switzerland, or to buy you a new piano—but you can remember a thousand things he said once upon a time—in the Spooning season, as Courtship is vulgarly called—bearing upon foreign trips, or pianos, or anything you fancied, when you were an angel. Recall these things, omitting neither dates, nor interesting geographical or atmospheric facts. Such, for instance, as "How we strayed from the others at the picnic, and it rained, and we stood under a tree," &c., &c., or, "How we stayed at such or such a place in North Wales on our wedding tour, and there was a horrid cracked piano, and you said,—oh, that men should be so depraved!—you said, that I should have a Broadwood," &c., &c.

Take heed that you use your memory discreetly, my daughter, and you will never find your husband more than you can fairly battle with. Never forget to remind him in season how often he goes to the Club, how seldom he takes you to the Opera, what he spends on his own pleasures, what he ought to spend on yours. What selfish creatures men are, and what a mistake marriage is. Obey these instructions, and you will have every reason to bless your mother,

MRS. PUNCH.

Recreations of Fontainebleau.

IN a column of gossip about Court Life at Fontainebleau, the Paris correspondent of the *Post* says:—

"The visit of the new librarian of the Palace of Fontainebleau frequently imparts a literary character to the Court *soirées*. At a recent *réunion* of this kind, M. FEUILLET read to their Majesties several chapters of a romance which he is now finishing."

Whereon the PRINCE IMPÉRIAL may perhaps have taken occasion to say, "Hear M. FEUILLET reading Papa and Mamma his *feuilleton*."



A GOOD CUTTING REASON.

Alice. "ANGELA, WHAT HAVE I DONE TO OFFEND YOU? YOU HAVE AVOIDED ME THE WHOLE EVENING."

Angela. "I'M NOT OFFENDED, BUT YOUR DRESS PERFECTLY KILLS MINE, AND I REALLY CAN'T BE SEEN WITH YOU."

MAJOR PALLISER'S HEAVY CHARGES.

My eye, *Mr. Punch*, was caught the other day by the following jocular paragraph in a newspaper:—

"MAJOR PALLISER'S GUN.—It may ease the minds of tax-payers if they are informed that the gun which burst at Shoeburyness on Thursday, as well as the powder and shot, was MAJOR PALLISER'S private property, and that no expenditure of public money has been incurred. The gun in question is one of a purely experimental nature, and steel was tried only in consequence of the great pressure put on MAJOR PALLISER to give that metal a trial."

The writer of the foregoing statement could never have intended seriously to express an opinion that tax-payers would be glad and not sorry that the cost of an accident incurred by a gentleman in trying experiments for their advantage, would have to be borne by him, and not by themselves. For an individual alone that cost would be heavy; a share of it for each one of a multitude would be light, and if the tax-payers would rather MAJOR PALLISER should stand it than they, their meanness would be ridiculous. Does not the British Public always make a point of compensating every one who loses either money, life, or limb in its service, by the award of a handsome grant or pension to himself or his survivors? Generous British Public, it takes nothing for nothing; never allows anybody to sacrifice anything for it without being amply remunerated!

If MAJOR PALLISER has lost anything by the bursting of his gun, of course Government will take care to see that he is reimbursed. Otherwise it will not go the way to get clever men to devote their abilities to the improvement of our artillery.

Your humble Servant,

EGOMET IPSE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PUNCH has received several communications touching the extreme heat of the weather. From a voluminous mass of correspondence he selects for the edification of his readers a few of the more remarkable ones:—

TO THE EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

Barking, July 22nd.

SIR,—Last Saturday my mother-in-law came on a visit. In a short time it became so hot that I was obliged to leave home. You may make what use you please of this.

Yours,

J. STUBBS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

Exeter, July 20th.

MR. PUNCH,—It was so warm here last week that BROWN (who set up in opposition to me a year back) and I quite forgot our long-standing coolness.

I enclose my card.

Yours truly,

GALEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

PUNCH,—I have a droll friend of the name of POND. I never knew him so dry as he has been lately.

Yours,

WAGSTAFF.

TO THE EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

OLD CHAP,—Excuse the liberty, but wouldn't you like to be iced *Punch* this weather? You know me.

Yours,

OLD SUBSCRIBER.

TO THE EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

DEAR BROTHER PUNCH,—Rather a good idea of Brother WILDE's letting us take off our wigs in Court, eh? What we might term an unexpected "refresher."

Yours without prejudice,

R. ARTHUR PORUS.

Poetry or Doggerel?

MR. PUNCH,—Has not too much importance been attached to the fact, as an argument showing the Poem ascribed to MILTON not to be MILTON'S, that the initials appended to it are P. M. instead of J. M.? May not P. M., Sir, be supposed to stand for POET MILTON? If the letters had been P. C. would many of us have doubted them to mean POET CLOSE? I venture to sign myself,

HOTSPUR.

SCIENTIFIC EVENING DRESS.

"WHY," says the *Lancet* to its readers, "do not the members of our profession set a good example by clothing themselves in a rational manner during the present weather? Our medical contemporary proceeds to explain that the elements of a rational costume are porousness and whiteness of material, rendering it a non-conductor, a sparing absorbent, and plentiful reflector of heat, and allowing evaporation from the surface of the body. The *Lancet* states that:—

"These qualities are possessed in the highest degree by white flannel, and there is no reason that we can find why this material should not be adopted generally in place of the atrocious costume which fashion inflicts upon suffering mankind."

Fashion with regard to colour and caloric, is even more unscientific as touching male attire than female. It requires men to put themselves into suits of black when they go to dance in crowded ball-rooms. The consequence, the least injurious, is liquefaction. For waltzing in such weather as we have lately had, the only fit attire would resemble the uniform in which recruits are drilled. Men should wear a fatigue dress-coat, waistcoat and trowsers, made, as the *Lancet* suggests, of white flannel. It might, if needful, be picked out and trimmed narrowly with pink, or scarlet, or sky-blue, or any other tint suitable to the tomfoolery of capering, and satisfactory to the ladies.

Don't Mention the Place.

THE Eisteddfod this year is to be held at Ruthin. Reporters be pitiless: let there be no ruth in what you say of that grotesque meeting.

MRS. PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HER DAUGHTER.



Y DEAR CHILD,—At this season of the year, when those who can afford it leave the green nooks of England, and fly from one end of the Continent to the other, with enjoyment exactly proportionate to the expenditure, it may be as well to give you my thoughts on Travel. Your Father has little inclination for the favourite British sport of riding a steeple-chace across Europe, with the cream of one's country-people, in the dog-days; but shall his wife and daughter on that account be deprived of pleasure? Never, never—so pack up your finest clothes, my JUDIANA, buy the biggest chignon you can get, and with maid, courier, and boy in buttons, let us set off on our travels.

Do you ask whither we go? *Naïve, Miss Punch!* As if it mattered in the least so long as we find plenty of fine ladies and gentlemen there, and if a baronet and his lady, or an Honourable Miss Came-in-with-the-Conqueror, will not the place be a Paradise of the first water?

Formerly, I confess, people used to travel for the sake of studying foreigners, and the ways of foreigners. My Grandfather took his family from one end of France to the other in a private coach-and-four, and they did not pass through a village without learning how the folks lived there, what education they had, and so on. But the fashion is wholly altered now, and you and I must submit to being whirled from Calais to Paris in crowded carriages till our limbs are agonised with cramp, and our brains dizzy, and our senses—nowhere: and not grumble, because the Grand Hôtel du Louvre is like an Inferno this hot weather, peopled with those polyglot imps in black swallow-tail coats, the waiters, poor wretches!

Nor, why should we grumble indeed, because we are whirled on in the same way to Geneva, and perhaps farther, window-blinds down all the time, carriage packed to the last inch with rugs and bags, and no fellow-travellers but English, who are frigid and unyielding as to elbow-room, as the locomotive Englishman or Englishwoman is sure to be. We stop somewhere and eat nothing, and thus gaining heaps of new experiences and information, cattle on to our journey's end.

"Why do people travel, then?" asks my ingenuous JUDIANA? There are a hundred reasons why, all cogent and plain enough to be understood by a mind as innocent in the ways of the world, as that of *Miss Punch*.

1st. Travel is the best means of studying the manners and customs of the English.

2nd. Travel is the best means of making acquaintances of superior rank to our own.

3rd. Travel may be recommended to those who "from circumstances over which they have no control," cannot stay in their own country.

4th. Travel is an admirable method of giving one's daughters what may be called an *Opportunity*.

5th. Travel is an admirable field for flirts of both sexes.

6th. Travel is the fashion.

"These are a few of the reasons" why people should travel, though their name is Legion.

If a foreign *tour à la mode*, is a probation to fathers and mothers, it is some recompense to have got one's eldest daughter engaged, to have made the acquaintance of old LADY BIGNAME and her inestimable JAMESSES, to have one's sons lolling about *cafés*, and losing money at cards with that young LORD FITZVAGABOND—(what matters it how a lord behaves?) to have screwed down the domestic staff at home to the minimum of board wages, and the hotel-keeper to the minimum of *Pension* prices, so retrieving the extravagance of the London season.

And then for mothers, there is the especial gratification of seeing how sweet their girls look in *rechauffé* toilettes, and how much admiration they get! Dressed in the flimsiest, flashiest style, ribbons streaming, chignons, a miracle! and abundantly using the liberty allowed them, what an astounding impression our young ladies must create upon the minds of foreigners. The manners of that portion of our sex are so perplexing, that I am afraid we have things said of us that are far from being true, and no wonder.

Prepare for your travels, therefore, my child, for it is highly desirous that you should go abroad and see what your country-people are like. We will go, and conquer. Perhaps the happy fates may lead us to some Swiss Arcadia, where the *Ranz des Vaches* is heard on the heights, and the glaciers shine in the sun, and the pine-woods are green—and the Upper Ten Thousand of our adored country most do congregate. Let us take with us an abundant and fashionable toilette, a courier glib of speech, and of immaculate honesty, our maid for comfort, and our Buttons, for the look of the thing—and how will hotel-keepers and waiters bow down before us.

Oh! for a flunkey—but that is a dream of Elysium in which I dare not indulge. Let us be thankful for the Buttons, and tell nobody that he is a newspaper boy hired for the occasion.

Your ambitious Mamma,

MRS. PUNCH.

THE CHURCH IN DANGER.

THE following are a few of the alarming and disastrous calamities which a large proportion of the Peerage, the clergy, and the county families, and an excited section of the ladies residing in market-towns and rural districts are confident will be the certain result of the Disestablishment of the Irish Church:—

Scarcity of Foxes,
Stoppage of Banks,
An inferior description of Sherry (bad enough already),
Decay of County Balls,
Increased consumption of Tobacco,
Demoralisation of Curates,
Alarming spread of Poaching,
Indifference to the office of Rural Dean,
Decline of Croquet,
General neglect of Gloves,
Disease amongst Grouse,
Servants more and more independent,
No Railway Dividends,
Black Beetles,
The Fires of Smithfield,
Disuse of Powder by Male Domestics,
Cheap Claret,
Short Sermons,
The elevation of MR. BRIGHT to the Peerage, and
The Setting of England's Sun for Ever.

Racy Bit of Foreign News.

A WEEK or so back, a rather novel race took place between a One-Horse Car and a Velocipede; the former was driven by a MONSIEUR CAR-BERE, and the latter propelled by a MONSIEUR CAR-CANADE. Comical names under the circumstances. They started from Castres—it ought to have been Car-tres—but it wasn't. Their destination was *Toulouse*, though their object was to win. However, the gentleman with the horse came in first. A spectator, who had recently seen *Mazepa*, was so impressed with the rapidity of the winner, that he shouted out, in the language of the soul-stirring drama in question,

"Again he urges on his wild CARRERE!"

ODD MEN OUT.

PREFACE.—1. THE MAN WITH AN EAR.

It was a toss up whether I should put them into the photograph book of "A Few Friends," but I decided upon making them into a collection of the Odd Men Out.

Happy Thought.—To call them Heads and Tales, *i.e.*, Sketch the head and then write the tale.

But this idea was immediately abandoned, as among the first in the collection came

The Headless Man; that is, The Man without a Head on his shoulders.

After him comes another portrait, of whom you will hear as The Man with a head on his shoulders.

The other Portraits are—

The Man with an Ear.

The Man with a Nose.

The Man with an Eye.

The Man with a Palate.

The Man with a Voice.

The Man with No Voice.

Leaving the Man with a Head and the Headless Man for the present, we will come to the Man with an Ear.

There is a Man with an Ear who knows how to play some instrument and plays it, as he says, merely for his own amusement, which however does not prevent him from treating you to a private performance when you weakly allow yourself to get with him alone for five minutes in his own room. He doth, as it were, ravish you with sweet sounds when he getteth you into his net. With this ear of his he does wonderful things. He uses it as an elephant does his trunk, for the purposes of picking up. There is the Man with an Ear who does *not* play upon an instrument; and the Man with an Ear who does.

I met BILSCOMBE (one of the former division) standing in the street in an attitude of the deepest attention. I salute him.

"Ssh!" says BILSCOMBE. I look about to see what is the cause of this mystery.

"Ssh!" says he again, apparently feeling that some sort of explanation is perhaps necessary. "I want to catch something."

If by any chance my practical-joking friend, GRICE, is with me, he will pretend that what BILSCOMBE wants to catch is a fly or a flea, and disturb him gently by pretending to hunt it on his coat-collar.

"Ah!" says BILSCOMBE, with a sigh of annoyance, "they've finished. Bother!" When for the first time I discover that he has been listening to as much as he could catch of the strains of a German Band, performing selections from something or other round the corner of the next street.

"I wonder what that tune was," he says more to himself than me, as we walk on.

To humour him I inquire what tune; but this was before I knew BILSCOMBE well.

"Well," says he, "it goes like this;" whereupon he stops suddenly, it may be in the middle of Regent Street, he doesn't care, and standing exactly opposite me, he directs an imaginary band with a short stick, much after the impulsive manner of the late M. JULLIEN, while the part of the imaginary orchestra is filled by his mouth and nose together (mouth shut, nose open, like an organ with two pipes), which under the direction of the stick, perform a solo of this sort, time a little uncertain, say two four to begin with, and four and a half when in doubt,—*"Rum dum a dum dum dum dum, dum, dum dummy dum dum di rum di—"*

I tell him I don't know it, and propose moving.

"No, no," says BILSCOMBE, "that part's all right: here's the difficulty:—doodle loodle rum adum doo and—then, how does it go then?"

"I really don't know," I answer.

"You're the tenth man I've asked to-day who doesn't know," he exclaims, almost angrily.

"Why does he want to get hold of this tune so particularly?"

It appears from BILSCOMBE's modest confession that he is the collaborateur of a friend (under the assumed name of—well never mind what) who writes those amusing pieces in which a considerable element of success is either the judicious adaptation of the popular melodies of the day, or the careful introduction of such novelties as shall become popular. "My department," BILSCOMBE informs me, "is the musical. You know I've a deuced quick ear,"—I admit it—"and if I once hear a tune, I can always catch it: at least," he corrects himself, remembering his failure just now, "I can *generally*."

"But this tune?" I ask.

"This tune," he replies, "is the most confounded tune ever written. I've hunted it all over London. It's driving me perfectly mad. There," he stops suddenly. "I think I've got it—rum de dum, dum de dum," he looks at me inquiringly. I wonder to myself if he has got it, and

hope so sincerely. No he hasn't. I comfort him by observing that it will come in time, and forthwith attempt a change in the conversation.

"Come in time!" he exclaims. "If it doesn't come in good time, it won't do. The piece is to be produced in a few days, and Tom (the chief collaborateur) says he *must* have it. 'Hallo! look there!' and, before I can offer the slightest resistance, he has hurried me round the corner of a small street, and into an alley where some dirty children are dancing to an organ."

The organ man is performing "*Not for Charley*," or "*Canoe Joseph is my Name*," or "*Paddle your own Champagne*," or whatever any of these tunes may be called.

BILSCOMBE shakes his head. No, of course not: just like his luck. Let's wait for the next tune. I say, "No, come along," and inform him, on my own authority, that I am sure the man hasn't got the tune he wants on his instrument.

BILSCOMBE yields, and we return to civilised life.

It is half-past twelve, so I propose that we shall take a walk in the park. (Hate going alone, and BILSCOMBE will do, unless I can find somebody else; he will do very well if he'll only promise not to stop, and sing and direct orchestras with his stick. I make this proviso at the corner of Bond Street, when he is asking me if one couldn't get a capital comical effect out of the March from *Norma*, Rum tum ti rum tum (stick up) Rum (stick down) tum (stick to the left) tetum (stick to the right) tum, (stick up, knocking off an elderly gentleman's hat.) Elderly gentleman forgets himself in offering to remember BILSCOMBE when he sees him again: obsequious apology from BILSCOMBE, with tenders for brushing his hat for him himself. Tenders spurned, and old gentleman nearly run over while turning to throw a last indignant look at BILSCOMBE as he is crossing.

Altercation between old gentleman and cabman: left quarrelling, and we pursue our way down Bond Street.

BILSCOMBE promises to be quiet, and says that he shouldn't wonder if by dismissing the subject entirely from his mind it would come to him later on.

I tell him, with great inward satisfaction, that I've got no doubt of it. Dismiss it. He dismisses it. When it returns to him I shall not be there. Unfortunately, the first music-shop on the left-hand side catches his eye.

He stops me—only for a moment, he says—or will I come in with him. I'll come in—we enter. The shop is full.

(To be continued.)

IRISH PROTESTANT BOYHOOD.

THE Dublin Correspondent of the *Post*, the other day, announcing a Protestant demonstration to come off under the presidency of the EARL OF ENNISKILLEN, said:—

"A placard has been posted throughout the County Fermanagh stating that the EARL OF ENNISKILLEN 'hopes and expects every Protestant, from fourteen to sixteen years of age, will be at his post on that day, to enter his protest against the meditated attacks upon the Established Church and the Protestant Constitution by the enemies of both.'"

The meeting of Protestants thus convoked, in view of the conditions of age prescribed for those invited to attend it, seems to have been designed to be a demonstration of Protestant boys who would be boys indeed.

Riddle.

WHEN does an Editor play a singular trick with grammar?

[Chorus of impenitent Contributors.—"When he tries to improve our contributions."

That's not it.]

When he Declines an Article.

Something New.

IN the match between the Lords and Commons at Wimbledon, the lowest score made on the side of the Peers was by LORD DUFFERIN. This is the first time we ever heard of even an approach on his Lordship's part to being a Duffer in anything undertaken by him.

ALL THE WAY FROM THE BASS ROCK.

IN the Wimbledon reports how refrigerating it was to read of "The Bass Prize!" What gift could have been more seasonable than a cask of the best Burton—perhaps we ought to say a butt?

COOL!

THAT excellent but audacious fellow, BARNBY WILLOWS, had the courage to ask his friends to a housewarming in the height of the tropical weather.



MALMESBURY NURSES.

LORD MALMESBURY CONSIDERS THAT IT IS USELESS TO TEACH MODERN LANGUAGES AT THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS, "AS PARENTS CAN EASILY PROCURE SUCH INSTRUCTION FOR THEIR CHILDREN BY HIRING FOREIGN NURSES." OBSERVE THE DELIGHT OF FOUR YOUNG GENTLEMEN WHO HAVE RETURNED FROM HARROW FOR THE HOLIDAYS, AND DISCOVER THAT THEIR PARENTS HAVE PROCURED FRENCH AND GERMAN INSTRUCTION FOR THEM. ALSO OBSERVE THE ENVY OF THE YOUNG AND UNTUTORED CLOWN.

THE TAP TRIUMPHANT. (A DITHYRAMBIC OF THE DOG DAYS.)

FILL up a glass,
Brim-full of Bass,
Or ALLSOFF if you will,
Strong beer or stout;
The Bill's thrown out,
The Sunday Liquor Bill.

Drink health to them
Whose votes did stem
The Sabbatarian tide,
And check the crew
Of Maniacs, who
For Maine Law are allied.

By brief Report,
As sweet as short,
'Tis proved that he's an Ass
Who doth asperse,
And would coerce,
As sots, the working class.

To say, when loose,
From beer's abuse
Refrain they never can,
Is all my eye,
'Tis to belie
The British working man.

What more needs he
From drink to be
Restrained, than any Swell,
Who quaffs, at ease,
What him doth please,
In club or in hotel?

Who says you must
Not fellows trust,
With swipes to drench their throats,
As well might say,
That such as they,
We are unfit for votes!

This summer hot
Would make the lot
Of thirsty souls severe;
If, broiled and fried,
They were denied
All Sunday, any beer.

May be, the State
Has felt, of late,
How great would be the bore,
To go all day,
Forbid their clay
To moisten, for the poor.

Drink up your beers,
And give three cheers
For liberty to cool
A droughty tongue.
Free, still, is Bung
From Sabbatarian rule.

Punch on the Head.

IN an account of a terrible assault committed by a school-boy at Herault upon his Master, a contemporary states that "the latter was awakened by feeling a hand on his shoulder, and the noise of several blows on his head." Now one may hear a singing in the ears, but blows on the head, if sufficiently hard, are generally felt, we fancy, not heard. Perhaps, however, they were *sounds* blows.

THE WEATHER ABROAD.—A great Reignfall is shortly expected in Spain.

Never Mind.

HOT days and cool drinks have something to answer for. LORD NAPIER, of Magdala, visited the Wimbledon Camp on the Wednesday, and "when he was going away," the Band struck up, "See the Conquering Hero comes."

THE LATEST DISCOVERY.

A FRIEND who had read in the *Times* about "the table-land of Wimbledon," reports that he found it, most agreeably, in JENNISON'S Refreshment Stand.



THE "CLERK OF THE WEATHER" WAKES UP ST. SWITHIN.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

SATURDAY, July 18th. It is all very well to beg that Members will not put unpleasant questions, to the delay of public business, but when thousands of pounds are being spent on Target experiments, the taxpayer is rather inclined to ask about results. MR. O'BEIRNE insisted on poking a question at SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, and in getting it answered, and the answer showed, as LORD ELCHO observed—and he has studied the subject—that the sort of forts we are building at Plymouth, at £35,000 a-piece, are good for very little. Mr. Punch inspected one of the Plymouth forts last year, to the extent of looking at it as he smoked his cigar on the Breakwater, and asking the boatman whether it was an ice-house, and therefore he is perfectly competent to give judgment, which is that a French ironclad would knock it to pieces before a Plymouth Brother could row off and tell the invader to go away.

We then debated the Bribery Bill, and twice carried, mark you, an amendment by MR. FAWCETT for throwing the lawful expense of elections on the county and borough rates. MR. ALDERMAN LUSK did not speak in support of the clause, which was virtuous self-denial, as his own outlay, at the last Finsbury election, was £6,143 11s. 11d., and of course an alderman would incur none but lawful expenses, which it would be pleasant to be reimbursed by the rate-payers. But he was as silent as one of the Elgin marbles which he "doesn't think so much of."

Monday. Debate in the Lords on the Public Schools Bill, and LORD MALMESBURY emitted two propositions: one, that it was not necessary to teach the modern languages at Public Schools, as parents could easily have them taught by engaging foreign Nurses for their young gentlemen; and the other, that the Holidays given at school are a great deal too long, and cause youths to forget much which they have been learning. Mr. Punch leaves the former allegation to the treatment of one of his Artistic Young Men; and as to the latter, LORD MALMESBURY had better look out for a bonneting the next time he enters a playground—not that he isn't quite right. [Quite wrong, poor dears! JUDINA.]

Questioned by MR. HARVEY LEWIS (to whom thanks), LORD JOHN MANNERS stated that the Baptists in the Regent's Park stop the way of the water, which ought to have been in the lake long ago. Their College has some bad drainage which must be amended. The Baptists are a very objectionable sect, both in Jamaica and England, and we have a great mind to put them down, only that we love MR. SPURGEON. Will he be kind enough to excommunicate the College, and oblige the Park?

Asked whether he meant, as was rumoured, to knock MR. FAWCETT's Amendment out of the Bribery Bill, the PREMIER gave sharp answers, stating that he always behaved in a highly superior manner, and gave notice of what he meant to do. The upshot was, that on the following night notice to the above effect was given, and on the Thursday the Government induced the House to upset the Amendment by 115 to 97, whereby there was much storming. Also two other proposals were made; one, that every candidate should deposit £100, and the other, that any candidate not getting a fifth of the votes, should pay his share of Election expenses. The House rejected both, and later in the week again defeated MR. FAWCETT.

Women and other men who steal flowers from public parks and gardens, should know that there is an Act under which they can be committed and punished. A Magistrate's having recently overlooked the fact, and let a flower-thief off, may lead other selfish persons into mistakes, with disagreeable results.

We had a jolly Irish row over the proposal that local Irish beaks should have power to alter polling-places. Everything connected with that delightful country has a party bearing, and the object of this proposal was to enable the landlords to drag their tenants to the poll without rescue by the priest and his mob. The Priest Party was as sharp as the Landlords, and a good fight took place, ending in the defeat of the Government and the Clause by 84 to 74, and LORD MAYO flung up a large slice of the Irish Registration Bill.

Then, thanks to the hot weather, we had a great battle over the Cattle Bill. This was for preventing foreign cattle from coming into London. It was proposed that only the British Meatmonger should have the right to send his articles to town; the alien beasts were to be taken to a distant market somewhere down the Thames. The pretended reason for the vehement support given to this Bill by the landlord interest is fear of the Cattle Disease; the real reason is, that it was a Protectionist measure, tending to raise the price of food. The Liberals fought hard against it, moving adjournment after adjournment, and being stormed at by the Colonels and such like. But it was beaten out at three in the morning; and the next time it came on, by appointment, MR. AYRTON snapped a Count Out, scarcely fairly, but pardonable in the circumstances. Finally, on Saturday morning, the Government, wearied out, threw up the Bill.

Tuesday. The Electric Telegraphs Bill went through Committee. It was abused by a few Members, and MR. PHILLIPS, Liberal Member for Bury, objected to it, as only for the benefit of merchants, lawyers, and

betting-men. Merchants may not be altogether an insignificant class in this country, and lawyers manage much of our business for us. We should see no objection to refuse transmitting the signals of the betting rascals. But many other people want the telegraph. Mr. Punch himself uses it freely, and his despatch, "*Hooray, Bumpy, Lumphy says Grumpy has got the gout,*" is as important as any Government message, and demands as much care in the transmission. The Bill, with much honour and glory to MR. SCUDAMORE, has passed the Commons. It has been read twice in the Lords.

Something really ought to be done to satisfy the Catholics on a matter about which they make such a botheration that it is clear they think it of importance. Papist paupers and criminals ought to be allowed full and free visitation by their priests, and not to be exposed to the peril of being converted to Protestantism and virtue together. Guardians and Magistrates should be compelled to do what the Legislature intended. Dear old NEWDEGATE, don't talk nonsense. What can it signify to you or us what creed these classes affect?

Wednesday. MR. COLERIDGE's Bill, for admitting Dissenters to all the privileges of the Universities, was withdrawn. Now, perhaps, the Baptists in the Regent's Park will observe what has followed their conduct in respect to the Lake. *Raro deservit pena.*

MR. MILL tried to obtain an enactment forbidding the employment of paid agents at Elections. He was elected gratuitously, to the honour alike of himself and Westminster. But there were other Members who had not deserved such a distinction, and they shuddered at the danger of offending those whom such a Clause would hit. It was rejected by 116 to 86.

All the Ministers, except LORD STANLEY, ate the Whitebait dinner, and, we hope, enjoyed a Banquet which perhaps they may not repeat.

Thursday. More School Debate in the Lords, and several nobles enunciated the very wise doctrine that the Head Master should be as autocratic as possible, and not be shown to the boys as under the Sway of a Committee. It is true that a wise Committee will seldom interfere; but, having chosen a fitting Head Master, will trust him with all government and responsibility; but all Committees, even of individually wise men, are not wise. Decidedly, boys should be under a just and benignant Despot, whose *dixi* should be final.

India must wait till next year for Legislation. The Government Bills were withdrawn. Punch has already recorded the other catastrophes of the day, which, by the way, was a good deal cooler than any day for a month.

Friday. We never knew the House of Commons behave worse. Everybody seemed desirous to say or do something that ought not to be done or said. It will hardly be believed that MR. MILNER GIBSON, who is the archetype of goodnature, and whose smile when, as a Minister, he used to seem to be answering questions, would have disarmed a savage—he who was always as busy a honey-maker as the Bee in the Epitaph which MILTON DID NOT WRITE—he was in a passion the whole evening, and wanted words to be taken down, and had to be called to order. When he could stray, what wonder that others erred, that MR. HARDY, who had provoked MR. GIBSON by imputing "faction," had to apologise, that MR. AYRTON was not going to be put down by clamour, and that MAJOR PARKER called MR. GIBSON's course "contemptible," and was obliged to substitute "dubious." There was a general disposition to make rows, and the only two good things we have to report are, first, that MR. GLADSTONE disclaimed any knowledge or patronage of the low cad, FINLEN, who intruded on him with a deputation (and who leaves his own children in a condition too foul to be described here); and secondly, that the Commons passed the Bribery Bill. Well done, BENJAMIN, our Ruler!

OUR ENLARGED ENTOMOLOGY.

THE place which the gigantic gooseberry generally occupies in the newspapers has this year been taken by mosquitoes, which are said to have turned up, if with truth certainly in season, during the late tropical weather. A Correspondent of the *Times* declared that he heard one of these insects make a noise which he described as boom, oom, oom—the sort of hum peculiar to the mosquito. There is another insect, too common in some beds, which is altogether silent, and yet its name is associated, in a vernacular expression, with hum. It is not the flea. We shall soon know whether the boom, oom, oom of the supposed mosquito was a genuine hum, or mere hum in connection with the word which, *per se*, is the name of that other insect.

Doing Things by Halves.

AN old saying bids people "throw out tubs to catch a whale." The Admiralty in ship-building, observes this proverb in part. It throws out tubs, but catches no whales.

TONIC FOR THE INSOLENT.—Sarcy-parilla.



CAUTION LARGE.

Volunteer (to Old Lady, who is calling the Guard, and making a great fuss about "the loaded Gun"). "I ASSURE YOU IT'S ALL RIGHT, MUM. I FIRED IT OFF BEFORE I LEFT THE CAMP."

Old Lady. "OH, BUT ONE CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL. THERE MAY BE SOME OF IT LEFT IN!!"

"ROGUES WILL FIND OUT THE WAY."

A New Song to an Old Tune (à propos of the Bribery Bill).

AIR—"Over the Mountains and over the Waves."

OVER the judges,
And over the laws,
By cover of fudges,
Or shelter of flaws;
Under penalties sternest
That statutes can lay,
Over sham qualms, or earnest,
Rogues will find out the way.

Though a candidate's face
Be 'gainst "men in the moon;"
Though defeat to disgrace
He prefer, like a spoon:
Though the Carlton won't venture,
And SPORFORTH says "nay,"
There are rogues still with scent sure
To nose out the way.

Strong as you believe it,
Your barrier of law,—
Stern as House can conceive it,
Or draughtsman can draw,—
If you'd sit for a borough
And have money to pay,
Through the statute to-morrow
Rogues will find out the way.

Some would strive to expose him
The bribe that receives,
While some may suppose him
More guilty that gives:
But with knaves glad to pocket,
There'll be fools glad to pay:
Pass your Bill then: to block it
Rogues will find out the way.

There may be a hope that
All wrongs will come right:
That *may* be a soap that
Will wash niggers white.
You may pass penal sections
For ever and a day,
But not less in elections
Rogues will find out the way.

DISRAELI'S WEEK OF CRIME.

(From the Morning Star.)

Monday. The arrogant but artful PREMIER declared that the weather was almost too hot for anything. This was a characteristic hint to the representatives of the nation to go away from the House, and leave him to control the destinies of the country. It was not taken.

Later, MR. DISRAELI said that he did not think it was quite so hot. We cannot speak calmly of such inconsistency, yet what else can be expected of the Tory author of a Reform Bill?

MR. DISRAELI asked LORD JOHN MANNERS what the opera of that night was. Would MR. GLADSTONE have asked such a question while the responsibilities of office weighed upon him? But MR. DISRAELI was ever a trifler.

Going home at night, MR. DISRAELI said that he should walk. Yes, it is certain that he is not the man to hasten home, and betake himself to the study of blue-books and national questions. We believe that he went basely to bed.

Tuesday. Meeting MR. WARD HUNT in the lobby, the PREMIER was heard to observe that he hoped the white-bait were good. He was thinking of the Ministerial dinner next day? When did he think of anything but of the advantages of office?

The PREMIER, observing a Liberal Member who had crossed the House, seated near him, asked him whether it was cooler "over there," pointing to the Opposition bench. This insolent and virulent sneer did not deserve the playful answer which it received, and we regret that one who professes to be of the people, had no more earnest and worthy reply than, "Yes, you know, we're out in the cold."

MR. DISRAELI in the most bare-faced manner ate an Orange during the discussion on the wrongs of Ireland. A more outrageous and indecent symptom of sympathy with the tyrannical faction was perhaps never manifested. And this is the man who affects to care for his

Irish fellow-citizens, those of whom, only thirty-two years ago, he wrote, "This wild, reckless, insolent, uncertain, and superstitious race have no sympathy with the English character. Their fair ideal of human felicity is an alternation of clannish broils and coarse idolatry."

Wednesday. We do not often allude to private matters, but MR. DISRAELI'S conduct this day was too offensive to be overlooked. He was seen standing in his balcony at Grosvenor Gate, and pointing out to a lady the new railings of the Park. On his lip lurked the bitter smile which he was too cunning to allow to be seen, but it may easily be imagined that he was expressing hatred for the people who had made those new railings necessary. At least, if he were not, will he stand up at the table, and manfully explain what he was saying to the lady?

At the White-Bait Dinner at the Trafalgar, we hear that MR. DISRAELI was the life and soul of the party. "Inspiring hope himself had ceased to feel." Well if the wise saints choose to be deluded by the political *Mokanna*, we know not that it is any particular business of ours. But in due time they will discover on what sort of viands they have fed, and for their leader the *Asim* of South Lancashire is preparing the spear. Let them cleave to the brown loaves and white fishes while they may. *Delendus est DISRAELI!*

Thursday. MR. DISRAELI laughed to SIR JOHN PAKINGTON in a peculiar manner on taking his seat in the House. Evidently there was some reminiscence of the Banquet of the previous night. Now we put it to MR. DISRAELI, who has talents above those of the ROYSTONS and the tipsy Colonels, whether some show of gravity does not befit the Minister even of a Minority?

Well, indeed, might the PREMIER look as grave as he did at the ominous termination of this day's proceedings. There was matter for gravity in his meditations, but he had no right to manifest upon his countenance the displeasure which he felt. The House of Commons is not to be brow-beaten by a man whom it once refused to hear, and to whom it would have been well had attention never been accorded.

Greater men than MR. DISRAELI have assumed a manly cheerfulness amid political troubles.

Friday. MR. DISRAELI came into the House with an umbrella in his hand? Yet there was no sign of rain, nor was there any rain to justify this parade of precaution. Could he have put up the article, however, to avert the storm of contempt which was hurled at him for his despicable conduct in regard to the amendment of the great and good FAWCETT, the PREMIER'S umbrella might perhaps have been serviceable, yet even that would not have repelled the tempest.

It is the PREMIER'S habit to close his eyes during the speech of an opponent. This we consider a treacherous advantage, as it deprives an antagonist of the means of seeing the full effect which his arguments may be producing. But it is part of MR. DISRAELI'S nature to be tricky in all things.

The mode in which MR. DISRAELI watched every glance and gesture of MR. GLADSTONE during the latter's majestic speech of last night, was in itself no doubt intended to be offensive, but it was really the highest compliment which the orator could receive. It was the reverse of what is seen in nature. The Serpent was fascinated by the Man. But this did not make the stare less Disraelish, that is, less rude.

Saturday. Not much was done in the House, but we could not help seeing that the PREMIER, who would be a good actor were not his acting so manifest, endeavoured to enlist sympathy by sneezing more than once. Of course he had no cold, and equally of course SIR JOHN, or some other colleague—shall we say confederate?—had a snuff-box whence was obtained the sternutatory appeal of MR. DISRAELI to the kindness of the House.

Sunday. MR. DISRAELI actually paraded himself in a place of worship. Why this hypocrisy? But he attended no church in the afternoon, and probably solaced himself with a cigar and a claret cup. Such is the religion of the Defender of Protestant Institutions!

THE WEATHER.



MAN could not stand boots, so took to pumps and hose. Ladies wore silks, but only those that were watered or *glacé*. The Meteorological Report in the papers became unexpectedly popular, and to read about the wet bulb was delicious. (Where are Greencastle, Helder, and Skudenes?) There was more barometrical pressure than is generally supposed, for people were constantly tapping the weather-glass. Many persons went out of town to the nearest watering-place; those who couldn't, made for the next drinking-fountain. Nobody cared for any music but the Coldstream's. The Park and Piccadilly were completely deserted for Brook Street, Conduit Street, Wells Street, Liguorpond Street, and Snow Hill. How ungrateful we are!

The barometer was "corrected," and the thermometer exposed—to, most unpleasant remarks. The heat completely upset *Mrs. Malaprop*: she talked about the weather being one of the chief tropics of conversation, admitted she was of a warm temperature, and said she understood that the temperament was the highest ever known in England. The advice of the late SIR ROBERT PEEL was never before so extensively followed on the summer eve of a general election, for everybody made it his business to "register, register, register"—the heat. Warm discussions arose about the exact geographical position of Wenham Lake: some said Norway, others Iceland; an intelligent minority held to America—but America's a large district. People were variously affected—some were knocked up, others pulled down.

Photographers did a great sunstroke of business. Everybody knew an authority who had just returned from Barbadoes, or Bengal, or Mauritius, and declared it was cool there by comparison. Great rejoicing when the weather became a shade better. Bets freely made that after three days' moderate temperature people would begin to grumble about the cold, and the summer being gone, &c. The wonder was that Parliament was not dissolved, but who could have stood a hotly-contested election, unless it had been for an Iceburgh?

Undeniable.

SOME of our contemporaries have recently published some interesting communications concerning the adulteration of food, and one paper has contained some rather surprising articles on London milk. In our opinion, however, the *best* article on milk is—cream.

"WE MAY SOON SEE AN END OF THE WIG."

"On rising to lay the facts before the jury, SIR R. COLLIER apologised to the Court for appearing without his wig.

"His Lordship observed that it was he himself who had set the example, there being a limit to human endurance in weather like the present. "SIR R. COLLIER expressed the hope, shared in by most members of the bar, that the example would be generally followed, and that the profession would soon see an end of the wig."—*Law Report of Friday.*

OUR epoch with changes is busy,
That well may make sober heads spin;
No wonder old Tories feel dizzy,
When their chiefs Household Suffrage bring in.
When LORD CHANCELLOR CAIRNS (in her duel
With Dissenters the Church's best hope)
Gives compulsory Church-rates their gruel,
Spite of all Oxford's use of soft soap.
In Church and Lay matters, so far
Innovation is running its rig,
I'm afraid, past the pale of the Bar,
We shall soon "see an end of the wig."

Here's COLERIDGE, himself reared at College,
Would to snobs of Dissenters undon
Not only the pathway to knowledge,
But the access to fellowships too:
Here's CARNARVON leaves CAIRNS in the lurch,
And supports the Suspensory Bill,
Since in Ireland the Protestant Church
Its mission has failed to fulfil.
People really don't know where they are:
And alike in things little and big,
Feel, that far past the pale of the Bar,
We may soon "see an end of the wig."

Here's COLENSO a heretic bishop
With the law at his back in Natal:
And the Church no successor can fish up,
Though Capetown insists that she shall.
Here's the BISHOP of LONDON declaring
Convocation Natal can't depose,
While STANLEY, theologist daring,
Seven-eighths of the Bench overcrows.
With "The sling and the stone" flung afar,
And heresy running its rig;
Far, I fear, beyond pale of the Bar,
We may soon "see an end of the wig."

Here's GLADSTONE whom Oxford sent out
Her demurest, most dutiful son,
To uphold divine right, denounce doubt,
And bind Crown and Crozier in one:
Once highest of high in the Church,
And Tory of Tories in state,
Leaving old Oxford creeds in the lurch,
Seals the Irish Establishment's fate!
Where henceforth shall we seek a fixed star,
In what ranks, Tory, Radical, Whig?
Yes—far beyond pale of the Bar,
We may soon "see an end of the wig."

Time was when a man with a handle
To his name found his way plain and clear,
When no service had witnessed the scandal
Of Plebeian allowed to pass Peer.
Now to service and purse of the nation,—
Be access to backstairs what it may—
Through Competitive Examination
Swells and snobs must alike make their way:
While Rank with Low-birth's on a par,
And none asks if you're Tory or Whig,
Methinks, beyond pale of the Bar,
We may soon "see an end of the wig."

In the House there is less faith in BUMBLE;
To Red-tape we no longer vote thanks:
In the Army at purchase they grumble,
Talk of raising good men from the ranks:
And elections, at last, circumscribing,
Of their pay hard-worked agents they'd chouse:
And on M.P.'s found guilty of bribing,
For sev'n years shut the door of the House!
Yes—the times very ominous are,
For old ways few or none care a fig—
In more callings, I fear, than the Bar,
We may soon "see an end of the wig."



MORE THAN ONE FOR HIS NOB.

Irritable Old Gentleman (who is rather particular about his appearance). "I WISH YOU'D BE CAREFUL. THAT'S THE THIRD OR FOURTH TIME YOU'VE PRICKED ME WITH YOUR SCISSORS!"

Hairdresser. "BEG YER PARDON, SIR, BUT THE FACT IS, SIR, I 'AVEN'T BEEN IN THE 'ABIT O' CUTTIN' 'AIR, SIR. WE'RE RATHER SHORT OF 'ANDS, SO—"

[*Old Gent explodes.*]

MAYOR AND ALDERMEN.

SOME Lord Mayors and some Aldermen are really Fathers of the City, and behave "as such." But LORD MAYOR ALLEN and ALDERMAN LUSK by no means fulfil *Mr. Punch's* notion of fatherhood. His veneration for the Mayor's chair is abject, but that sentiment does not prevent his apprising the sitter in that chair that he will be sat upon in a decided way if he plays any more antics. What business had he to suppose that an accomplished scholar and admirable Head Master like the chief of the City of London School had preached an objectionable sermon? Is not such a man as MR. ABBOTT likely to know better than an Alderman what a sermon should be? The other Fathers gave him such a wiggling on this matter that he was obliged to go to the Prize giving, and behave himself, so we say no more at present about that. But now it is stated that the LORD MAYOR, wroth at some strictures by the *Daily News*, refused its reporter a ticket to the Napier banquet.

"Let bumptious ALLEN, with an awkward shame,
Cease acts like these, or he'll be *Punch's* Game."

Then, as for ALDERMAN LUSK, he edified the House the other night with a cock-and-bull story of how he found a young lady and gentleman, the latter with handsome whiskers (which appear to have excited old MR. LUSK's envy), in a railway carriage together, and the gentleman was smoking. LUSK "presumed" that she did not like smoke, so he made her get out and go to another compartment. We daresay that the young lady thought the presumptuous LUSK a fussy and disagreeable old party, and wished he would mind his own business, and we hope that the gentleman chaffed him well. But fancy telling this bosh to the House of Commons! However, the Alderman will not have many more chances of boring the House with such twaddle. He will be moved to another compartment.

THE DREES OF SOCIETY.—Champagne at two-and-one.

PIGEON-BUTCHERS.

THE *Daily News* has published something, worth reprinting, about the amusement of pigeon-shooting, which it seems certain "females of the period" have taken to patronise:—

"To see hundreds of the birds universally regarded as the type of innocence mercilessly and painfully slaughtered from seats so conveniently placed that not a flutter of the ruffled plumage, not a gyration of the dying agony, not a helpless struggle to use again the pinions which have been destroyed, not a confiding look when the poor wretch sits down and, without attempting to fly, looks its destroyer piteously in the face, is missed—to see these things closely and minutely is a cherished amusement with the classes to whom all amusements are within reach, and whose station and advantages entitle them to be looked up to and emulated as examples. Two days after the experience recorded, we were present at a bores' shooting match in a Surrey field. Nothing could be more vulgar and common place than the surroundings, nothing coarser or more essentially plebeian than the men. Sparrows were the birds here, the prize was beer instead of sovereigns, and the spectators were the roughest of the rough. But they gave their birds a chance, and they had left their womenfolk at home. Sometimes a whole cluster of sparrows escaped scot free, frequently only one or two out of a batch were killed, and no female was in sight."

Perhaps idle men are as well engaged in this sport, at once effeminate and cruel, as in gambling, or talking that which prepares work for SIR J. P. WILDE. But as for the she-spectators, *Punch* will gladly believe that the only women who assist at Pigeon-Murder are Soiled Doves.

OFF! OFF!

If you are asked whether you think English playgoers can stand the *Can-can*, you may safely reply—can't can't.

THE TEMPLE OF ISIS.—VEERBY'S.



MR. PUNCH'S DESIGNS AFTER NATURE.

"GARDEZ-VOUS!"

FLIGHT.

(Adapted from LONGFELLOW'S "Curfew.")

I.

Suddenly, joyfully,
Leaving the Row,
The London belle
Is beginning to go.

Cover the couches,
And shut out the light;
Calls cease in the morning,
And parties at night.

Closed are the windows,
And out is the fire;
The knockers are silent—
All footmen retire.

No groom in the chambers,
No porter in hall!
Dust and brown holland
Reign over all!

II.

The Season is ended,
And closed, like the Play;
And the Swells that adorned it
Vanish away.

Dim grow its dances;
Forgotten they'll be,
Like the ends of cigars
Thrown into the sea.

Squares lapse into silence,
The railways are full,
The windows are papered,
The West-end is dull.

Fewer and fewer
The people to call;
Sweeps and the charwoman
Reign over all!

SMALL CHARGE FOR STAMPING.

THE need of a public prosecutor appears to be suggested by the very mild justice administered to the ruffians concerned in an outrage thus described by the *Times*:—

"NEARLY A MURDER.—An atrocious case of assault was heard at Malton on Saturday before a full Bench of magistrates. The gross nature of the case caused the court to be crowded. Four men, named THOMAS POTTER, W. POTTER, and W. SHARP, labourers, of Terrington, and THOMAS GOODALL, groom, of Wigganthurpe, were charged with assaulting a young man, named JOHN SWANN, a tailor, of Slingsby, in Hovingham, on the 14th inst., between ten and eleven o'clock at night. GOODALL only pleaded 'Not Guilty.' From the evidence of a gentleman named SEDGWICK, of Hovingham, who witnessed the latter part of the affray from his bedroom window, and whose appearance appeared to have saved the life of the complainant, the four men, seemingly without provocation, most cruelly ill-treated the man SWANN, got him down, and kicked him until senseless."

When, in such a case as this, the accused are not committed for trial, the obvious supposition is, that their victim preferred to have it summarily settled. That, in some measure, enables us to account for the apparent leniency shown by the Malton magistrates to the above-named criminals. The *Times* continues:—

"The walls of Mr. SEDGWICK's house and the pavement are yet covered with blood, the heavy rains having failed to obliterate it. Mr. SEDGWICK did not hesitate to say that if not interfered with, the men must have murdered the complainant, and some of the magistrates expressed a similar opinion. With the exception of GOODALL, who said he took no part beyond holding the coats of two of the others, the men made no defence. The Bench were unanimous in fining the defendants heavily, and imposed a penalty of £10, costs included. Three of the men paid their proportion, the fourth to pay in three weeks, or two months' hard labour."

Who can doubt that, if these fellows had killed the man on whom they committed the assault attested by Mr. SEDGWICK, they would have committed quite a murder, and be the first to get hanged in private? The crime they did commit deserved penal servitude for life, and if they were let off with a fine of £3 10s. each, or the option of two months' hard labour, surely it was but because they were sentenced to the heaviest punishment that the Bench had power to inflict.

"The Bench were unanimous in fining the defendants heavily." Of course, that means as heavily as they could. Only, what needs a little explanation is the statement that one of these brutes, to whom immediate cash payment was inconvenient, had three weeks' credit given to him instead of having been immediately sent to gaol. We do not blind ourselves to the fact that JOHN SWANN, the sufferer of their maltreatment, was a tailor; but we dismiss the suggestion that the Malton Bench regarded the injuries which he sustained as bearing a relative proportion to merely the ninth part of a man. But, anyhow, a Public Prosecutor is wanted to take perpetrators of atrocious assaults out of such hands as theirs, and send them to the Assizes, where a judge will have the authority, as well as the intelligence, to visit them with a punishment not absolutely ridiculous.

ANGLO-AMERICAN JURIES.

DENYING that the American Government has any just reason to complain of the treatment of captured Fenians, who were naturalised Irishmen, the *Times* explains that:—

"The form in which the doctrine of immutable allegiance appeared was the refusal of a jury *de medietate lingue*; for if a prisoner could not satisfy the Court that he was an American born, his claim to a mixed jury was rejected."

It is difficult to see how, in the case even of an acknowledged American citizen, it would be possible to empanel a jury *de medietate lingue*. The English language is the English language. All Americans claim, as they say, to talk good English; and some do. As to language, a mixed jury of Americans and English would be six of one and half-a-dozen of the same.

Scarcely Likely.

IN the news brought by the West India Mail we read that the "agent general of immigration has arrived *en route* for India to engage *coolie* labourers for Jamaica." We hope he will succeed.

HUGLY CUSTOMERS.—Bears.



THE TWO ENDS OF THE WHEATSHEAF.

A LAY OF LEICESTER FOREST.

THE dog-rose fades in Barkby Holt,
And Tilton Wood is green ;
Only the careless dragon-fly
Skims o'er the Whissendine,
When I, past banks and fields on fire,—
With divers shunts and rockings,—
Approach at length the Midland mart
Of pork, and cheese and stockings.

The fourth estate rode up the hill,
Like "any other man,"
The *Times* was on the top of a bus,
And the *Daily News* in a van :
And I tried to look as a critic should,
When he holds the balance fair,
So I wore my hat upon my nose,
And my nose was in the air.

The race-course was a tented plain,
The grand stand full of cronies,
But their talk is not of "dead 'uns,"
Of "monkeys" and of "ponies ;"
The glass is at 92° in the shade,
And there is not the ghost of a zephyr,
Iced champagne is the popular drink,
And the toast, "Her Majesty's Heifer." *

TOM BOOTH with *Commander-in-Chief* and his mate,
Advanced to the fray without fear,
And JOHN O' THE BEDALE has backed him up,
With a first for his *Brigadier*.
No DOUGLAS or "Nestor!"—by *Bolivar's* side,
COMMISSIONER DODDS I spy,
And CULSHAW with the ancient light
Of battle in his eye.

Some press them to say about FOLJAMBE's calves,
"Which is *Pompey* and which is *Cæsar* ;"
And STRAFFORD confesses to DUCKHAM,
That "PLYMLEY's heifer's a teaser."
THORNTON is buying a Farnley bull,
And merrily draws first blood ;
And longhorns seem to preserve the type
Of cattle before the flood.

* *Alexandra*, the first shorthorn that HER MAJESTY ever exhibited at the Royal Agricultural Society took a first prize.

INGE for the BERNERS and CRESWELL cracks,
Has made the pace too hot ;
BORTON with old SIR TATTON's blood,
Is well again "on the spot ;"
The older men have their wickets down,
And the young 'uns begin to score,
GEORGE TURNER and GEORGE SANDAY,
As their fathers did of yore.

And here's JOHN DAY from Merton,
With his Southdowns in full fig,
Oh ! don't he trim their whiskers,
And don't he "curl their wig !"
"Can I beat friend Woods this summer ?"
Quoth RIGDEN, "Aye ! that's the rub ?"
To "GOODWOOD CLARK" on a straw wisp,
And HENRY WEBB on a tub.

The judges have "all their work cut out,"
With those glorious rams and theaves ;
Like a true backwoodsman justice,
JAMES TURNER is in shirt sleeves ;
He is deep upon form and "handle,"
That rarest of "all round" men ;
May I be a tithe as lively,
When I am three-score and ten !

The old blue blood on the Cotswold Hills
Now findeth itself done BROWN ;
And we must go to GEORGE WALLIS,
To pick up an Oxford DOWN.
The Shropshire CRANES have reversed their front,
And won this year with their rams ;
And DUCKERING, EDEN, and SMITH,
Are great in the land of the hams.

Those easy-minded pig classes
Are subject, like all, to fate ;
A "King" by a slip has put out his hip,
And a "Queen" is choked in a crate.
When I strolled away to the horse-ring,
Why *Angelus*, I declare,
Was nearly as much flesh-laden
As any old porker there.

But Yorkshire won with that chesnut,
JOHN BOOTH's, and the Codrington bay,
While *Go-a-head*, rarest of fencers,
Was quite out of luck that day.
The Ridings may boast of their hunters,
A better I never shall scan,
Turned round in his box or in action,
Than TAILBY's *Orangeman*.

"Ambition" doth not o'er-vault itself,
In the shape of a Norfolk roan,
But why was "the Captain's" bonny black
Lucifer overthrown ?
CHARLES GROVCOCK out of Hanover Square
Takes two most decided rises ;
His chesnut and grey cost fifty,
And win back thirty in prizes.

FOWLER and all his steam ploughs
Are now not "expensive whims,"
And HOWARD administers pepper
To MESSRS. RANSOME AND SIMS ;
Portable engines are TUXFORD's pride,
And my thirsty muse had it taught her,
That a draught of cold "Abyssinian"
Is equal to soda-water.

With a brown crush hat for a helmet,
Beneath that vertical sun,
Now in a canter, now in a trot,
Goes WILLIAM TORR on his dun ;
When DAVIES takes his post next year,
May I be there to see
The solid men of Manchester,
And their shorthorn companie.

FROM THE OBSERVATORY.

THE leading astronomers are now all agreed that the loadstar is to be found in Charles's Wain.

THE WORST PLACE IN THIRSTY WEATHER.—Taplow.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

SATURDAY, July 25th. That Foreign Cattle Market Bill was abandoned, to the wrath of the Country Party, who owe the PREMIER another grudge. MR. J. LOWTHER observed that the money needed to carry out the measure, would easily be raised if the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER would only levy a sovereign or two every time the same arguments upon it were repeated in the House. Smart; but until you have re-stated an argument about twelve times, the average JOHN BULL scarcely recognises the fact that you are arguing at all. Ask the new Serjeants SLEIGH and SARGOOD how many times they find it necessary to hammer an idea into what jurors consider their brains. MR. MILL said that if there were a new attempt at legislation on the subject, it ought to apply only to cattle from suspected countries, and then there would soon be no suspected countries. This is one of the happy epigrams in which a true thinker wraps up wisdom. By the way, MR. BRIGHT having expressed a sort of hope that MR. MILL was seeing his way to the ballot, MR. MILL has published a letter declaring that he hates it as much as ever.

The Commons added a clause in the Railway Regulation Bill, enacting that every train should have a smoking carriage. At last. But better late than never. Even the common enemy of mankind, the South-Western, provides smoking compartments, which proves that even in those of whom the world justifiably thinks the hardest, there is some spark of goodness unextinguished.

The Local Government Supplemental Bill was passed with the Lords' amendments. This Act compels the use of MR. MOULE's invaluable sanatory invention in a large variety of cases, and is therefore a real boon.

Monday. LORD NAPIER of Magdala and of Caryngton, in the County Palatine of Chester, took his seat in the House of Lords. He was introduced by LORD LONGFORD (Minister) and LORD STRATHNAIRN, (Soldier).

The Bribery Bill was read a Second Time. Of course it did not entirely satisfy LORD RUSSELL, though he approved the principle, and of course he improved the occasion to observe that Government had been carried on for two years without the confidence of the House of Commons. This says a good deal for the cleverness of the Government and the cowardice of the Commons. The latter are dead, but *de mortuis nil nisi verum*.

Kindly reference was made to the memory of good and gentle LORD CRANWORTH, who, at a venerable age, expired peacefully on the previous Sunday.

In the Commons MR. ROEBUCK asked whether a monument to LORD BROUGHAM ought not to be erected in the Abbey. MR. DISRAELI and MR. GLADSTONE expressed themselves reverentially and affectionately on the subject, which is to be considered, and so, we are glad to say, is the erection of a national monument to MICHAEL FARADAY. He needs it not, but England needs it.

Everybody then went away, in order that SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE might introduce the Indian Budget. He presented it to a select audience of 16, which at times rose to 18. As the subject affects 200,000,000 of our fellow-subjects, they will doubtless feel flattered at the intense interest which India excites. The budget showed a deficit, as there was last year, and as there will be next year, but Indian affairs are held to be going on tolerably well. We are spending less on useful public works, and more on the army and in expenditure in England, which are two other gratifying facts.

Then we had another theological debate. MR. WHALLEY described Catholic priests as men who preached a religion that was essentially disloyal, and on remonstrance he withdrew the words, quietly adding that he retained the opinion which they conveyed. The eternal bother about the admission of priests to teach pauper children was renewed, and dreadful twaddle was talked on both sides. Thank the Parca, we shall have no more of this rubbish for a while.

Tuesday. Hooray! The Electric Telegraphs Bill passed the Lords. Thanks to a pertinacious opposition, we shall pay the Companies a great deal more than they ought to have, but we shall get decent telegrams, which will be promptly delivered as a rule and not as an exception. Thank you, SCUDAMORE, we are sure.

A pleasant affair was mentioned in the Commons. By the "zealous activity" (as was declared by a Minister) of MR. HEPPWORTH DIXON, five volumes of interesting State Papers, of the time of JAMES THE FIRST, have been restored to England by the Library Committee of Philadelphia. The act was done in the gracious manner in which the Americans always do a deed of kindness, and *Punch* was glad to hear that our Government had forwarded to the Philadelphian Committee, in acknowledgment of its courtesy, 156 volumes of Chronicles and Records of Great Britain and Ireland, with facsimiles of Domesday Book, and some manuscripts. He is pleased, too, that the Philadelphians have been pleased at this.

They play tricks with poor MR. REARDEN. We have heard something of this before, and about an Amendment he was nearly made to move on the Irish Reform Bill. To-night he was instigated to move

something about the mountebank TRAIT, but of course got no seconder, and was knocked down at a single bidding by the SPEAKER.

Why should we not record that to-day MADEMOISELLE ADELINA PATTI was married? It is not a Parliamentary fact. Well, we don't know and we don't care. Yes, the pet of the public was raised to the Peerage by the title of MARQUISE DE CAUX. If that is not exactly a Parliamentary fact, it is quite near enough to one to give us an opportunity of wishing the Marquise all happiness, which we hereby do.

Thursday. The Lords sat for a few minutes to hear from LORD CAIRNS that he was not going to tell them anything definite about the Courts of Justice, except that a plan had been agreed upon and would be sent to the Treasury in a few days. *Appropos* of a great deal, a bit of the Thames Embankment, from Westminster to Essex Street, was inaugurated by SIR THWAITES and a lot of people who simply ran after him, and cheered when he declared that the place was open. It is something on account, but it will be a long time before the work is done. *Punch* pledges himself to prod everybody.

The Commons did not meet. Let us hope that they passed the day in fasting, penance, and resolves to be much better patriots for the future—but we don't believe they did.

Friday. Both Houses met to part. The Royal Assent was given to half-a-ton of excellent Law.

The Commons had a short final sitting. Among the items of interest was a Resolution of the United States' Congress, thanking the House for its message of sympathy, on the assassination of PRESIDENT LINCOLN, and the attempted assassination of MR. SEWARD. The communication would seem to have come in some rather roundabout way as those events took place in April 1865.

The War Secretary announced that the dreadful doom of annihilation had gone forth against the Second Company of the First Administrative Battalion of the Hertfordshire Volunteers, for its insubordination at the Windsor Review. We think that mercy should ever temper justice, and that Government aid should be given to the wretched men to enable them to emigrate, under assumed names, say to Western Australia, whence, after perhaps half a century of penitence, they may return, and lay their ancient bones beneath Hertfordshire sod.

The last occupation of the PALMERSTON House of Commons was to behold poor MR. REARDEN perform his final feat by moving for leave to bring in a bill for Repeal of the Union. No one seconded him—no one even bonneted him. The farce was too dismal. We were then called to the Lords.

LORD CHANCELLOR CAIRNS read MR. DISRAELI's Speech from the Throne. It was brief, and well written:—

1. Release, with thanks for diligence.
2. Friendliness with Foreign Powers.
3. Brilliant Abyssinian success.
4. Ireland quiet—no Fenian prisoners.
5. Thanks for Supplies.
6. Reform Scheme complete.
7. Various other laws—Schools—Railways—Fisheries—Telegraphs—Scotch Legal Proceedings.
8. Controller-in-Chief in War-Office.
9. Intention to dissolve "at the earliest day that will enable my people to reap the benefit of the extended system of representation."
10. Entire confidence in their proving themselves worthy of the high privilege.
11. Trust that under the blessing of Divine Providence the expression of their opinion on those great questions of public policy which have occupied the attention of Parliament, and remain undecided, may lead to maintain unimpaired that civil and religious freedom which has been secured to all my subjects by the institutions and settlement of my realm.

Prorogation till Thursday, October the 8th.

The last clause of course means MR. DISRAELI's hope that the new Parliament will maintain the Irish Church. Not, of course, that he hopes or cares personally about that particular thing, but that particular thing means office or resignation. It may be, however, that the result may be brought about as a different issue. Never mind about that. Sufficient for the day is the Order thereof.

Farther preaching were excrement,
Joyfully we close the Essence.
Statesmen! *Punch* has done with you.
Roo-ey, too-ey, too-ey, too!

Remember the Names.

THE Gazette announces that DRUMMER MAGNER and PRIVATE BERGIN are spoken of by LIBUTENANT-GENERAL LORD NAPIER as "the first men in Magdala." FIELD MARSHAL PUNCH begs to add that he considers them also amongst the first men in England.



“THE PINK OF FASHION.”

“OUR FLOWER SHOW WAS A DECIDED SUCCESS THIS YEAR, AND LITTLE FIDKINS IN AN EMBROIDERED FLORAL WAISTCOAT WAS KILLING!”

THE OPENING OF THE EMBANKMENT.

FOR our “Sublime and Beautiful” shall we not have our BURKES?
Sing, Muse, the Thames Embankment, and THWAITES his Board of Works;

Sing Thursday, July thirtieth, when by their feet was spanned
The footway from Westminster to Essex Street, the Strand.

Sing THWAITES: sing BAZALGETTE: sing TITE, Architect and M.P.:
MANNERS, Office of Works as is, COWPER as wont to be:
AYRTON the inexhaustible, and EBBUTT the bland,
And TOWNSEND, the benevolent, with a mud-lark on each hand:

Sing COLONEL HOGG: sing LAWRENCE in gown of vair arrayed:
Sing FOWLER of the Underground, and SHAW of the Brigade:
Sing LOWMAN TAYLOR, FREEMAN: sing NEWTON and LOCKE KING:
Sing more o’ the Board of Works *en masse* than thou by name canst sing.

Sing the three hundred asked to walk with these the maiden way:
Sing the *Fairy* and the *Ibis*, steamers chartered for the day:
Sing the Sergeant and two Bombardiers, R.A., that with good will
Fired off twelve “pots” in *feu-de-joie*, by the *Fox* beneath the Hill.

No stately ceremonial, no pomp or pageant show
Was seen where that procession did in Spartan plainness go:
In the coats of common life and nether garments of the same,
Umbrellas spread, sublime in their simplicity, they came!

Simply they walked the footway, with solemn step and slow,
From where Big Ben booms from his tower to the crowded bridge below,
To where the Temple Garden wall frowns darkly, as to say,
“Thus far, no farther! Benchers, here, bar and disbar the way!”

And when they had walked from Westminster unto the Temple Wall,
And nothing seen and nothing said, and nothing done at all,
Then SIR JOHN THWAITES took off his hat, and waved it to the sky,
And the Sergeant and two Bombardiers from their twelve “pots” let fly.

Then aboard the chartered *Fairy* and *Ibis* all did go,
And to North Woolwich steamed it, to the northern sewers’ out-flow:
And in the pumping station, on Plaistow marshes’ plain,
They lunched and drank each others’ healths, and so steamed back again!

And thus was the high festival of SIR JOHN THWAITES essayed:
Thus was the footway opening of the Thames Embankment made:
And when JOHN BULL doth a good work, in his teeth let no one throw
That he knows not how due honour to his own good work to show.

CHURCH MICE.

We read in the *Rock* that—

“MR. BANTING has given a further donation of £300 to the Curates’ Augmentation Fund.”

MR. BANTING is a very kind-hearted gentleman, but we do not quite understand the act thus recorded. Why he, who laboured so usefully for the diminution of mankind, should set himself to augment Curates, we do not see. The ladies will not thank him for making Curates fat. They will not be half so good as now at genuflexion and croquet. A Fat Curate is surely a contradiction in terms. Let him remain thin and agile until he becomes Rector or Vicar. A Perpetual Curate might have been allowed a little augmentation, but he is now abolished and made a Vicar. Neither we nor the girls of the period can tolerate what is menaced. “Let us have priests about us that are lean.”

Effects of the Hot Weather.

A SLOVENLY old gentleman, who had been out all day fishing, was observed on his return to be extremely g-natty.

On coming home for the holidays—we beg pardon, the vacation—MASTER BROWN astonished the weak minds of his sisters by asking “Why’s my education like iced hock and seltzer?” and adding in the same breath, “Because, you know, it’s schooling!”



GOING TO THE COUNTRY.

LANDLADY. "GOOD BYE, SIR! OH, SIR, WAS YOU A WISHIN' AS THE LODGIN'S SHOULD BE KEP' FOR YOU, SIR?"

DIZZY. "OH! H'M! WELL! YES! I SHALL WANT 'EM FOR A WEEK OR TWO AT CHRISTMAS, AND THEN WE'LL TALK ABOUT A PERMANENCY."

THE WORST MANAGED RAILWAY RUNNING OUT OF LONDON.



AMONG the London Lines the Eastern Counties used to bear away the bell for mismanagement. Its stations were generally voted the most inconvenient and ill-managed, its trains the slowest and most irregular, its treatment of the public the most unbearable, its results to its shareholders the most disastrous, its break-downs, in whatever it attempted, the most entire and conspicuous, in the world of Metropolitan Railways.

The Eastern Counties Line can no longer claim the proud distinction of being absolutely the worst-managed line out of London.

It must yield the *pas* in this respect to the South-Western.

The conductors of that line may boast that they have brought bad management more completely to a system than the directors of the Great Eastern ever succeeded in doing. Their stations are dirtier, their arrangements for ticket-taking more inconvenient and insufficient, their staff of porters more scanty, their train and station attendants more uncourteous and in-

attentive, their carriages filthier and more insufficient, their times worse kept, than ever were those of the Eastern Counties in their grandest phase of mismanagement.

When this is the case with the ordinary traffic of the South-Western line, it may be supposed that matters do not improve under the pressure of an extraordinary occasion, like a Volunteer Review, a monster excursion, or any other demand which tests official mettle.

It is hardly necessary to say that the normal condition of the South-Western on these occasions is utter collapse and blank break-down, borne on the part of the Company's servants with the calmness engendered by long experience of calamity, and on the part of the public, with vociferous wrath among the inexperienced, and with that concentrated, but silent, indignation among those who know the Company and its ways, which finds its best comfort in looking forward to a clean sweep some day of incompetent managers, directors, and chairmen, all together.

When all suffer, *Mr. Punch* ventures to complain, and hereby pronounces, and means to go on pronouncing, till he sees a change for the better, THE SOUTH-WESTERN THE WORST MANAGED RAILWAY THAT RUNS OUT OF LONDON.

The South-Western claims credit on two grounds. It has avoided accidents, and it has not cooked accounts. Quite true. But what if it have purchased safety by slowness, and maintained its dividends by starving its service? It has carried nine-hundred and ninety-nine thousand passengers at a snail's pace, that it might boast the millionth's immunity from damage, and it has put one-fifteenth per cent. into the pockets of twenty thousand shareholders, by destroying the comfort and crippling the accommodation of as many million passengers.

And this is Railway-Economy à la Mangles!

THE CABMEN'S FLOWER SHOW.

PEOPLE complain sadly that Cabmen are uncivil, and even go so far as to say they are uncivilised. There certainly, however, are exceptions to this rule. *Mr. Punch* the other evening was actually *thanked* for giving to a cabman his proper legal fare. More than this, there is a Cabmen's Flower-show on view now at the Euston Terminus. Only think of Cabmen being worshippers of Flora, and selecting for their place of worship the precincts of the other ancient deity called Terminus! All a joke, eh? Not a bit of it. The show has cost the cabbies a matter of five pounds, and that surely is no joke to men who work so hard, and whose incomes are so limited. *Mr. Punch* has seen enough of ordinary flower-shows to wish to see no more of them; but this at Euston Square is really so extraordinary, that he hopes to see another and another still succeeding the success which has attended it. Perhaps at the next Flower-show the Cabmen may inaugurate, a first prize will be offered for the pink of politeness, which some of them assuredly might be advised to cultivate.

SAD ACCIDENT IN PARIS.—We read with concern that "there was a fall on the Bourse to-day."

POEM BY LORD WINCHELSEA.

SIR,

YEARS ago you published a poem, not exactly in my honour, beginning

"Silly little Finches have silly little cars."

That, Sir, I have forgiven you. I write much better poetry now, I assure you, than that which called forth your criticism. In proof I beg to enclose you a composition which I have just completed, and it will much please me, and the rest of the aristocracy, if you will give it publicity.

I shall also be delighted if you will admit any critical remarks which this poem may call out from delighted readers.

Believe me, Yours very sincerely,

August 4.

WINCHELSEA.

ALLEGORICS.

As it fell upon a day,
Sliding down the Milky Way,
Like a little child of Zion
Riding on the British Lion,
Voiced a Sea-Nymph, calm and blue,
As she sang I sing to you:
Neither more and neither less,
N.B. Copy the address.
When the silver stars are steaming,
Earth is on its axis dreaming,
When the comet-bolt is shot,
I am there and I am not.
Watch me when Orion sickens
For another tale by DICKENS,
Watch me when Osiris perches
On the wrecks of Irish Churches,
Watch me when the Red Star, Ares,
Cries aloud "Reform your Dairies."
When each gipsy Dimber-Damber
Wraps him in a sheet of amber,
When the smiling glow-worm skims
O'er the ice-berg, singing hymns,
When electric organs roar
Round sad Staffa's dismal door,
And the mermaid seeks her den,
Eating oysters—watch me then.

Red the morn and black the valley,
When young SARA left her alley,
Redder ears and blacker eyes,
His, to whom young SARA flies,
Comes the Master, fierce to see,
Like a raging Osmanli,
Him, whom SARA loves so dearly,
Bangs the Master most severely,
Yet the beaten recks not, while
Sure of faithful SARA's smile.

Now I part, dark winds are blowing,
Aries through the Zodiac lowing,
Who is this, whose pallid Pæan
Vibrates round the empyrean,
Who is this whose blue eye twinkles
Through his mask of periwinkles,
Who obtrudes the hateful kiss,
Answer, Loved Ones, who is this?

Nay, we know not, answers falter,
Incense hides Tractarian altar,
All is all, and part is part,
Truth is held to Falsehood's heart.
Darkness makes all faces hideous,
Be the artist LUSK or PHIDIAS;
Wain, that starry CHARLES long rode in,
Creaks beneath imponderous Odin,
Till, twin hemispheres his drums,
ODIN'S STERN AVENGER COMES.

Mr. Punch's Old Shoe.

PUNCH congratulates the MARQUIS DE CAUX, from the bottom of his heart and wishes him and his sweet bride, the tuneful ADELINA, all the happiness that wedded life can bring them both. May there never be a note out of tune in the *duo* of "PATTI, PATTI!" and her Bel Mas-setto, Monsieur le Marquis.

BOARD WAGES.—Directors' Fees.



EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

SCENE—"THE ROW."—LADY'S BACK HAIR FALLS OFF, AND IS WORRIED BY TWO LITTLE DOGS (UNMUZZLED).

Sister. "COME ALONG, ELLEN; WHY DON'T YOU LOOK AS IF IT DID NOT BELONG TO YOU!"

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITH AN EAR.—(CONTINUED.)

THERE are many people in the shop as BILSCOMBE and myself enter. The young men at the counter are engaged in assisting ladies to the newest airs, and there is no one to attend to my Friend with an Ear. He looks round, uncertain as to his next step. I suggest that it's no good trying it now. But he is confident that they'll be able to tell him here, and I find out afterwards that his idea on the subject is, that every one employed in a music-shop is not only musical, but is gifted with the peculiar faculty of remembering every tune, and recognising it by a phrase when whistled, played, or hummed. Humming is BILSCOMBE's fort: he is so fond of it, that his head might be described as a humming-top. Such being his general notions in this matter, it is not surprising to see him walk up to a sort of railed desk, where a sort of accountant, or clerk (as I suppose) is sitting, and hear him address that respectable individual thus, "I beg your pardon, but—" sidling round to the side of the rails, and inducing the clerk to raise his head from his work, and give him every possible attention; "can you—I mean, could you tell me if you know a tune that goes—" begins to hum it softly through the desk rails—"rum di di dum—" finds that he has got it wrong, and politely begging the clerk's pardon, corrects himself in this manner—"no I hadn't got it quite right then—" is about to start again, but is stopped by the clerk pointing out one of the young men just disengaged who will attend to him. BILSCOMBE thanks him, (he is always most polite), and apologising to two ladies whose dresses he treads on, goes to the young man.

The young man is ready for him, with one arm on the counter, his head in a listening attitude, directly BILSCOMBE has intimated by the tone of his voice that his communication is of a private nature.

I try to appear unconnected with BILSCOMBE by standing by a piano, examining some music on it with a critical air; but I don't lose a word of the conversation near me.

My Friend with an Ear commences with "Oh! I've only come to

ask—at least I was told you could assist me—" Here the young man looks as wise as he can. "The fact is," BILSCOMBE continues, "I've got a very good ear"—young man seems puzzled—"and sometime ago I heard a tune—I mean an air"—young man accepts the technical correction with two short nods, as much as to say "I know what you mean, quite; go on," and BILSCOMBE, taking that reading of it, goes on—"Well, I caught the tune once, but somehow I lost it, and I can only remember the bit; perhaps you can tell me the rest of it,"—here BILSCOMBE, observing several ladies waiting to be attended to, leans farther across and hums confidentially, "Rum didi dum dum day"—"I beg your pardon, Sir," interrupts the young man who can't hear it in that low tone, "I don't quite—" whereupon BILSCOMBE is obliged to recommence louder, and directing himself with his finger, "Rum didi dum dum dum, dum didi, dum do day, Rum didi dum dum doo,—and that's where I don't know whether it goes up or down." Having overcome the fact of his audience in the shop, BILSCOMBE is ready to hum again, but the assistant settles him at once, he "doesn't know"—never heard it, in fact, and it's so difficult to catch from merely hearing—"here BILSCOMBE and he smile at one another in a vague way, and the young man attends to the ladies, in whose favour BILSCOMBE retires. I ask him, not in the best of tempers, if he has finished? He begs my pardon for detaining me (you can never be angry with BILSCOMBE, he's so polite,) and we leave the shop.

I tell him he's sure to recollect the tune in the course of the day, if he only dismisses it from his thoughts now. He says I am right, but stop—he's got it, "rum tum ti tum tum ti"—no—how odd, something put it out of his head again, and on we walk.

Another music-shop. Will I mind coming in, only for a moment. "they're certain to have it here: sell all these things;" and before I can object, the shopman, seeing us on the step, has opened the door.

He begins again; he is, "ashamed—sorry for troubling them, but he must explain that having a good ear he has caught a tune—an air he means—once; and somehow it has gone again. Does he, the shopman, remember anything like this—Rum tum tidum tidum," and so on, *ad caput*. Other shopmen look at each other and smile. There is no one on business then, so BILSCOMBE, becoming bolder, repeats it up to a

certain point, whereupon the foreman, as if inspired, suggests "*Mountain Bells*" as a piece which may not, perhaps, be far from the mark. The polka (the music suggested turns out to be a polka) is produced, and inspected by BILSCOMBE, who says he doesn't think it is it, but as he cannot read his notes very well, (that is his apology for knowing nothing at all about it) he asks the foreman to play it. The foreman cannot do that, but MR. JENKINS, their tuner, has just gone up-stairs, and he would oblige, the foreman is sure. MR. JENKINS, a thin man in spectacles, comes down and obliges, and the tune is as much like what BILSCOMBE has been humming as "*God Save the Queen*" is to the "*College Hornpipe*." BILSCOMBE is profuse in his thanks, and wishes MR. TUNER to oblige again. Three pieces are tried; nothing like it any of 'em; and BILSCOMBE says to me aside, "We ought to buy one, it looks so odd;" but as he makes no further advance in the matter, I purchase it, to save appearances. He praises me outside for this conduct, but doesn't offer to buy it himself, though I show him that it is of no use to me, and I can't get it into any pocket. He says that by going a little out of the way we shall pass a post-office, where I can go in, address it to some lady of my acquaintance, and send it with my compliments; then, he adds, we will at once go to the park. I agree, this being really a good idea. Unfortunately we have to pass (on our return from the Post-office he sees it, though he didn't as we were going) the shop of the well-known Music Publishers, MESSRS. TOOTLE AND SONS.

He will look in: on condition that this *shall* be the last, I accompany him. The shop is a business-like place, and an eminent composer is being bowed out by MR. TOOTLE himself.

Every one else being occupied, MR. TOOTLE undertakes to attend to him. BILSCOMBE adopts a new plan here. He explains about his good ear, and is increasing the length and interest of the story since I last heard it, when MR. TOOTLE, evidently under the impression that something is going to be proposed for the good of the art in general, and his firm in particular, asks BILSCOMBE and myself into his private room.

When there, he apologises for the absence of the Sons, who generally manage these matters; but will we be seated, and (looking from one to the other as if we were another firm with an idea for him) will we explain. I reply that it's BILSCOMBE who—and BILSCOMBE begins in some confusion.

MR. TOOTLE leans back in his chair, joins his hands in front, and listens attentively. BILSCOMBE (politely, of course) intimates his belief in MR. TOOTLE personally as a musician (TOOTLE bows) and therefore what he is going to put to him, MR. TOOTLE knowing what it is to have an Ear, (bow again towards his hands) will not appear so strange. "To put it shortly," says BILSCOMBE, evidently feeling that he is inclined to wander, "perhaps MR. TOOTLE knows, or has heard,—he may as well explain it is for business purposes—theatrical purposes—" (bow from TOOTLE as before)—"perhaps MR. TOOTLE knows an air which begins—" here he leans forward and directs TOOTLE with his finger as a *bâton*, "Rum ti dum tum tiddy—rum ti dum—and that's where he loses it."

TOOTLE looks at us. He is evidently debating upon the next step. If the Sons were at home we should probably be kicked out. As it is, MR. TOOTLE, with his eye fixed on BILSCOMBE, rises and opens the door, so as to command help (if necessary) from the shop. I rise and say, "I'm afraid we're" (I mix myself up in it now) "taking up his valuable time." MR. TOOTLE doesn't deny it, and I go into the shop as quickly as possible.

BILSCOMBE is stopping to say that should MR. TOOTLE think of the tune—he is certain it begins Rumtiti or Rum tum or dum—when MR. TOOTLE answers abruptly, "Yes, certainly," and closes the door.

I think I hear the lock turned.

I vow in Piccadilly that nothing will induce me to go with BILSCOMBE again on such an errand. When he stops a little boy who is whistling just as we are entering the park, and takes him into a corner to make him whistle again, I dive into the crowd and get rid of him.

The boy was too frightened to recollect what he was whistling, and his mother, with an umbrella, who was close at hand, came down upon BILSCOMBE. The last I saw of the three was in the centre of a crowd arguing the case before a magisterial policeman.

Deep.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON has been giving his attention to sinking wells. (By a new process we hear he can throw "2,655 litres of water per hour upon the river formerly supplied from the Belle Eau fountain." In fact, he is quite above depending for anything from bel-ow.

FISHY JOKE.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to say, that he finds the best place to catch Chubbs is by the Locks.

LITERALLY.

WHAT river is closest to the *Eure*? The *Wye* to be sure.

THE HEAT OF THE WEATHER.

PUNCH has received some more letters on this oppressive subject. He permits a few to appear.

TO THE EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

SIR,—Last week an argument between me and Father became so warm that we were not cooled down until several blows had resulted. I enclose my name and address.

Yours,
AJAX.

TO THE EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

DEAR PUNCH,—A few days ago I was foolish enough to plunge into a controversy at Bath. I speedily found myself in hot water.

Yours truly,
A BATH CHAP.

TO THE EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

SIR,—This summer I have suffered much from boils.

Yours faithfully,
SANDY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

HONNED SIR,—My missus uses matches as "lights only on the box." I feel as I am uncommon likely for to follow the example of them matches.

Your humble servant,
THE DRIVER OF THE TEN O'CLOCK BROMPTON BUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

SIR,—I am a milkman, and in my walk am considered an ungenerous man, but last Thursday I will admit it was so hot I could not help giving whey.

Yours obediently,
O. CREMER.

TO THE EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have just written a duck of a novel, I think. I haven't a notion who should publish it. My Cousin FRED suggests MR. HOTTEN, or SAUNDERS & HOTLEY. I wish you would advise me,

Yours,
A WARM ADMIRER.

HERALDRY IN GUILDHALL.

THE Chamberlain of the City of London is supposed to be as it were the Brain of the Civic Body—the Intelligence of the Corporation. Personally MR. B. SCOTT is reputed to be a gentleman of erudition—in particular, a good antiquarian. As such he may be credited with a probable knowledge of a science so nearly akin to archaeology as heraldry is. Of course, therefore, it is to be presumed that he knew what he was talking about when in delivering his address on the presentation of the freedom of the City to LORD NAPIER of Magdala, he said:—

"Friendly intervention has sometimes resulted in oppressive occupation; licence has been granted to the soldier as the reward of valour, and severity has sometimes been permitted to degenerate into cruelty; thus the escutcheon of many a successful leader is disfigured with the bar sinister."

The commonly entertained supposition is, that there is only one way in which an escutcheon can be disfigured by a bar sinister. This must be wrong if MR. SCOTT, in his above-quoted statement on that subject, is right. Perhaps he will take some opportunity of informing the public by how many acts of a man's own the disfigurement of a bar sinister can be entailed on his escutcheon.

New Simile.

"As green as grass" is a trite simile, and usually a true one. But were it altered in this baking weather to "as yellow as grass," the change would certainly not be without a colourable reason.

THE ELECTIONS.

AN old Conservative refuses to give his children a good education on the ground of his consistent objection to the Liberal Arts.

ETHNOLOGICAL SPORT.

You see advertised DR. GROSSMITH's Lecture on the Dark Races—Surely ADMIRAL ROUS should be the Lecturer.

FALSE QUANTITY.—Short Measure.



FRATERNITY.

Perfect Stranger (to Captain Foresight, who is just about to refresh himself with a nice Snooze before his Afternoon's Shooting). "Is PIPSON DOWN HERE IN CAMP, DO YOU KNOW? LITTLE PIPSON, OF YOUR CORPS—PARTIC'LAR FRIEND O' MINE—PROMISED I'D LOOK HIM UP. UNCOMMON THIRSTY WEATHER, ISN'T IT? WHAT CAN YOU GIVE A FELLOW TO DRINK !!!"

A RELIEF FOR INDIVIDUALS.

(BY ONE OF THEM.)

Now Parliament's over, and I've to fear
No more legislation, at least this year,
That will lessen my comfort, pleasure, or ease,
Diminish my right to do as I please,
Or rob me, or cause me expense or trouble.
—Whilst blazing away o'er heath and stubble,
Or canvassing British electors, they
Who aspire to be Members another day,
No Liquor Bills can for the Sunday pass,
Designed from my lips to withhold the glass,
That doesn't inebriate, but does cheer;
The thirsty excursionist's glass of beer;
No Commons Enclosure Act, that stays
My feet from treading the dear old ways;
No statute respecting horse or dog,
Whose new regulations my freedom clog,
None making, in what public health concerns,
Fresh rules, or demanding of me returns,
On pain of a fine, if I look not out
And anxiously mind what I'm about,
None bothering me, forced to learn new weights,
And measures, or having to pay new rates.
None adding, by Income's increased taxation,
Still more confiscation to confiscation.
I breathe for the present, can rest my head
In peace when at night I go to bed,
Down stairs to my breakfast can come next day,
Nor read in the paper, with sad dismay,
Of something about to be taken away,
Some burden imposed, or some tax, to flay
The victim that's threatened with more to pay.

PETTICOATS AND PERILS.

WHILE the foolish fashion lasts of wearing such long dresses as are now commonly in vogue, it really is quite dangerous to walk behind a lady. In this way many an unlucky wight has been bruised both black and blue by being suddenly tripped up and tumbling on the pavement. For the sake of public safety, where ladies most do congregate, the common railway caution should in future be placarded—*"Beware of the Trains!"* At night, when ladies walk to cabs or carriages from the opera or theatre, they should carry a red lamp suspended at their back, by way of danger signal, to warn near-sighted people from following them too closely and tumbling down thereby.

LADY'S SONG OF THE SEASON.

(Adapted from "La Grande Duchesse.")

AIR—"Ah! que j'aime les militaires."

How I dote on the millinery,
How I dote on the millinery,
How I dote on the millinery,
Husband will
Defray the bill
For things sent in to me;
For I dote on the millinery, &c.

Enthusiastic.

THAT indefatigable angler, TROLLINSON, never forgets his craft. Even in writing to you, he is sure to drop a line.

NATIONS: PLEASE TO COPY.—"The Persian Government has no debt."

MRS. PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HER DAUGHTER.



INGEROBLY, MY DEAR CHILD,—it is the source of the greatest gratification to me that you receive these lucubrations of your Mamma in a meek and appreciative spirit; for nothing would have more completely harrowed up my feelings and those of your anxious Papa, than the discovery that in spite of all our training—in spite of the educational conclave we summoned on your behalf, consisting of Mr. RUSKIN, Mr. MUDIE, and all his novelists, male and female, LORD SHAFTESBURY, the Author of “*The Girl of the Period*,” and other social and

educational authorities, you were a mere “*Girl of the Period*,” after all, with no sort of respect for your mother and her old-fashioned, homely notions.

You ask me, and I respect you for putting the question,—“What books of instruction do you advise me to read before setting out on this foreign trip, Mamma?”—but I am sorry to tell you, my daughter, that reading for instruction would be sadly out of place upon such an occasion, and that if you wish to compete with the other young ladies abroad for social and matrimonial successes, you must store your mind with the utmost possible number of fictions, such as, “*Unwisely, but not too well*,” “*Come up as a Nettle*,” &c. Thus prepared you can travel all over Europe with advantage, no matter through what scenes of historic or artistic interest you pass through. As much history as you get in “*Byron*,” will not, perhaps, do you any harm, but do not venture beyond that.

Music is an important element in English life abroad. I have seen the occupants of a *salon* in a fashionable hotel entirely taken by storm, awed, thunderstruck, enslaved for ever, by an audacious maiden of seventeen who without any ceremony, or invitation, sat down at the piano and played noisy operatic airs for upwards of an hour. It was so coolly and charmingly done that she carried everything before her ever after, and married the gentleman she had startled the utmost.

If you wish, therefore, to do as others do, you must get up your music, and create a sensation with it whenever opportunity offers. But what is music in comparison to dress?

Ah! how well I remember the last time I went to Switzerland with dear Mr. Punch (who had worn himself to a skeleton in the effort to educate his party during one or two trying parliamentary seasons) with what admiration we noticed the modest demeanour and sweet simple dress of the young Swiss ladies at Neuchâtel, Geneva, and other towns. We looked from one of these to one of our young countrywomen, and Mr. Punch said,—“Look on this picture and on that,” and sighed, and could hardly eat any dinner.

If I consulted my own wishes, I should take you abroad in the costume we both admired so much, but I think of the future, and hesitate. May not your whole prospects in life be at stake, and have I the right to sacrifice my child's interests for any motive whatever? No, I arm myself with the thought that I am doing my duty, and march off to Regent Street to buy pork-pie hats, flimsy dresses stuck all over with ribbons, two chignons, one brown and one golden, with long curls to match, pinched up little boots trimmed with tassels, miles' length of coloured ribbon to make streamers of, little bonnets, little gloves, little parasols, everything little that ought to be big, and everything big that ought to be little. Then I say to my daughter—go and conquer.

But a dashing toilet does not suffice alone. A dashing manner must accompany it, or all the arts and crafts of milliner and dressmaker will end in defeat. Have no fear of anything or anybody. Set at defiance the ordinary rules of etiquette. Flirt in season, and out of season. Talk to any amount on any topic. Improve upon the models with which modern fiction supplies you, and wait the issue with hope and triumph.

Such, my JUDIANA, is the advice that I give you before setting out

on your travels, not wise advice perhaps, but the only advice possible under the circumstances. We shall not see much of the countries we visit; we shall be subject to many mortifications; we shall perhaps sit down to table with MR. SOLMS, the shoemaker, and his family, or MR. and MRS. MARROW, our worthy butcher's wife: we may find after all that LORD and LADY CHURCHMOUSE are only gracious when it is raining hard and nobody else is in the way, and begin to snub us directly the sun shines; or the trip may end in no grand acquaintances at all; but we shall have gone to a certain number of places and to a certain number of fashionable hotels: we shall have done as other people do; and if that is not a crowning satisfaction, what is?

I must tell you that your Papa is very vexed about the Boy in Buttons, and will not hear of it for a moment. “I did not expect it of you, Mrs. Punch; I did not indeed,” he said, and summoning the boy, who is a very nice little boy and was quite delighted at the idea of seeing foreign parts, “SAMUEL,” says Mr. Punch very sternly, “I believe your calling is Penny Papers?” “Yes, Sir,” said the boy, very downcast. “Then resume it,” Mr. Punch added, and has not again alluded to the topic.

How do other people manage, I wonder? If we cannot afford a Buttons for six weeks, how can Mrs. SO-AND-SO, over the way, afford a footman all the year round? I don't envy people their flunkies, but I envy their management. If good management does it all, are not we to blame who manage badly, and go without the elegancies of life? Mr. Punch knows what our friends' incomes are, and says they make a rule of not paying their bills. But why should we be compelled to pay, if tradesmen let others off?

Let that be as it may, we must yield the Boy in Buttons, and cut as good a figure as we can with maid and courier.

The courage is a little taken out of me by this act of Mr. Punch's. I would just as soon go to Bournemouth or Brighton, since we cannot make a grand appearance abroad; but the tourist tickets are taken, our plans are noised among our friends, and if we gave them up at the eleventh hour, they would think that there was something in it, which would never do. Let your actions appear accountable to fools, and their tongues will not wag about you.

We, therefore, obey Mr. Punch's mandate with the best grace we are able, and go abroad, to see as much of English society, and rattle over as many miles of railroad as possible, in the holiday allotted to us. Upon our adventures I will duly moralise to you in another letter,

Your excited Mother,

MRS. PUNCH.

P.S. I have just heard that the Dowager LADY CRAB, with her maid, man, and their dogs will cross over in the mail-packet with us to-morrow. Put your gold-stoppered scent-bottle in your pocket, and if my lady is ill and my lady's-maid incapable of waiting upon her, offer your bottle with your sweetest smile, and feed the dogs with biscuit. It will be a fine opportunity of commencing an acquaintance.

P.S. No. 2. English is the language of the countries through which we pass. I name this as you *naïvely* suggested taking “*Murray's Travellers' Talk*” in your pocket—unsophisticated JUDIANA!

NARCISSUS PER DEVIA LUSTRA VAGANS.

MR. NARCISSUS (as he called himself) REED does not resign the Constructorship of the Navy, and go into the House to defend his mistakes. It is not that the reed has been shaken by the wind, but that the Admiralty has. They know that he is wrong, and that COWPER COLLES is right about the turrets, but sooner than have a disturbance with NARCISSUS, they let him conquer them and the British Navy. He has piped and they have danced, and soon they will

“Tell us how with eager speed
They flew to hear their vocal REED,
And how with Bumbledom profound,
They came to judgment quite unsound.”

On the whole we are sorry, partly for the sake of the Navy, though “that's but a trifle here,” chiefly because we should like to see NARCISSUS in Parliament. Now, his classic hard-heartedness returned, he scorns the Echo of St. Stephens, and is as much in love with himself as ever. *Vale, inquit et Echo.*

Fire! Fire!

ARCHBISHOP MANNING announces (a *Pall Mall Gazette* reminds us) that the POPE is for the separation of Church and State. Therefore, of course, DR. MANNING is for it. But the POPE, in an edict of no old date, announced that, to advocate such separation, was a something-able Error. *Ergo*, either the POPE or the ARCHBISHOP, or both, must be Heretical. Now, as Rome is entirely under Church rule, there is nothing to prevent an *auto da fé*, and, in justice to the tourists, it ought to be duly advertised.



SITUATION NOT WANTED. (A FACT.)

Lady's Maid (come after a place). "I BEG PARDON, M'M, BUT WAS YOU THE LADY I WAS TO ATTEND?"

Lady Mary. "YES."

Lady's Maid. "O, THEN, I THINK I WAS BEST SAY GOOD MORNING. THERE ISN'T THE STYLE I HAVE BEEN ACQUSTOMED TO." [Exit.

"BRAVO, SIR JOHN!"

THAT brave and noble old soldier, the Constable of the Tower, has just published a letter upon certain incidents of the Crimean War. SIR JOHN FOX BURGOYNE'S name, at the end of an epistle, would ordinarily save *Mr. Punch* the necessity of calling attention to anything the Constable might have to say, but newspapers are not regularly or carefully read in the holidays, and *Punch* is. Therefore, a few lines.

Firstly, at Sebastopol, the Russians were tremendously strong, much stronger than the besiegers.

Secondly, LORD RAGLAN did not wish to attack the north side, for the double reason that if won, it would not have given him the south side, where all the Russian resources were, and that it would have left him dangerously exposed, without even a sea-basis.

Thirdly, LORD RAGLAN did not propose to GENERAL CANROBERT an attack in front immediately on the landing of the Allies, because such a course would have violated common sense, and would, as SIR JOHN says, have been an act of madness, which would have caused us to be beaten off with heavy loss. GENERAL CANROBERT, on the 18th of last July, confirms this statement, and adds *l'expression de son affectueux dévouement*, evidently more than phrase of compliment.

Fourthly, Sebastopol could not, with its resources, have been taken at that time, and SIR JOHN, almost touchingly, says, "I should have been glad to have defended it with 20,000 men." Wouldn't he have defended it? The Russians had more than 25,000.

Fifthly, The verdict of posterity will be more favourable to the Army than its contemporaries have been. "The English people have no reason to be ashamed of the part played by their countrymen in the Crimea." We should think not.

Lastly, "OUR MEANS WERE TOTALLY INADEQUATE TO OUR TASK." That is for the War Authorities, who are now snubbing the Volunteers, and will, if not hindered, destroy that Household Guard. And so, with the heartiest thanks to the brave old Constable for standing out to stand up for the Army, *Punch* wishes him many a happy year of repose under his laurels.

SERMONS AND SUFFERERS.

PEOPLE who complain of the length and dullness of Sermons should consider that listening to the discourse of an average Clergyman is an exercise of the Christian virtue of patience. Perhaps it may be said, indeed, to be something more. It may be regarded as a sort of Protestant penance. This view is confirmed by the fact that the Ritualists, as a rule, preach short sermons. They very likely think it quite enough to enjoin their penitents to get themselves flogged, to crawl a long way on their hands and knees, or walk about with peas (unboiled) in their balmorals. Therefore we may suppose that, when Ritualists preach, they considerably endeavour to inflict as little as possible of their tediousness upon their hearers.

A Testimonial.

THE other day a worthy gentleman was presented with a Clock as a Testimonial. Now what would the present of a clock signify? Certainly not that he was "up to the time of day," or the gift would be superfluous. Had he been the secretary of a Company on the verge of dissolution, it would have constantly reminded him of the minutes of proceedings and the Winding-up Act. Or was the testimonial satirical, covertly hinting that the donee was a Time-server? If none of these, why a clock?

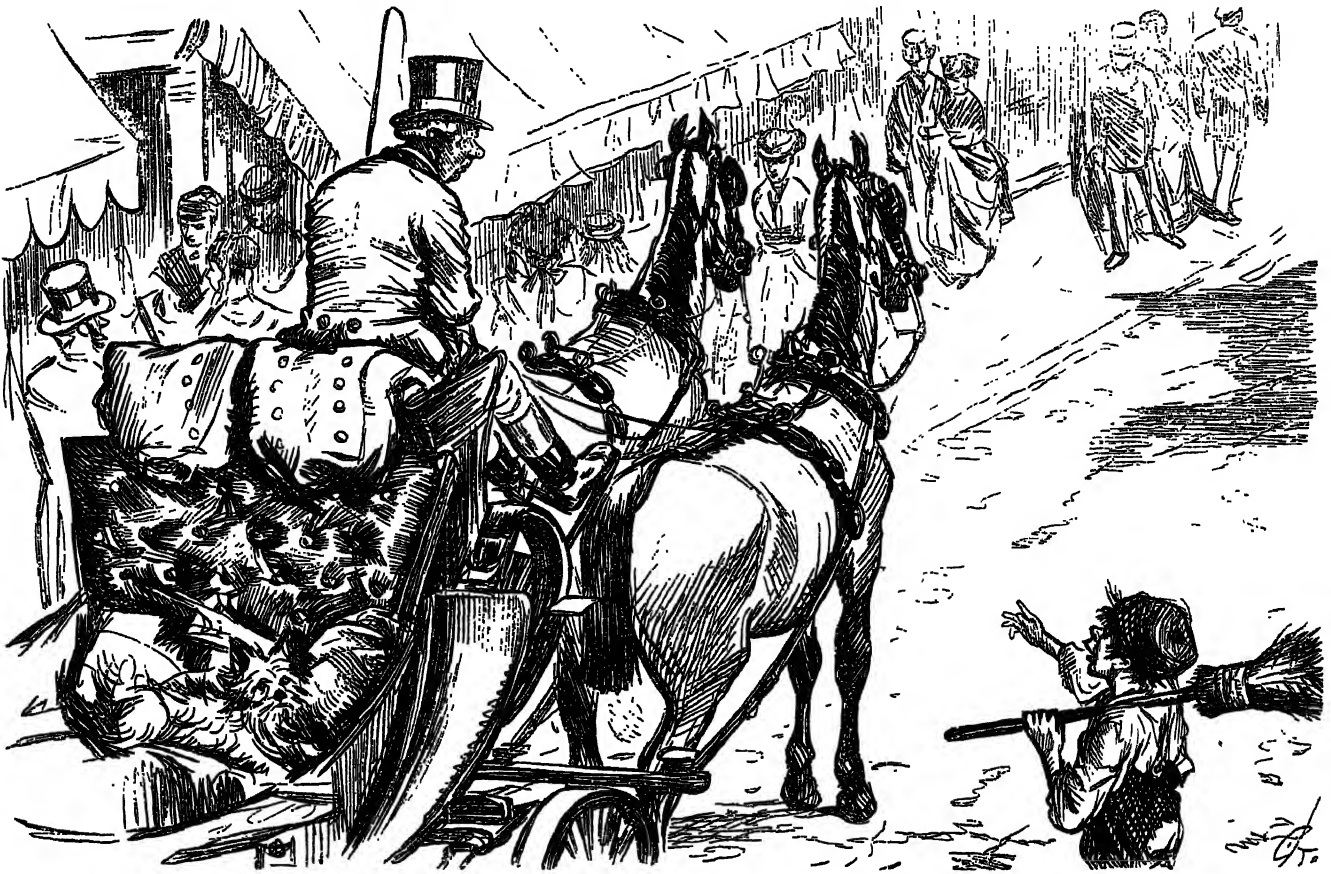
Two Equestrian Performances.

(Announced as a Display of Premiership.)

ASTLEY'S—*Alarcos*.

ST. STEPHEN'S—*A Dark Oss*.

AN EXCUSE FOR BEING QUARRELSDOME.—In very hot weather you may be as disagreeable and disobliging to your friends as you please. If a coolness arises, so much the better.



VESTED INTERESTS.

Sweepst. "IF YOU DON'T GET OFF MY CROSSIN', I'LL 'EV YOUR NUMBER!"

THE GREAT ECLIPSE.

THE Great Eclipse is fixed for Tuesday, August the 18th. Tuesday next as ever is. We do not want to frighten anybody, of course, but we think everybody had better be prepared. Because such an Eclipse is a very tremendous phenomenon, and the Sun will be darkened for at least six minutes, and longer if anything goes wrong. The newspapers, under the instructions of Government, have been spreading the belief that the Eclipse will not affect this country. The object of the authorities is benevolent, but it is questionable whether the propagation of a fable is justifiable under any circumstances. It is better to know the truth. The phenomenon will not affect Switzerland, and HER MAJESTY'S journey thither is well understood. The venerable ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has also departed for a distant part of the Continent, and he is to be followed by the BISHOP OF LONDON. The PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES will not be in London on the 18th, that is also certain, unless the Heir-Apparent, with the proverbial courage of the Royal Family, shall deem it his duty to be present to re-assure the Metropolis. But, we say again, let no person be more frightened than is becoming in the presence of such an apparition, over which it is impossible to exercise any control. We do not say that there is any real danger, but danger is invariably greatest when unsuspected. Let all proper precautions be taken. We have had no total Eclipse of the Sun since 1715, and of course the present generation is without experience as to the necessary provisions. First, let every housekeeper remove all knockers, bells, rails, balconies, in fact all metal likely to be acted on by the penumbra of the node, and let these be placed, if possible, in a cellar, but if not, in a darkened apartment, from the walls of which the paper, if stained with any metallic agent, must carefully be torn down. All windows, and most especially skylights, must be painted over with any dark colour, or if this be not easily attainable, cover them with paste by means of a brush, and throw on soot or black ash, until light is effectually excluded. Have an earthenware flower-pot in every room, and let this be half filled with sulphur, ready for ignition the moment that the apogee manifests itself. So much danger arises from the use of fire-arms that we hesitate to recommend them; but where children and servants can be trusted, the continual discharge

of guns and pistols (of course without ball) is a great safeguard, and in any house with a gong, let it be beaten from morning to night, the servants relieving one another—in humbler homes large bones beaten on the shovels in the house, will be available. The danger from the mesozoic eocene may be much diminished by continuous inhalations of nitrate of hydrogen, and where practicable this should be taken in bed, which should be carefully turned due east and west, except in extra-parochial districts, where the mattresses, &c. must be thrown to the floor. All food must be avoided sedulously, and the only really safe drink during the phenomena will be barley-water in which chloride of ammonium or gentian has been infused. Silence should be preserved as far as possible, especially by females, children, and persons with high voices. Barking of dogs and talking of parrots must be prevented at all hazards—it is better to destroy a dog or a bird than to risk colitic aberration. These few hints as to what is absolutely necessary we reprint, with permission, from the *Nautical Almanack for Marines*, and though such details are not akin to the usual contents of our columns, the solemn and exceptional nature of the great phenomenon will be our excuse. We repeat that we *hope* all will pass off well, and this is all that we dare say.

Godfather to a Great Gun.

The Pall Mall Gazette says:—

"We have been informed that the Peabody gun has been adopted as a new arm by the Swiss Government."

The Peabody gun perhaps derives its name from its aptitude for throwing shells, and thus, in a manner shelling out. Considering what shot it may be supposed to carry, we may estimate it to be at least a hundred thousand pounder.

THOUGHT BY AN OPTIMIST.

THE good people there are in the world are wholly unknown to many of us. Do you doubt it? Then think of the perfect Strangers you have met with in your life.

ODD MEN OUT.

MAN WITH AN EAR.—SECOND SPECIES OF THE GENUS.

BEFORE quitting the Man with an Ear I must come to the second species of this genus. He is the Man with an Ear who *plays by it*, on some instrument. One instance in point will suffice, and we will then pass on to the other *lusus nature* enumerated in my first number. Here is my experience.

When I am unwell, and in need of rest, I write to a distant relative, I mean a near relative who lives a hundred miles away from town, and suggest my staying with him. Distant relative being an invalid of some standing himself, is generally glad of the opportunity of recounting to some one besides the doctor, the curate, and his housekeeper, his symptoms since we last met; say, perhaps, six or seven months ago. At his house I may depend upon absolute quiet. Here among cawing rooks and glistening trout [of course I don't live among the trout or the rooks, but this poetical description must be accepted in the true sense] you may recover that internal peace of mind and health of body, which London organs, villainous German bands, the rattling of cabs and omnibuses, the jolting of underground railways, and the business of metropolitan pleasure, have previously done so much to destroy.

"At Drouzemoor-Ripple I shall be happy," I said to myself on a recent occasion: "and to be all alone, with the exception of my excellent relative, will do me a world of good."

This was soon after the HANDEL Festival, when, being of a fine organisation and a peculiarly nervous temperament, the four thousand voices had somehow or another suddenly galvanised me into a sort of *hysterica passio*, and I was suffering from HANDEL and hysteria.

In this state I proposed, and was accepted, for a spare bed at calm, sleepy, pleasant, soothing Drouzemoor-Ripple. On arriving, my relative met me at the door, and we at once compared notes of how we'd been for the last few months.

He generally has the advantage of me in reminiscences, but I can beat him in present afflictions. A good deal, too, depends upon who gets the first opportunity of describing his symptoms. If he begins and exhausts every part of his body, having had a pain everywhere, it is evident that I can't go beyond *that*. But if he leaves out a leg, or arm, or a hand, or a finger, then I seize the vacant place immediately, and there I plant my malady.

For every ache of his, I have three: for every three, six, and so forth. Has he suffered from headaches which have kept him awake for two nights at a time, why I've had 'em for weeks together. Has he been knocked over by bronchitis—I have been brought nigh to death's door by diphtheria. Has he had scarlet fever—I adopt a kind of tertian ague. As for colds, coughs, toothaches, and ear-aches, we throw those in as a matter of course, and they don't count for much now. I have lately shown premonitory symptoms of gout. This was a strong point with me at our meeting. He had never thought of the gout.

In fact, whatever he has *not* had, I have, and so we get on very pleasantly together.

A surgical operation which I was fortunate enough to have undergone years ago, is always my last resort, and wins the field. I am afraid, however, that the next time we meet he will have undergone one too, merely out of envy. However, whatever his envy be I'll back my old operation against it. I will not dwell upon these pleasing topics any longer, but it was necessary to show you "how," as the advertisements say, "to pass a happy day" at Drouzemoor-Ripple. This time there was no necessity to fall back upon the operation, as Incipient Gout carried all before it triumphantly. My relative was rather proud of my having the Gout, and volunteered instances in point about my Grandfather and Great-Grandfather.

Second day of my Visit.—My invalid relative is not down to breakfast, being, the butler informs me, too unwell to leave his room this morning. I sit alone, happily, with my *Times*, my *Pall Mall Gazette*, and *Post*. Strangely enough I see *more* of the newspapers, here, a hundred miles from town than I do in London. What more delicious than to cut a slice of grilled chicken, accompanying it with a morsel of buttered toast, and then, while engaged upon the combination, to read some twenty lines of interesting news? What more delicious, I say than this, for a nervous invalid? You take in telegrams with your tea, leisuely, and murmur to yourself your opinions on the Government policy without fear of contradiction. And this is a great thing, because with an hysterical subject, contradiction invariably flies to the head.

Then I lounge over the grass: I watch the trout and the carp, and the jack, and I wonder which are the carp and which the jack, and whether what I took for a trout is a trout, or a floating weed. It generally is a weed: except when I have taken it for a weed, when it turns out to be a trout.

I look at the view, I sigh with pleasure as the gentle breeze passes among the branches, breathing a polite request that the leaves will be good enough to move a little, and let it go by. So the leaves move a little, lazily, and the wind travels onward, and my relative in his nightcap (being old-fashioned) and dressing-gown, appears at a

first-floor window, unopened, and nods, smilingly, holding up a letter to which he evidently wishes to draw my attention.

Satisfied that he is not walking in his sleep, I say, "What's that?" Not that I care, not that I've the slightest curiosity. On the contrary, I would rather not be troubled with letters now, and the servant in town has particular orders not to forward anything to me, for a week. But I ask, "What's that?" because it is evident to the laziest capacity that that is what my dyspeptic relative wishes me to say. He opens a little pane in his window, drops the letter out, and closes it sharply, being afraid of the morning air. The wish, suggested by the action, arises in my mind that this were Spain, and behind that window a dark Señorita dropping a *billet doux* at my feet, instead of a hypochondriac relation in a night-cap and faded dressing-gown.

The letter is very brief, and very much to the point. It says simply

DEAR DAD,

Returned suddenly. Shall be with you to dinner at 6'30, and sleep. Your affectionate Son,

FRED.

Well, I am not sorry; one person can't destroy the quiet of this delicious spot, and, as I haven't seen my Cousin FRED for years (I think when we last met I was small enough for him to kick me for saying I'd seen him smoking), why it will be a new sensation. Besides, he can't be very noisy, as all he proposes is, "to come to dinner and sleep." As I subsequently discover, this is precisely what he has come to do, and this is his exact order of doing them.

I nod to my relative cheerfully and say "capital." He is so pleased at the prospect of seeing his son who, I find out, only turns up when in want of money, that he has pains all over him for the rest of the day until it is time to dress for dinner, to which he comes down with a mustard plaster concealed somewhere.

To the outer world, *i. e.* the butler, the footman, my cousin, and myself, my relative is in evening dress clothes—internally, *i. e.* under this black mockery, he is blisters.

I go to dress, and when we meet at dinner my long-lost cousin has arrived. He is (I did not know it when I cordially greeted him) the other species of the genus Man with an Ear.

He doesn't talk much, but he hums a good deal to himself. He is *very* glad to see me, so he says, but we are both rather shy of one another. He is not great at conversation, at least not at first. He is older than I am by nearly ten years. He says he thinks it's a little colder. I reply that I think it is—perhaps. He hums, and spreads his coat-tails before the grate, though there's no fire. He looks up at the chandelier and hums—he breaks off humming to wonder when the Governor will be dressed. Then he laughs at nothing—then he hums again. I descendant upon the Governor's health—on health in general. He hums all the time in an undertone, so that I am as it is called on the operatic stage "Speaking through music."

He interrupts his humming to say "Yes or no," as the case may be. He tells me suddenly he's glad I'm here, it's so dull alone with the Guv. I return the compliment, omitting all mention of dullness, as in fact the Guv's style of disposing of himself suits me to a nicety. That is we, when alone together, talk rheumatics during dinner, complaining that we can't eat anything; and after dinner, we talk politics, and finish a bottle of old Port, because we must be very careful as to what we take.

Seven o'clock.—Guv comes down late, with an apology for his mustard plaster. Dinner announced. My long-lost Cousin FRED takes me by the arm and hums me across the hall into the dining-room. My relative says grace devoutly, and I detect an undercurrent of humming "*I Dreamt I dwelt in Marble Halls*" at the other end of the table. So we sit down.

[So far I had no reason, beyond the slight humming which I attributed to habit, to suppose that my Cousin was a specimen. But *now* *verrons*.]

Ample Room and Verge Enough.

WE always had a high opinion of the generosity of the Americans, but their liberality in their treatment of political offenders is more than regal. DIONYSIUS sent away PHINTIAS (no, Sir, not PYTHIAS), but he kept DAMON. But MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS, who is to be tried for High Treason late in the Greek Kalends, is comfortably settled at Liverpool, leaving nobody as hostage, except HORACE GREELY and a few friends, whose names are to a bond which will never be enforced. American talk sometimes riles us a few; but, by the Capitoline Jove (we mean MR. SUMNER), the Americans are gentlemen.

THE GREAT UNBENEFICED.

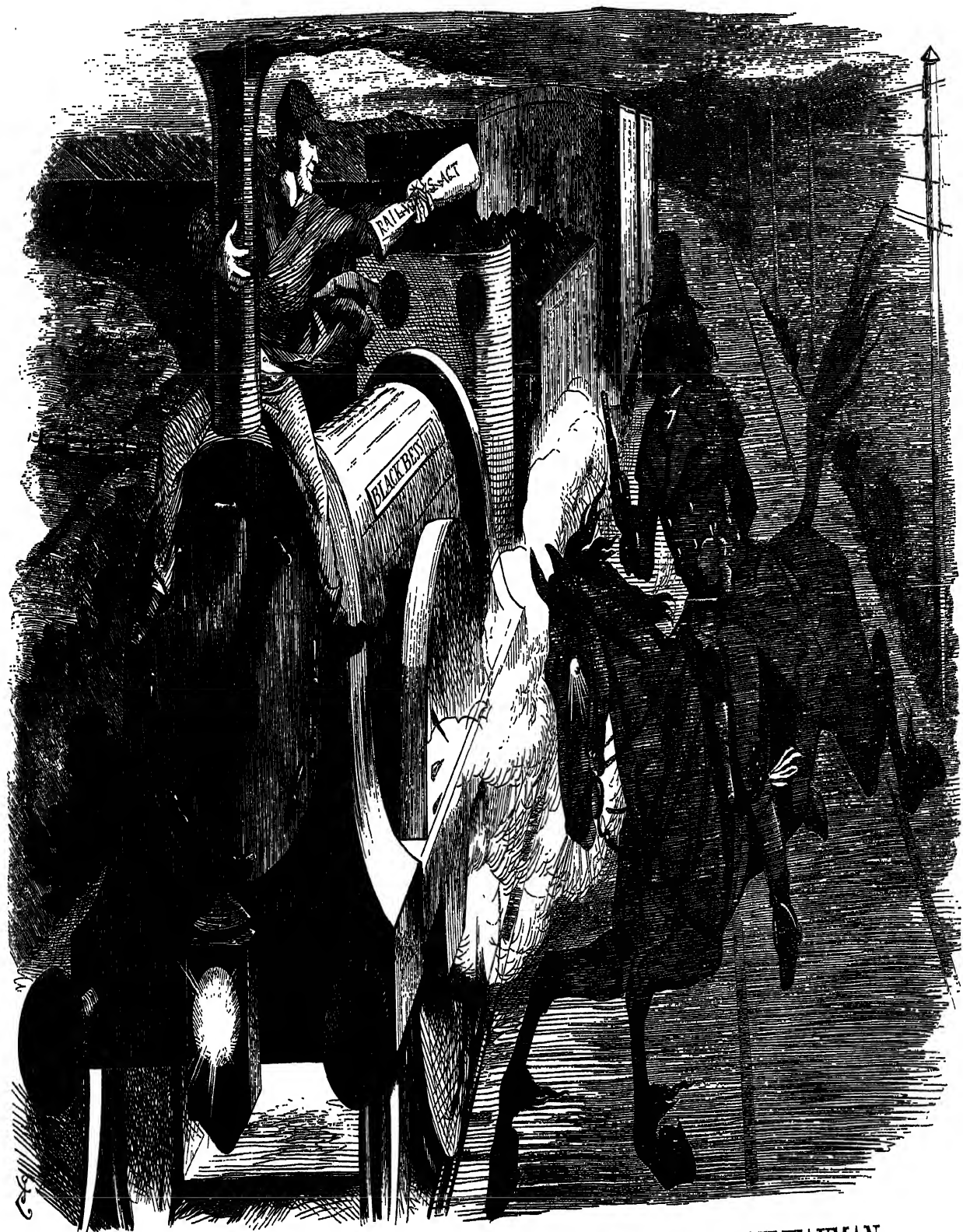
PERPETUAL Curates are abolished. In name, only, we fear; otherwise this would be good news for all those deserving Clergymen who toil on year after year, and never obtain a living.

FRESH MEAT FOR THE NAVY.—The Chops of the Channel.



MAN AND RAILWAYMAN.

"ACT OF PARLIAMENT!!!"



THE MODERN DICK TURPIN; OR, HIGHWAYMAN AND RAILWAYMAN.

GHOST OF TURPIN. "HO-HO, MR. DIRECTOR! DOING A BIT IN MY LINE, EH?"

RAILWAY DIRECTOR. "YOUR LINE? HA! HA! YOU WERE HANGED! WE ROB BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT!!!"

MODERN WORDS AND SONGS.



whit more sensible in their musical mirth than our comic songster of the present day.

But, Sir, what and if I bring the charge against the immortal Bard! The Sweet Swan of Avon? Had SHAKESPEARE lived now, enterprising speculator as he undoubtedly was, should we not have seen in the papers some such advertisements as the following:—

ROYAL GLOBE THEATRE.—Immense Success.—Unprecedented Hit. Exciting Drama of thrilling interest at 7, entitled *Othello*, or *THE MOOR OF VENICE*, by the Author of "*Macbeth*," "*Hamlet*," &c. After which at 9-30, an entirely new and original Burlesque, written by W. Shakspeare, Esq., entitled, *THE COMEDY OF ERRORS*, in which are sung the most popular songs of the day, written by the same Author.

HEY NONNY NONNY!—Sung amid rapturous applause by Miss Lillia Johnson in the Burlesque, and encoored five times nightly.—**GLOBE THEATRE.**

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE TINY BOY.—Sung by Mr. Jeames, and enthusiastically re-demanded every Evening.—**GLOBE THEATRE.**

SAMINGO! SAMINGO!—The Great Trio, sung by Miss Rowland, and Messrs. Doer & Donter, four times every night.—**GLOBE THEATRE.**

IN PREPARATION.—A Grand New Spectacular Extravaganza, with New Scenery, Dresses, and Music, entitled, *THE TEMPEST*, or *THE ISLAND OF ENCHANTMENTS*.

Then, when this had been produced, we should have another set of advertisements—

'BAN 'BAN CA CALIBAN.—The Great Song vociferously re-demanded seven times Every Evening by an enraptured audience. Sung by Mr. Doer in W. Shakspeare's New Nautical Extravaganza, *THE TEMPEST*.—**GLOBE THEATRE.**

BEAUTIFUL BALLET.—Every Night. Ceres, Juno, and Iris, in their Pas de Fascination.

COCK-A-DOODLE DOO AND BOUGH-WOWGH CHORUS.—Enthusiastically Encoored in the New Extravaganza.—**GLOBE THEATRE.**

With all due submission, and being perfectly aware that I have not exhausted the subject, I beg leave to suggest that in the matter of words for choruses our ancestors, including the Divine WILLIAMS, though they lived before, were not so very much in advance of us.

Yours respectfully,

LITTLE WARBLER.

BEYOND CONTROVERSY.—"IGNORAMUS" ought to know that MILTON's Minor Poems are those which he wrote before he was One-and-Twenty.

HEAT AND DRINK.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

I drives a 'bus regler from 'Ammersmith to the Bank and has the sun bang in my eyes along Fleet Street and the Strand, and from the Regent Suckus right down to the Broadway. Coming Citywards it catches me behind, just in the nape of the neck, which they tell me is just where a cove fust feels a sunstroke. So in coarse you see I suffers pretty much from a 'ot summer, which the present it beats all the 'ot uns as I've ever druv through. Well, then, I'm open to advice how I'm to keep myself in 'ealth, which being corpylent in pusson it's a wonder as I ain't been melted into taller. 't Says a gen'lman this morning it taint the 'eat that urts you, my good feller, it's the drink. And then he spouts me this here sermon from a paper he were reading, which he said it were the *British Medical Journal*:—

"As the heat begets thirst it is well to remember that alcoholic liquors and high feeding are the great aids of the burning sun in producing sunstroke. SIR RANALD MARTIN relates, from his Indian experience, some striking examples of the effects of enforced abstinence among troops in warding off the fatality from sunstroke on a burning march, and others, equally well marked, of the opposite effects of indulgence. Light wines, plentifully diluted, and aerated waters are the suitable drinks for this temperature; sulphuric acid lemonade is at once refreshing and an excellent prophylactic of diarrhoea."

Well, I says, I'm a true Briton and I must 'ave my beer, which I takes my 'arf pint regler at each end of my journeys. If you calls that "indulgence," you'd better take the reins and drive the 'bus yourself, which, mind you, it's 'ard work, especially this weather, and a man to do his work had need put something into him. Light wines may suit them forrners, which they're as used to broiling in the summer as the eels gets used to skinning. But to my belief an Englishman can't live without his beer, and as for squenching of his thirst with sulphuric acid stuff, he would as soon take a black dose, or a drain of arsafetida! So I remain, Sir, yours most humble to command,

A BUSMAN.

P.S. The *Medical Journal* says likeways, that "a good large silk umbrella will save any one from sunstroke." What would the public say, I wonder, if we drivers was to strike, because our governors won't furnish us with large silk umberellers?

MORE EFFECTS OF THE HOT WEATHER.

MR. SWELLINGTON last Wednesday walked out without his gloves on, a feat which was entirely owing to the hot weather.

MR. LATEBIRD has been so much overcome by the great heat that he has found it difficult to dine until just midnight.

MR. HOBBLER, being chaffed for having suffered from the gout, remarked that such attacks were all owing to the heat, as any gardener would tell you that a hot summer produced abundance of toe-martys.

MR. HARDUPPE found his memory so much impaired by the hot weather that he quite forgot to pay his debts ere starting for the continent.

MR. TIPPLER finds the heat affect his eyesight terribly. "The sun is in his eyes" continually just now, and by an optical delusion he frequently sees double.

GENERAL LOVER has been jilted for the second time this summer, as the lady could not bear the warmth of his affection.

CAPTAIN SHAKER, who in general is a notably cool hand, with the thermometer at 90°, has quite lost his reputation.

"We'll Sweep Yer!"

We hear that the Railway Bullies are renewing the old threat that, if people who can afford first and second class fare choose to ride third, the companies will serve them out by inserting Chimney Sweeps into the carriages. The threat should carry no terror. Physically, a penny newspaper spread between oneself and the sweep would prevent any real injury, unless Chummy were a ruffian, in which case a stout stick would settle the question with his nob. Morally, *Punch* would much rather ride in a carriage with an honest Sweep than with a railway man who had lured poor folks into a suburb, and then suddenly raised their fare 100 per cent. Ride third class, masculine enemies of swindling, and never fear Sweep or Director.

Scientific Terms.

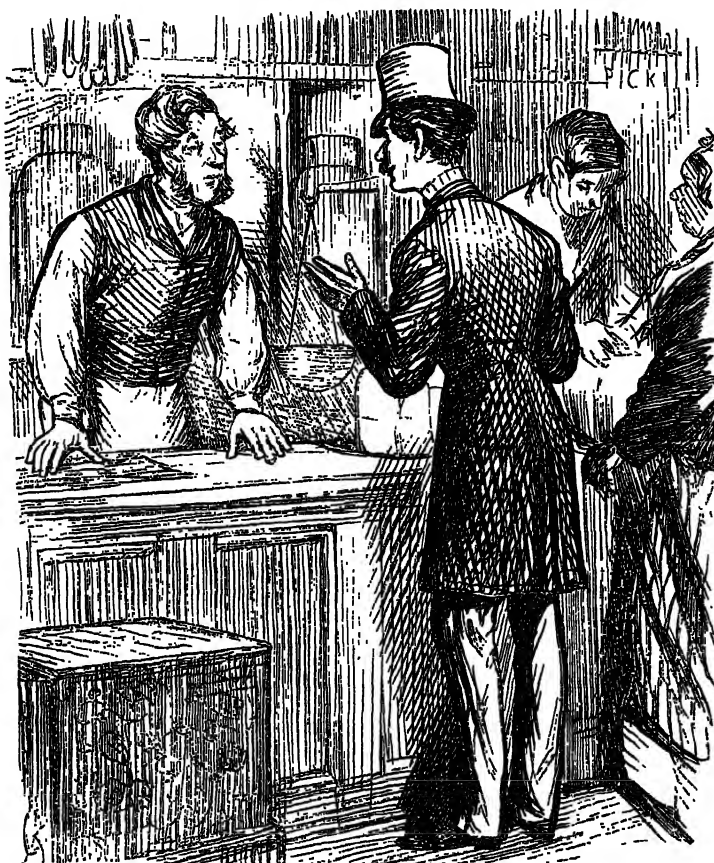
(Noted in this Hot Weather.)

Absorption.—Iced Brandy and Soda.

Radiation.—On the Countenance after a certain number of glasses.

Reflection.—As to taking one more or not.

TONED PAPER.—Sheets of Music.



"MEN WERE DECEIVERS EVER."

Swoll (at the Civil Service Co-operative Store). "HAW! I WANT TWO OR THREE POUNDS—BACON—AND—AW—'BLIGE ME BY DOING IT UP LIKE BOX—GLOVES 'OR FLOWERS, OR SOMETHING O' THAT SORT!!"

PATTI IN A NEW PLACE.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

You will, I am sure, feel a lively interest in the following information which I extract from some foreign correspondence:—

"It is not in some quiet spot in England or Scotland, or at some pretty Swiss *châlet*, or other delightful retreat from the bustle of the world, that ADELINA PATTI, now the MARCHIONESS OF CAUX, is passing her honeymoon. It is in Paris. The young Marchioness was present at the Opera on Monday evening, in an open box in the dress circle, when the *Trouvère* and the *Giselle* were represented. Notwithstanding the heat of the weather, the house was crowded, and, as may be supposed, PATTI was the observed of all observers."

This is just the thing that a genuine *artiste* like the charming PATTI, circumstanced as she was, would do. One can imagine what a luxury for her there was in going from the back of the house to the front, and in listening to a performance as exquisite as her own, if there is any. It was very natural of her, for one pleasure of her honeymoon, to go to the Opera. But may I be allowed, dare I venture to say, that, grace and elegance apart, in so doing our sweet PATTI reminds me very much of one BOB, the waiter at a tavern near unto Drury Lane? BOB, as perhaps you are aware, when he had got a holiday, was accustomed to spend it in sitting down to one of the tables at which on other days he attended, and causing himself to be served by his fellow-waiters. In suggesting this parallel am I guilty of a base comparison? Nay, say not so. "One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin." Adorable PATTI has ministered to our enjoyment in a very high degree, but so likewise has BOB in no small measure. In so saying, my dear Sir, I think I speak not for myself alone, but for you as well as for

Yours truly, MEMOR.

P.S. You have doubtless seen the agreeable announcement that PATTI has not finally retired from the stage. If ever I have the pleasure of seeing her as *Alice* in *Roberto il Diavolo*, her great scene with *Robert* will always make her remind me of BOB.

SOUR GRAPES AT THE SEA-SIDE.

(Song of the Ocean Rover.)

HA, ha, ha, ha!
JONES and his bride,
Portly Mamma,
By the Sea-side.
JONES on the sand,
I on the sea;
Here do I stand,
There sitteth he!
So let it be!
I'm on the wave.
Ho! I am free;
He is a slave,
Family man,
Forced there to stay
By MARY ANNE,
What JONES must pay

Hundred to one
Such were my lot;
Her had I won;
Glad I did not.
I'm in my yacht,
She is not mine.
Her JONES has got:
I'm on the brine.

O'er the wild waters,
Through the white foam,
Wife, sons, and daughters,
Cost me no home.
Ha, ha! On billow
Sleeping, I ride:
Head let JONES pillow
By the Sea-side!

Sagacity of the Serpent.

A PYTHON at the Zoological Gardens once swallowed his blanket. He was supposed to have mistaken it for a rabbit. This supposition is probably erroneous. More likely the Python wanted an anodyne, being troubled with a pain in his inside, and swallowed the blanket because he mistook it for a counterpane.

A JOLLY CHRISTENING.

SESSION and Season are over, and Mr. Punch, gladly turning from what good QUEEN BESS called the lippe-laboured orations out of the jangling mouths of the House of Commons (she struck out "jangling," but we replace it) and all the other rubbish that has prevented his improving his mind, proposes to devote himself to a perusal of the Six Hundred and Sixty Thousand Volumes which his friend MR. WINTER JONES has had counted in the British Museum. But before addressing himself to his studies, he proposes, and moreover resolves, to drink one large bumper (it may be more, but details are unimportant) to the health of the youngest Christian of his royal house. A health to the PRINCESS VICTORIA ALEXANDRA OLGA MARY, fourth child of Marlborough House. Perhaps he would not have made public note of this ceremonial, but that the christening on the Sixth of August seems to have been one of good old English jollity. After the ten godmothers and godfathers had promised and vowed, there was a banquet, with music from *Fra Diavolo*, and other merry works, and then the young parents went to the play, that is, to the Holborn Amphitheatre, to see the horses and the acrobats. Another bumper to the jovial Prince and his adored wife. "England yet"—yes, and Merry England yet, my Puritans and Ritualists.

Sporting.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following heading to an advertisement which caught his eye the other day:—

SET OF FOX HUNTS, BY HERRING.—These four beautiful Coloured Pictures, &c.

A Fox Hunt by HERRING must surely be the picture of a Drag.

WHEN is an author most likely to be sick of his own writing?
When he's regularly in the swing.



A GRIEVANCE.

Mamma. "WHY, DICK, WHAT'S THE MATTER? DIDN'T YOU CATCH ANY FISH?"

Nurse. "PLEASE, MA'AM, HE CAUGHT TWO MINNOWS, AND WANTS TO SWIM THEM IN HIS TEA!"

CANINE.

MR. PUNCH,

My tongue being bridled, and my canine privileges curtailed, you will pardon me appealing to public justice through those respectable agents—pen and ink.

It is high time, *Mr. Punch*, that our family had a recognised voice in Parliament. At present our *quasi* representatives are most inefficient. I know one who comes from my county, who is a good setter, but he can't bark. Another can only snarl at an estimate, though perhaps he may snap at a place; and a third is always getting in a Minister's way, and coming out with a yelp. If we look into Boroughs what do we find? No qualified champion of our persecuted race. The majority pride themselves on their clever little tricks, and I confess it is rather surprising how they stand up and beg. Now and then one of the pack breaks forth with a lamentable howl, but which among them I would ask does his duty dogfully when he sees a rat in the house? Ay—there's the rub.

Taxation and representation, we are told, should go together. Well, don't we pay our quota when the fiscal burdens which we bear extend from poll to poll? The British Lion annually drops in at all our kennels, and takes from each a little bit of biscuit for his royal lunch; and now I think of it, coming across the Mountains of *Rasselas*, why BRITANNIA's triumphant car is drawn by the "dogs of war." Who after this will dispute our claim to parliamentary honours? I pause for a reply.

Faithfully yours,

Lord of the Isles,
August 8, 1868.

RASPER.

THE WRONG MAN.

"THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER left Town for Loch Letter." The POSTMASTER-GENERAL would have sounded much better.

BASSO PROFONDO.—A Deep Draught of Bitter Beer.

MARKING A GENTLEMAN IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

GENTLEMEN who are not averse from being marked in a railway carriage, but on the contrary, rather like it, may gratify their desire at the small cost of one penny, unless, like "J. C. B.," who writes to the *Standard*, they should happen to be as badly treated as was that correspondent, at Market Harborough. Here is "J. C. B.'s" letter to our excellent contemporary:—

To the Editor of the "*Standard*."

Sir,—When stopping at Market Harborough Station this morning about 10-30, on my way from Leicester to town, I asked the proper man (not to mistake him, he appeared a young man of eighteen or nineteen, no whiskers) for a *Standard*, and was told in reply that he had none. I asked if he had sold them all, and was told in reply that he had. I was obliged to have recourse to a *Daily Telegraph*, and whilst he was handing me that anti-constitutional organ, I despoiled a copy of your journal in his bundle. I took possession of it, and informed the man that I should make the fact known at your office to-day.

Travellers surely ought not to have to search a news vendor's bundle to obtain a copy of the only journal which marks a gentleman in a railway carriage.

I am, Sir, &c.,
J. C. B.

London, July 29.

Everybody would not have been as determined as "J. C. B.," who, having travelled from Leicester as far as unto Market Harborough station without being able to get himself marked as a gentleman, was near being foiled by "the proper man"—a very improper man, we should say—but succeeded in procuring the cheap and only proof of gentility on its travels. Well done, "J. C. B.!"

The Schoolmaster Sent Abroad.

WILL it not be rather shelving MR. DU CANE to send him to Van Diemen's Land? Instead of being appointed Governor of Tasmania, a man who bears such a name as that of DU CANE might have been made Minister of Education.

THE HOT WEATHER.

COOL CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR ED.—Can't do anything for you this week. Too hot. See lots of jokes in embryo.

Shadynook Cottage, Riverside.

Yours, warmly,
H. T.

From JOHN SLACK to P. TIGHTFIT (Tailor).

SIR,—Your account is probably correct. Can't find choquo-book too hot to look for it. Wait for the rain.

V. S.

Replies from people to whom Orders for Theatre have been sent.

DEAR BOY,—Thanks very much. I return the orders. Glad of 'em later on. Congratulate you on the success of the piece, which I see from the papers is drawing crammed houses. We leave town to-day.

Yours,
Hook.

DEAR SIR,—Mamma is much obliged for your kind present, but thinks it is too hot for the lace. At another time, in the winter, we shall all be delighted.

ANNIE SPINK.

DEAR BOB,—You *never* send me a stall when there is something worth seeing, but *now* when I am told your piece doesn't draw a half-penny, and when the very idea of sitting in a stuffy ill-ventilated theatre is enough to choke one, you send me a packet of six tickets. No, thank you. When I *want* to see your trash, I can choose my own time and pay.

Your affectionate Uncle,

BARNABY GERUFFIN.

P.S. You needn't call, as I leave town for Summer Vale to-day. I didn't pay in that sum you asked for two weeks ago, because you say you are doing so well, and the advertisements announce your piece as a genuine success, drawing crowded houses. You must be making a fortune, in which case you won't want any assistance from your uncle.

B. G.

To JOSIAH CRUMP, Esq., of Little Snigg Court, Lombard Street, from LEONARD SLIGHT, Esq.

DEAR MR. CRUMP,—You asked me to dine with you in the City at five o'clock yesterday, and I accepted. I regret to say that I am called away on most serious and important business, and am therefore utterly unable to fulfil my engagement. I will see you the first time I come to the bank.

Yours, truly,
LEONARD S.

From LEONARD S. to GEO. SAUNTER, same day, earlier.

DEAR GEO.—All right. Thermometer nearly 100° in the shade. Dine up the Thames. Can't stand old CRUMP and the Governor's fogies in the City. Throw him over.

Yours, ever,
LENNY.

From MRS. CAPPERIS to her Husband.

DEAR ARTHUR,—Am I to take the children away or not? London is so hot. When do you return? Shall I meet you at Brighton? Or send the children to Brighton, and come to you at the Isle of Wight? You have been so long away, and you said you'd only be a week.

Your affectionate wife,
LETTY.

P.S.—Why haven't you written?

From ARTHUR CAPPERIS to the Same.

DEAR LETTY,—Take the children to Brighton by all means. Do not come on to me here, as my movements are so uncertain. I will join you at Brighton. If possible I will get LORD RUDDERFORD to bring me round in his yacht. This little trip has done me a world of good, you will be glad to hear, and in that case I am sure you would be the last to grudge me an extra day's holiday, even though it does keep me a little longer from you. Longing to see you and children again,

I am, your loving husband,

The Island. Yacht Club.

ARTY C.

P.S. I have written. The posts are so irregular this hot weather. Do not be alarmed if I don't arrive within the week.

To D. DODGE from P. ORPER.

DEAR D.—I shall be in town to-morrow. Do settle up for last Derby. I want it. Will see you.

Yours truly,
P. O.

From D. D. to P. O.

DEAR O.—Sorry I'm just leaving Town. You won't see me. The place is too hot to hold me.

Yours, off,
D. D.

YES, FOR "JOSEPH"—AND HIS BASE BRETHREN.

THE Music Hall gentry had a great gathering the other day, for a purpose which we should approve, if we did not hold that the Music Hall, as at present conducted, is so pestilent a nuisance that charity can have nothing to say to it. One of the performers had grace or shame enough to deliver some doggerel in which he deprecated the wrath of *Punch*, on the ground that everybody must live. It is the plea usually heard in the dock, and the answer is, "Yes; but decently." But as it is of no use telling the Music Hall folks what gentlemen think of them, perhaps they would like to know what the respectable artisan thinks of them, and of the spirit in which it is not impossible that he may deal with them. Here are the words of the organ of hundreds of thousands of the skilled artisans and the Trades' Unions, in fact, and we recommend them to special attention:—

"To these glaring temples of dissipation our youth are nightly attracted; where they are being gradually trained to drinking habits; where their minds are debased by the low songs and vulgar exhibitions provided for them; and where their morals are undermined and corrupted by contact with loose associates, when their blood is fired and their brains bemuddled with drink. . . . The expenditure incurred in those places of amusement keeps young men poor; causes marriage to be greatly postponed—to the increase of vice; or, if entered into, without the necessary provision for making a comfortable home; while the habits they acquire by going there will too frequently cause them to neglect home and family for their nightly amusements. The temptations of those places have also too frequently caused persons to have recourse to unlawful means for gratifying them; and too often to forfeit place, trust, position, and character. That the young should seek amusement is natural, and that the man of toil also should at times seek relaxation and enjoyment after the labour of the day; but the great evil is in permitting those amusements in connection with public-houses—may, to license those places in preference to places of amusement unassociated with drink. . . . To license, in connection with them, music, singing, farce, and folly, to beguile the young and thoughtless, and to lend them into habits of drunkenness and vice in life's earliest spring, is a disgrace to the magistrates that license them, the Government that sanctions, and the Legislature that permits them. The publican interest is already the corrupting curse of many of our towns and villages."

So says the *Beehive*, speaking the sentiments of the Working Man. We do not think that he will see much force in the mewing plea of "must live."

ZADKIEL ON THE PAST.

RIGHT again! Meteorologists have questioned whether the moon has anything to do with the weather. Perhaps it has as much as the stars have; and that is a great deal. Read old ZADKIEL'S

"WEATHER PREDICTIONS, July, 1868.—Storms, hail, and thunder at first; 3rd and 4th, ruin; high winds, thunder, fair intervals; 6th and 7th cool, some rain; 8th to 11th, fair, dry air; 13th and 14th, heat, lightning, and meteors; 15th and 16th, rain and thunder prevail; 18th and 19th, fairer; 21st, violent thunderstorms all through the land; 23rd, cloudy; 25th, very unsettled; 27th and 28th, misty, drizzling rain prevails; 30th and 31st, cool and cloudy. Much rain this month, and on the 21st day violent thunder; deaths frequent by lightning."

Observe, the concluding italics of the foregoing prophecy are ZADKIEL'S OWN. What are they meant to imply? When one man says to another, with reference to anything disagreeable to him which that other is going to get, or intends doing, "Much good may it do you," we know what he means. ZADKIEL'S meaning was the same as that when he announced "Much rain this month." Obviously.

Seeing what a hit has been made by ZADKIEL in foretelling the drought, we should be prepared to find his exactness equally instanced in the prediction of future events. But herein ZADKIEL is transcendental. After having distanced MERLIN, and outshone the very lucidity of clairvoyance in foreshowing the weather we were to have in July, he excels even himself by enumerating under the heading of "Voice of the Stars," this startling item of things to come in August:—

"At 5 h. 11 m. 30 s. A.M., on the 18th, there will be a new Moon (a total eclipse of the Sun) in about 25° 28' of Leo. This will overthrow the power of THEODORS in Abyssinia, and open up his country to civilisation."

'Fore Heaven this is a more excellent prophecy than the other! The total eclipse of the Sun in Leo, due on the 18th instant, and destined to smash THEODORS, was, in effect, whilst anticipated, retrospective. This is a new thing in Astrology. Truly we perceive ZADKIEL is a conjuror. His credit amongst the farmers and others who believe in him will doubtless be greatly reinforced by the astonishing success of his divinations, above exemplified, for July and August.

Fortunate on the Whole.

MR. DISRAELI'S Tragedy of *Alarcos* has many of the faults of a young poet, but it deserved better treatment than it has received. It is something to indite an intellectual drama, though an imperfect one. But he is to be congratulated on one thing. Had the play succeeded, we should have had several burlesques entitled *What-a-Larkos*.



PARTICULAR!

Adjutant of Volunteers (to Recruit). "WELL, SIR, AND WHAT COMPANY DO YOU WISH TO BE IN?"

Recruit. "AUGH! I'VE BEEN—AH—USED TO THE CO'PANY OF—AH—GE'TLE-MEN, SIR!!!!"

KILLING THE GOOSE.

(An old Moral new pointed.)

"The increase in the fares of the South-Eastern, Brighton, and Chatham Companies, that were to form the 'Great Southern Confederation,' has produced a decrease in the last published weekly returns over the corresponding period of last year:—

	1867.	1868.	Decrease.
South-Eastern	£34,350	£32,893	£1,457
Brighton	36,409	33,497	2,912
Chatham and Dover	17,499	16,042	1,457."

—Daily Telegraph.

EVEN blockheads are able to point to the fable
Experience is ever endorsing,
Whose moral proclaims that to make your gain stable,
You had best let it grow without forcing.
'Tis the tale of the goose that was wont to produce
For the goose without feathers, its master,
Eggs of genuine gold, at the rate, we were told,
Of one egg per day, but no faster.

For some time the man-goose was content to make use
Of the egg daily brought by the bird to him,
Till fired by disdain of such slow rate of gain,
A short-cut to millions occurred to him.
If his goose thus could lay one gold egg every day,
For him to put by in his bureau,
'Twas an obvious idea, inside her must be a
Mine of all the gold eggs in futuro.

The thirst for her murder prevailed when he heard her
Cackle loud o'er the egg for the day,
As, in proud sense of duty, to say, "Here's a beauty,
At the feet of my master to lay!"

"OUR DEAR OLD CHURCH OF ENGLAND."

(Genuine Version.)

Our dear old Church of England,
Let's rally round you now,
Though there's not the least occasion
For kicking up a row.
You know you're safe as ever,
And watched with loving eye,
But Dizzy (who's so clever)
Suggests a little Cry.

So, dear old Church of England,
(And none can call you cheap)
We'll make your name a war-cry,
For those who'd office keep.
Declare to win elections,
Old Mother Church so dear,
With these, our crack selections,
Yourself, and Gold, and Beer.

SERVE BOTH RIGHT.

MR. HIRAM CRAWSHAW, a friend of LORD PAULETT'S, must, as a nobleman's friend, be replete with all the moral and social virtues, but we should think that "talent was not his forte," as somebody said. At Brighton Races he does three wise things. First, he proposes to give money to one of a gang of the impudent and filthy mountebanks who are called nigger minstrels. Secondly, he gives him a napoleon. Thirdly, on the cunning cad returning what he could not easily dispose of, Mr. H. C. gives him a sovereign, and asks for nineteen shillings. Of course the greasy thief bolts with MR. HIRAM'S money. Luckily a lady's keen eyes detect the fellow at Lewes Races, and he gets six weeks with hard labour, a fortnight more than most ruffians get for brutal assaults on women, and not more than, comparisons aside, he deserves. But we hope that MR. CRAWSHAW is not unduly proud of his own cleverness. *Punch* might not have mentioned it, but has no kindly feeling for folks who encourage dirty nuisances, and he would be glad that everybody who does it were fined £1 as MR. H. C. has been.

MARRIAGES WHICH ARE NOT "MADE IN HEAVEN."—
Lucifer Matches.

So he took with his knife goosey's innocent life,
And, without the delay of a minute,
Disembowelled her corse, av'rice stifling remorse,
Groped eager, and found nothing in it!

That blind goose-dissector was sure a Director
On some Southern Line of his region,
Who accustomed his public to humbug or hector,
For his daily gold egg put the *squeeze* on,
Till at last putting screw on to force out a new one,
He finds the more sternly he squeezes,
Far from new eggs out-shelled, that the old egg's withheld,
And that geese can't be bled as he pleases!

Though our WATKINS and LAINGS and MANGLES' gainst sayings
Are proof, let the week's *doings* teach 'em,
If travellers think proper to put on the stopper,
E'en on Railway Directors, they'll reach 'em.
If you cut up your geese, that they'll not only cease
For your needs to lay gold eggs enough, Sir,
But the eggs will be lost, and the geese, to your cost,
Will cut up exceedingly rough, Sir.

Another Dainty.

A NEW relish may shortly be expected to appear on the breakfast-table. According to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, news has arrived from the German North Pole Expedition, one item of which reads thus:—"Potted six ice-bears already." Epicures received this intelligence open-mouthed. FORTNUM AND MASON instantly telegraphed to secure the whole consignment. Great uneasiness in certain quarters in the Zoological Gardens.

A STUMP ORATOR.—A'Dentist who talks about himself.

OUR FISH, FLESH, FOWL, AND NATURAL HISTORY COLUMN.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.



ISHING not to be in any way behindhand with our more generally Sporting Contemporary, *Buckland and Water*, we have for this particular season established a Special Editor to answer all inquiries on matters connected with Fishing, Shooting, Hunting, the Management of Farms and Dairies, &c., &c., and to give information on all subjects connected with Natural History. Any one forwarding specimens of curious animals, fish, or birds, in a hamper, or box, carriage in all cases

prepaid, must send questions and full particulars. Address to the Office.

Lusus Naturæ from the sea-shore will be microscopically inspected. Animalculæ not objected to.

Insects will receive every possible attention, and be returned without loss of time.

It is necessary to issue the above public notice, as having only hinted our intention to a few friends, we have not received either so many specimens as we could wish, nor of such a nature as would show that our end and aim had been fully appreciated by those with whom we had communicated.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR SIR,—What's this? Yours, WARWICK.

[We don't know what the deuce it is, but directly the hamper was unpacked, it flew at us, growling and barking fearfully. We (the Editor and clerk) ran up-stairs, leaving the door open, and were delighted to see the beast, which must have been something between a bloodhound and a pole-cat, run out into the street. We think the police will have some difficulty with it.—*Sporting Editor*.]

SIR,—I send you some remarkable fish. What do you think they are? Yours, ANGUS.
Forfarshire.

["What do we think they are?" We didn't want to open the hamper to know what they were. The carrier fainted when bringing them in, and though they were immediately kicked out, yet lime has had to be placed in every room, and the clerk and myself sniff scent-bottles full of disinfecting fluid all day. The police have threatened to indite us for a nuisance. If so, we shall say it was you, and give your name and address in Scotland.—*Sp. Ed.*]

SIR,—We netted some very beautiful specimens of the winged —, I forget the Latin name, but you'll know it directly. It has been asserted that they are perfectly harmless. Yours, DEVON.

[The ten biggest Queen Hornets we ever saw, and of the most fierce and savage description. Luckily we let the clerk open it. He has been laid up ever since, and now sends a solicitor to us. You'll get in a row.—*Sp. Ed.*]

SIR,—I send you some beautiful red-legged grouse, and hope that if you see anything curious about them you'll let me know. Yours, HAMPSHIRE.

[Thanks. They have not come yet.—*Sp. Ed.*]

[** We re-open this column to say yes they have. But why didn't you send them before? There are many things very curious about them. Bring an action against the S.W. Railway.—*Sp. Ed.*]

SIR,—My youngest child found the inclosed insects in a bed of our lodging-house. We captured them under a large glass. I send 'em all up to you as they are. Have you ever seen anything like 'em before?

MARGATE.

[Anything like 'em? We can't get rid of 'em, and are bitten, all over, dreadfully. Don't send any more.—*Sp. Ed.*]

SIR,—In compliance with your request, I send a queer animal from our farm. He is only a little queer, but he will be a great deal more so when he arrives.

Yours,

JOHN.

Oxfordshire.

[Driven here with difficulty. In the back-yard now. There's no doubt about it. It is a bull, and as mad as a hatter. The Clerk inspected him through the keyhole of the door. The bull butted it down, and is now in the passage. There is a crowd outside, but two policemen are sent for with guns. This is not the sort of specimen required.—*Sp. Ed.*]

Friends at a distance will please accept this intimation.

In answer to "ANGLO-INDIAN'S" query, we are sorry to decline, but we have no space for Elephants. The "NIGHT HUNTER" suggests that a Hippopotamus he has got for us might go in the tank; and if we'd let him lie down in the kitchen at night, we shouldn't be troubled with any more black-beetles. Many thanks; but don't send it.—*Sp. Ed.*

SIR,—We have a perfect plague of flies here. There are thousands. How can we get rid of them?

Rose Cottage.

[Easily. Purchase a small quantity of laudanum, and mix one tea-spoonful with half-a-pint of cold spring water. Procure the finest squirt you can possibly get. Take each fly separately, and pressing his cheek-bones gently, force him to open his mouth. Then squirt in about three drops of the poisonous fluid, and the consequence will be instantaneous death to the fly. If a female fly, one drop more will be necessary. In a short time you will be entirely free from the nuisance. If not, write again.—*Sp. Ed.*]

SIR,—Are humming-birds ever seen in England? Yesterday evening I saw a small creature which at first I took for a wopps: then for a moth: but on closer inspection I found it to be uncommonly like a small bird, with wings and bright sort of shot-silk body. It had eyes as brilliant as toads, and it worked itself along not by its wings but by the tail, which acted on the principle of the screw-propeller. I heard it humming to itself, but could not clearly distinguish the air. I fancy it was a reminiscence of "Not for Joseph." Was this a humming-bird?

Jos. Morris.

Broom Lodge.

P.S. I was quite sober at the time.

[What you saw was an insect not uncommon in these islands. It was not a humming-bird, though in some respects resembling that ornithological species. Just as the Lady-bird is a link between the insect and bird world, being named equally "Lady-bird" or "May-bug," so this insect you saw we have not the slightest doubt is not a humming-bird but a "Hum-bird," or, more commonly speaking, a "Hum-bug."—*Sp. Ed.*]

SIR,—Having lately had a reverse in fortune, I have been obliged to give up my house in Belgravia, and take up my residence in Camberwell. How can I acclimatise my wife?

DULCIS GUGLELMUS.

[By sensible and manly example, by judicious and kindly reasoning, you may soon convert the useless Belgravian fine lady into one of the most valuable specimens of the Camberwellian Domestic House-Wife. The trouble of acclimatisation may cost you something at first, but you will save much, and, in fact, be a great gainer, in the end.—*Sp. Ed.*]

MITES IN CHEESE.

SIR,—I send you some cheese. Are they Mites, or not? If not, what? Whatever they are, how many are they?

Yours,

FRUMMAGE.

[Mites! ants! worms! small flies! which leapt out directly the basket was opened, and are all over the place. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. If we knew your real address, you'd hear something more of this. Send it.—*Sp. Ed.*]

SIR,—We cannot make out whether these are gnats or mosquitoes. Take a bite, and try. I enclose several live specimens.

Yours,

BITUMEN.

[Both, confound you! We (the clerk and myself) have been laid up for two days. Who's your solicitor?—*Sp. Ed.*]

THE PREMIER'S ASSISTANT.

In the work of educating his party in Parliament might not MR. DISRAELI find a right-hand man in the Usher of the Black Rod?

THE DIRECTOR'S OPERA.

ACT II. SCENE I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Captain Macheath,	Wat Dreary,	Harry Paddington,
Jemmy Twitcher,	Robin of Bagshot,	Mat of the Mint,
Crook-finger'd Jack,	Nimming Ned,	Ben Budge.

SCENE—An Office near Whitehall.

Jemmy Twitcher, Crook-finger'd Jack, Wat Dreary, Robin of Bagshot, Nimming Ned, Harry Paddington, Mat of the Mint, Ben Budge, and the Rest of the Gang at the Table, with Pens, Ink, Foolscap in Quantities, Time-tables, Ready Reckoners, Railway Bills and AEs, Clearing-house Registers, Balance Sheets, in various Stages of Manufacture, Accounts, cooked and uncooked, Bottles, Glasses, &c., before them.

Ben. But prithee, Mat, what is become of thy Partner *Jemmy*? I have not seen him since the Wind-up of the Diddlefex Credit Foncier.

Mat. Poor *Jemmy* had an Accident last *Old Bailey Sessions*. He tried a financing Touch to the Tune of a cool Hundred on exactly the same Principles that had carried him, with Honor and Profit, through Operations of Hundreds of Thousands. The Beak called it Swindling, and was heartless enough to commit him. All the Wit in *Westminster Hall* could not drive into the wooden Pates of a *Central Criminal Court* Jury the wide Distinction between Fraud and Financing, and now poor *Jemmy* is among the twopenny-halfpenny Rogues in Grey and Yellow at *Portland Quarries*!

Ben. How are your common Juries, of peddling Tradesmen, to be expected to understand high Finance?

Ned. How came it *Jemmy* did not challenge?

Crook. Or claim to be tried by his Peers—a dozen of Directors?

Wat. Ah! *Jemmy* was before his Time, Gentlemen.

Jem. The more Reason, Gentlemen, we should not be behind ours—the Present. It is our duty to make the most of our Occasions. Whatever squeamish Sentiment may scribble, or pragmatical Prudishness may preach, shall we allow the Law to be levelled at us? It cannot, if we do but maintain ourselves above the Level of the Law. Down with all Cant, say I! Are we more dishonest than the Rest of the Commercial World? What we win is our own, by the Law of *Number One*, and the Principles of Mutual Assurance—Unlimited.

Crook. Where shall we find such exemplary Christians as our noble selves—a Body so exact in doing (those) as they would be done by, under the like Circumstances?

Wat (turning up the Whites of his Eyes). What, though I may have passed through the *Bankruptcy Court*! My Labours shall yet be blessed with Increase! Whom is Heaven to help if not us who never fail to help ourselves?

Robin. Well said, honest Wat! And though we may not all have thy Gifts in the Pulpit, we are Men, I will say it, of proved Courage, and indefatigable Industry!

Mat. Who is there here that would not stand in, or lie out for his Friend?

Harry. Or that would not cook an Account for his Company's Interest?

Robin. Or his own, either, if you come to that?

Mat. Shew me a *Towzery Gang* that can say more!

Jem. Enough blowing of our own Brass, Gentlemen. If they will not let us combine by Law, we will do it without. We here proclaim a joint Partition of the Country among us. Every Company hath an indefeasible Right to its own Field of Supply, and as Supply depends on Demand, 'tis our duty to demand all we can screw out of our Passengers' Pockets.

Wat. We but retrench the mischievous Superfluities of Simpletons for the Profit of the sharper Portion of Man-Kind. We hate everything in the World that is green; and whenever we see the Colour, our Instinct bids us change it to a Dun-brown. Cash was never meant to be locked up in the *Bank Cellars*. The Fundholder is your true Robber of Man-Kind. He cribs, cabins, and confines the Capital that was meant to fly over the World on paper Wings, and multiply *ad infinitum* under the Alchemy of the Financier's Bill-Stamp! Where can be the Harm of taking from others what they have not the Wit to make more than *Three per cent.* of?

Jem. Enough, Gentlemen. Our new Fare-tables are settled. Good Luck attend us all! Let us drink our next merry Meeting, and I will give you the right Railway Directors' Song and Sentiment—"Tax every Class!"

AIR. "Fill ev'ry Glass, for Wine inspires us."

*Tax every Class, for Law permits us,
And fits us*

*On Men's Purjes to lay Hands:
Of unrea's'nable Demands*

Our Conscience it acquits us!

Chorus—Then tax every Class, &c.

SCENE II.

To them enter Macheath.

Mac. Gentlemen, well met! My Heart hath been with you this Hour. But a parting Shot at our inveterate Persecutor *Redesdale* hath detained me. No Ceremony, I beg you!

Harry Pad. We were just breaking up, after approving your new Rates of Fares. Ah, if the Lords would but have allowed your brave Heads of the *South* to work in Company. As it is, you must operate all the more manfully, each on his own Line. You must teach these Rogues what it is to throw Obstacles in the way of Directors in Difficulties. Though we work the other Side of the Water, You have our good Wishes. We have had too much Squabbling. What a Plague, Gentlemen? Are we not Comrades, after all? I should be the last Man to recommend a good Understanding had I not discovered its important Bearing on Dividends. There are Directors on the Northern and Western Lines who may be worth speaking with—

Mac. I have heard also Whispers of such—but—

Harry Pad. But what, Sir?

Mac. Is there any Man here who dares insinuate anything against my Honor?

Mat. We are all ready to bear Witness to it!

Mac. My sworn Truth to the Holy Alliance of Directors?

Mat. I'll be answerable for it.

Mac. In dividing our Booty—in Advance, more's the pity—have I ever shown the least Marks of Avarice or Injustice?

Mat. By these Questions, something seems to have ruffled you. Are any of us suspected?

Mac. I have a fixed Confidence, Gentlemen, in you all, as Men of Honor, and, still more, as Men of Business: and as such I value and respect you. *Redesdale* is a Man that is troublesome to us.

Mat. Is he about to give us any more Plague? I'll have him shown up in the Newspapers.

Mac. I beg you, Gentlemen, act with Prudence and Discretion. Publicity should be our last resort.

Mat. He knows nothing of this Meeting.

Mac. The Private Business of their Lordships' House cannot go on without him. He is a Man who knows our Game, but he is a necessary Nuisance to us. We must continue to treat him with a certain Deference, for the Moment we have him dead against us our whole Gang is at a Dead-lock in the Lords.

Mat. But stop his Mouth, and who shall dare wag a Tongue against us! In that way, I grant you, he is of great Convenience to us.

Mac. Make him and the World believe we have quarrelled among ourselves, which we can't afford to do, of course. Let us continue to squabble in Public, but in our private Meetings we can settle Matters pleasantly.

Mat. Your Instructions shall be observed. 'Tis now high Time for us to repair to our several Offices. So till next Clearing-House Day we bid you Farewell!

Mac. I shall with myself with you. Success attend you!

AIR. March in *Rinaldo*, with brass accompaniments.

Mac. Let us take the Road!

*Now, the happy Hour approaches,
When we'll rob Trains like Stage Coaches,
So of Fares we'll raise the Load!
To the Law we'll hold!
Your Dick Turpins were but Asses,
Our Game their Game surpasses,
And the Public's bought and sold!*

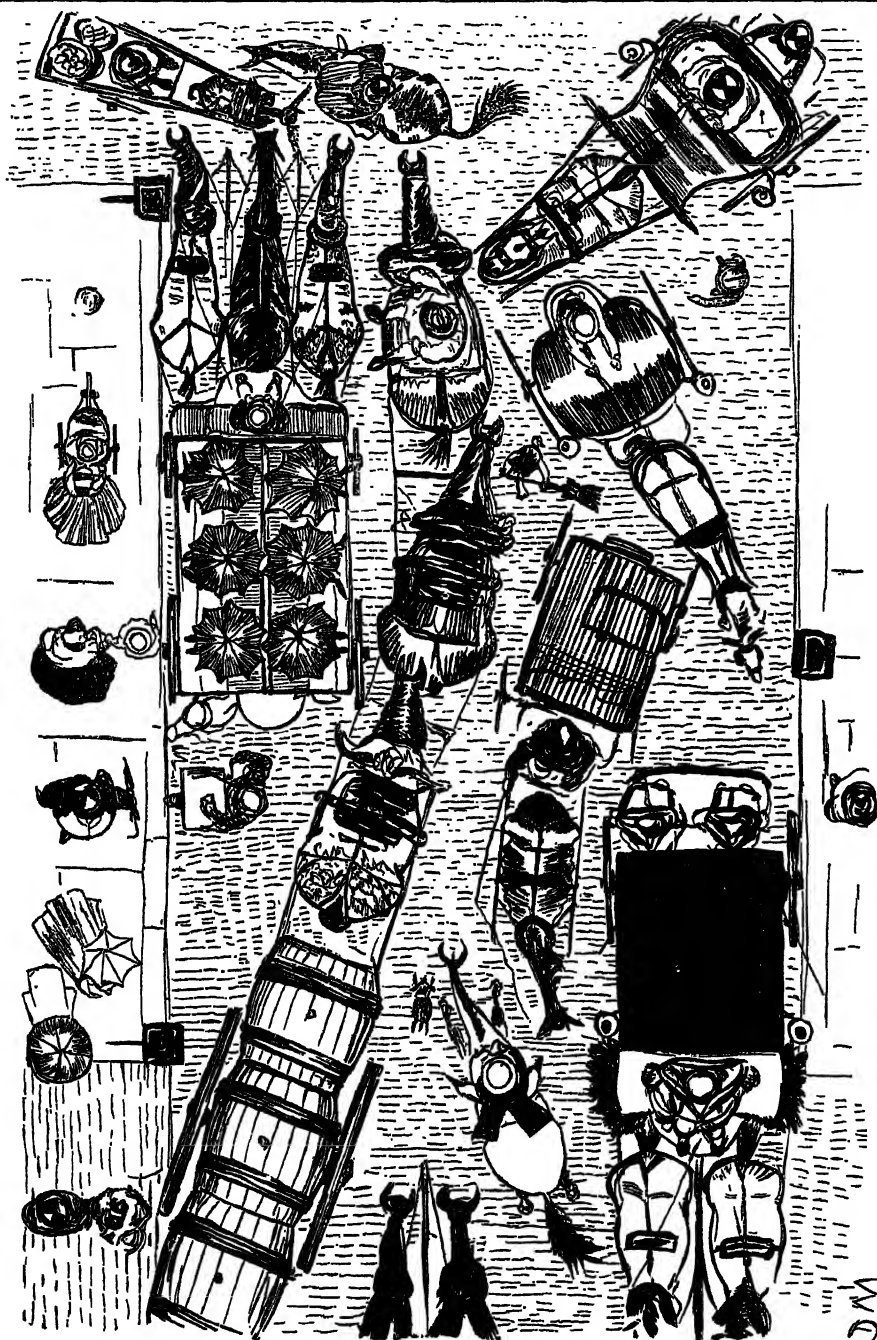
[The Gang, ranged in the Front of the Stage, brandish their Tariffs, double-load their Fares, and flick them in their Pockets; then go off, singing the first Part in Chorus.]

SPORT FOR BLACK-LEGS.—The Negro Race.

PATER PUNCH'S BEACH-MUSINGS.

'Tis the season of sea, when from business set free,
Britons crowd for their sniff of the briny;
To Neptune's embraces entrust their nude graces,
And come out of them shivering and shiny.

When the lodging-house shark preys from dawning to dark,
And the shark's victim, married or single,
Of his cash "ducks and drakes" as submissively makes,
As he makes of flat stones from the shingle.



SPOTS IN THE SUN,

OBSERVED BY MEANS OF AN EXQUISITE 17 FEET 6½-INCH REFRACTOR FROM THE
CELEBRATED MUNICH WORKS.

("We know that the whole of the Sun's surface is in a state of continual agitation. The spots break out, vary in form, &c."—*Cornhill Magazine* for August.)

a villainous hand, and to give them to your servant to post, who, not wanting to wet her feet, gives them to the butcher's boy when he calls, who, not being at the moment *en route* for a post-office, carries them in his pocket until he can entrust them to a butcherly young friend, who puts them into his tray and finally jerks them down an area, the probabilities of their being delivered are somewhat reduced. But direct your letter in a legible hand, with no fewer and no more words than are needful, and post it yourself, in a mild but determined manner, and, GLADSTONE's head to REARDEN's, your missive arrives safely. *Mr. Punch's* complaint of the Post-Office is, that it delivers much too regularly, and much too often, correspondence which is simply waste paper; but that is not the DUKE OF MONTROSE's fault, but *Mr. Punch's* misfortune.

'Tis the time when small children find
rapture bewild'ring,
Beechen spades and tin buckets in plying,
And the sand of the beach over all in their reach

In their infantine joyance send flying:
Tuck up small skirts and blouses to pile
their sand-houses,

Then follow their elders' example,
In cutting a way for the sea to make play
With the walls they have toiled hard to
trample.

As *Punch* watches the joys of the small girls
and boys

With a sage's and parent's indulgence,
While he blows the blue cloud well-earned
leisure enjoys

In this August's extra-effulgence,
He thinks to himself, how mau's mirrored
in elf!

Though in one respect best the child's
state is,—

That the game on which Elders are wasting
their pelf,

Here Youngsters are playing at, *gratis*!

See that dark-eyed young rogue with a
marked Hebrew brogue

Defending yon sand-piled erection,
'Gainst assailants who bring each his GLAD
STONE to fling

Through the wall the Jew trusts for
protection.

'Tis an emblem of DIZZY, and GLADSTONE,
one busy

In breaching the other's sand-castle,
While the agents their steady *residuum* get
ready,

And at candidates' cost hold free wassail.

Just 'as sure,—mused old P.,—as the
wash of the sea,

That Hebrew's sand-wall will devour,
Will the tide of opinion assert its dominion
O'er the sand-house called Ireland's
Church-tower.

What yon grey pile on land is to this pile
of sand,

On which so high perched that Jew lad is,
That, if truth must be told, in strength,
health, breadth, and hold,

Is John Bull's Church established, to
Paddy's.

JUSTICE TO THE GRAND ST.
MARTIN.

THERE is good sense and justice in a paragraph which we beheld the other evening in the *Glowworm*. Somebody wrote to it, alleging that the Post-Office did not deliver his letters regularly; and the luminous journal intimates, in reply, first, that it does not believe him, and, secondly, that if his letters miscarry, it is most likely his own fault. *Mr. Punch* is so terribly, yet so justly, severe upon all public departments that fail in their duty, that he deems it right to say that he endorses both the *Glowworm's* answers to its correspondent. The Post-Office does its business better than any establishment for which we pay. Of course, if you choose to direct your letters in



THE RISING TIDE.

MRS. GAMP. "O YOU BAD, WICKED BOY! I S'POSE YOU'LL BE FOR A WASHIN' AWAY *THAT* CHURCH NEXT!"

HYMEN AND LOW MEN.

ONE of the most rampant forms which Snobbism assumes, is the way in which the fact of a relationship with Swells is publicly paraded in advertisements of marriage. If the bridegroom be remotely related to a lord, or the bride's great-great-uncle be third cousin of a bishop, mention specially is made of this delightful circumstance, although the families concerned are sure to be aware of it, and it can hardly have much interest for society at large.

Descending in the social scale, this Snobbism assumes a form which is more practical, and often serves as an advertisement for those who by the etiquette of their profession, are not allowed to advertise their whereabouts, or puff publicly their works. Thus, for instance, our attention is directed to the fact that the bridegroom's second cousin is the famous DR. BOLUS, whose titles are paraded with great elaboration: or a reference is lugged in to the brother of the bride, in order that his treatise upon bunions, bricks, or boilers, may be publicly announced.

If this fashion spreads much further, small tradesmen will soon follow in the footsteps of the Swells, and advertisements of marriages will be profitably used as a means of making known the whereabouts of warehouses and specialities of shops. The bridegroom will proclaim himself the son of MR. BUGGINS, of the noted firm of BUGGINS, BADGER, BROWN AND BUGGINS, whose Emporium of Fashion stands conspicuous in Whitechapel, and will shortly be augmented by a branch at the West End. The fair bride will announce that she is the only daughter of MR. EFPHRAIM CORDUROY, of the old-established house of CORDUROY AND CADGER, whose reversible ten-shilling trousers were honourably mentioned at the Paris Exposition, and whose guinea mungo overcoats are worthy of all fame.

Dropping to another round in the commercial ladder, we may see announced the fact that MR. TIMOTHY TROTTER, Chimney-Sweep, New Cut, has espoused MISS SUSAN SWEETBREAD, daughter of the late JOSIAH SWEETBREAD, of East Smithfield; and the world will be informed that his business as a pork-butcher is carried on triumphantly by his desponding widow, by whom the largest orders will be thankfully received. Or, haply, some fine morning we may see this notice paraded in the *Houndsditch Halfpenny Gazette*:—

"On the 11th inst., at Bethesda Chapel, Minorities, by the REV. MR. STIGGINS, assisted by the REV. LUKAS O'BARNY, uncle of the bride, SAMUEL SKUNK, ESQUIRE, *alias* 'SIDMY SAMMY,' Retail Rag Merchant, Black Doll Street, to SUKEY ALEXANDRA, youngest daughter of BILL SIKES, ESQUIRE, late of Seven Dials, but now of Portland Prison.

"P.S. Best price in the trade for prigg'd dripping and old bones.

"N.B. Burglars bringing swag, must ring the second bell, and whistle."

ELECTION ADDRESSES.

I.—TREMENDOUSLY TORY.

To the Worthy and Independent Electors and Freeman of Great Briborough.

GENTLEMEN,

A NUMEROUS and influential deputation from your loyal and ancient Borough, now by reckless legislation unjustly deprived of one of its Members, having honoured me with an invitation to present myself as a Candidate for your representation in the ensuing Parliament, I accept the flattering proposition with feelings of equal pride and pleasure, and hasten to place my humble services at your entire disposal.

Being personally a stranger to you, a brief and temperate statement of my political opinions may not be deemed inappropriate, especially at a time when masks are worn and coats turned, when traitors abound, and men hesitate to show themselves in their true colours.

I glory in the name of Tory, and firmly believe that England was never so great at home, never so feared abroad, as when her Councils were swayed by statesmen who bore such illustrious names as ADDINGTON, CASTLEREAGH, ELDON, and LIVERPOOL. In the present deplorable dearth of rulers of their unwavering consistency and unshaken attachment to the Altar and the Throne, I must be content to support Her Majesty's existing Government, as the sole barrier, the only bulwark, between us and anarchy and MR. BRIGHT.

On the all-absorbing question of the hour and the day, I am firm as a rock, steadfast as a tower. I will hearken to no compromise, I will listen to no surrender. I regard with feelings, in which horror and contempt struggle for the mastery, the sacrilegious, impious, unprincipled and unprovoked assault upon the State Church in Ireland, and solemnly pledge myself that the rights, emoluments, perquisites, and privileges of every stipendiary dignitary of that venerable establishment, from the highest Archbishop to the humblest sexton, shall ever find in me a devoted champion and supporter. I tremble to think of what might follow in this our beloved country, if the plot and conspiracy of MR. GLADSTONE and his heterogeneous band were unhappily to succeed, and dare not trust myself to contemplate the possibility of the existence of our own Deans and Chapters, so dear to us by a thou-

sand ties and hallowed associations, being menaced with gradual extinction.

I think the House of Lords perfection: I regard the presence of the Bishops in that august assembly as one of the Palladiums of our glorious Constitution, and only regret that the BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN, and all Irish, Scotch, and Colonial Prelates are debarred from seats in the Upper Chamber by the jealousy and short-sightedness of a latitudinarian age.

Those time-honoured institutions of our common country, in which daring democrats and licentious levellers pretend they can discern anomalies and abuses, I cherish with feelings of unmixed pride and satisfaction; and will resist to the utmost all insidious attempts to deprive us of what the wisdom of our ancestors devised, and the prudence of our forefathers maintained in inviolate integrity. Our National Debt, our Public Expenditure, our Naval and Military administration, our system of promotion by purchase in the Army, our Bankruptcy Laws and Chancery Suits, our Diplomatic Service, our Ecclesiastical discipline, our Educational arrangements, our Religious Disabilities, our Universities and Endowed Schools, our Game Laws, our Grand Juries, our Cathedral Establishments, our Agricultural Labourers, our Poor Law, our Vestries, our Turnpikes and Treadmills, are all in turn the object of my unqualified admiration and respect; and the audacious political adventurer who may dare to lay but a single finger on a single stone of that edifice of our Constitution, which has been alike the admiration of ages and the envy of the world, will arouse my unflinching antagonism, and provoke my undying hostility.

I will not outrage your feelings by allusions to such un-English topics as the ballot, the law of primogeniture, the Bribery Bill, reduction of our National armaments, and compulsory education. Bachelor and Lieutenant-Colonel as I am, I cannot regard with an eye of favour the participation of women in the Electoral Franchise.

When returned by you as your honoured representative, you will hear me, in this great crisis of our National History, in my place in Parliament, rallying round the Throne, defending our Altars and Hearths, nailing my colours to the mast, upholding Church and State, advocating no Surrender, guarding the bulwarks of our Constitution, sounding the tocsin, uttering watchwords and words of warning, preserving our ancient landmarks, stemming the advancing tide of democracy, manfully resisting the thin end of the wedge, and unfurling that proud Conservative banner, which has for its inspiring motto, "*Stare super antiquas vias*."

Freemen! your immemorial rights I will protect as amongst the brightest jewels of the British Crown; and to all, Freemen and Independent Electors, I say in conclusion, a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, and victory is ours!

I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,

Your obedient humble Servant,

FREDERICK LORENZO DEVEREUX EFFINGHAM.

Constitutional Club, August 20, 1868.

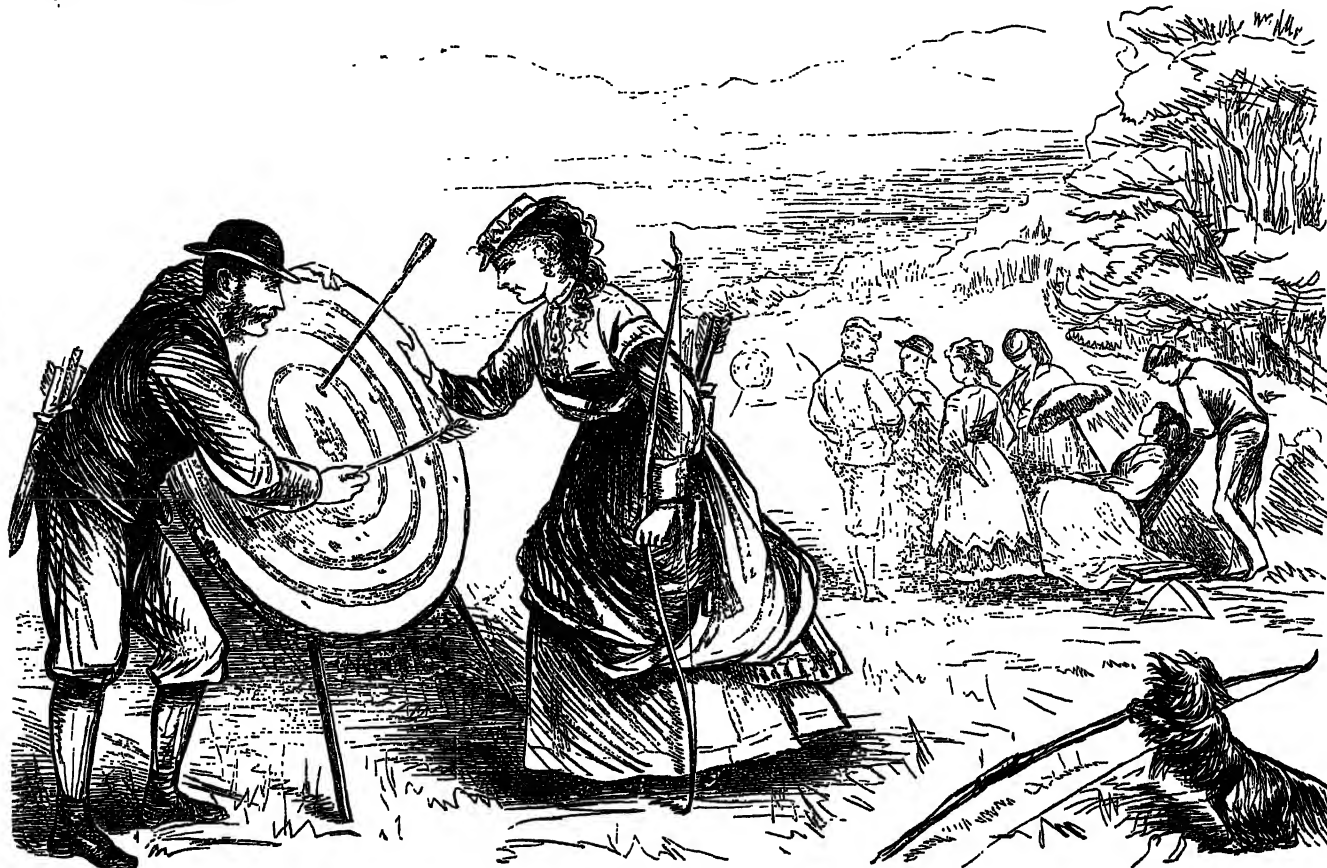


CONSCIENTIOUS INDIVIDUAL

WHO THINKS, "NOW, THAT NEITHER OF THEM CAN BRIBE, I WONDER WHICH I SHALL VOTE FOR."

WRONG, PRIMÂ FACIE.

WOMEN who make up their faces deceive themselves, if they think that by so doing they are more likely to tempt men to make up their minds.



POINT BLANK.

Ellen. "NOW, DON'T YOU LIKE THIS MUCH BETTER THAN CROQUET, AND A LOT OF STUPID PEOPLE?"

[The Major thinks he does—RATHER!]

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITH AN EAR WHO PLAYS BY IT.—SECOND SPECIES OF THE GENUS.

AFTER dinner the Guv commences politics; that is, he gives me the result of his reading during the day, which embraces the opinions of the *Times*, the *Telegraph*, *Daily News*, and *Standard*—a political salad which we mix with our own oil, vinegar, and Attic salt, if any at table. My long-lost Cousin trifles with the decanters, which always seem to be "forming" in front of him; and presently, not being interested, apparently, in any question of the day, slips a little way down in his chair, gives himself his head, and falls asleep. Being aroused in order to pass the wine, he pulls himself together for the purpose of filling his own glass (the largest claret size), and having forwarded the decanters a stage, like the Parliamentary bills we are discussing, collapses again, and slumbers. My relative gives me "himself on the *Times*," I return with "myself on the *Standard*," and so on.

We exhaust the topics of the day, including the City article and markets. I beat him easily on markets, as he never thinks of reading them, and I have the movements of the Army and Navy at my fingers' ends, this being a part of the paper he can't manage at all. As he doesn't contradict any of my statements about hops, grey shirtings, calicoes, twist, the embarkation of troops for New South Wales, and the orders from the Horse Guards as to the movements of the Household troops from Windsor to Hounslow, I have the talking all to myself for a good ten minutes, managing it judiciously and slowly.

At five minutes to ten my relative has a pain in his back, and goes out of the room, and is not seen again by me till the next morning, when he will probably inform me that he hasn't slept a wink all night. The night before one of these complaints I happened to pass his door on a late visit to the library. If ever I heard a man snore, my relative was that man. I suppose there is no smoke without fire, and no snoring without sleep. I re-passed his room an hour and a half after this, and the snoring was as heavy and regular as before. When we met in the morning he said, as usual, that he hadn't slept a wink all night. Now, what possible amusement could my relative find in lying awake

and snoring? Can a man snore himself to sleep? Can he induce sleep, gentle sleep, to visit him by correct imitation? Or I catch him on the horns of a dilemma—if he wasn't snoring, who was?

Not I: and there are no other bed-rooms near his. Do I ask him this?—no, I do not. I like Drouzemoor-Ripple, and its ease and comfort; therefore I amuse myself with these queries, and am content to let my invalid relative think that I am taken in by his constant sleepless nights.

The above digression occupies me while my long-lost Cousin is waking.

First he opens his eyes, and looks very wide awake for two seconds; then he shuts them suddenly, and is very much asleep for five seconds; then he re-opens them, shakes his head, and draws himself up in the chair; then he stretches himself, hitting out vigorously left and right, and screwing his head about as if it was new and inconvenient to him. Then he laughs at me shortly: I smile. Then he asks me, as if suddenly alive to some neglect on his part of the laws of hospitality, if I'll take any more wine? I won't—he does—throwing off a couple of glasses of sherry—"whitewash" he calls it—easily, and rising from his chair proposes "a smoke" in his room. This, falling in with my notion of comfort, I agree to it; but place before him "my room" as an amendment of the original motion.

All the same to him (a very pleasant, unselfish fellow my long-lost Cousin, I think to myself); my room be it.

Why do I choose my room, and why appreciate the unselfishness of the long-lost?

Because I can get as far as my dressing-gown and slippers, sit in my own particular seat (every man in his own room has a right, by courtesy, to his own particular seat), and when I'm tired I can "turn in," which gives the hint to your visitor to turn out. Or if he will stay, his talking will send me to sleep, and his promise to put out the candle relieves me from all anxiety.

Being in the country my window is open, so that I shan't be sleeping in tobacco-smoke, and the amount of that fumigation in the room is just enough to keep away insects. A pipe ought to have been included among *Titania's* directions for protecting the slumbers of her donkey-headed *Bottom*. Being, as I have before stated, something of an invalid—really I mean, and not only upon my relative's account—it

is necessary that I should have great quiet, plenty of rest, and above everything, that I should go to bed early.

Had I suspected for an instant that I had suddenly stumbled upon the second species of the Man with an Ear, I should have thought twice before suggesting my room, and then I shouldn't have suggested it.

We go up-stairs. Our rooms are divided from one another by another spare room, where there is no one sleeping at present.

FRED, my long-lost Cousin, is so glad I'm here—I'm so glad, I say, that he is here. I can't say more; and when two men meet, (relations mind you) after an interval of ten years, it's rather odd if the interchange of experiences is not both amusing and interesting.

I am under the impression that my Cousin has been to Gibraltar, Malta, Italy, Sicily, Norway, Sweden, Holland, Africa, America, and Canada, not to mention a long stay in Ireland and a short one in Scotland. I find that he has been to all these places, and more. Therefore, for two or three nights I can dispense with my books, and earn from him, in that time, as much as I would from hard reading in three weeks or more. "The information will be," I say to myself, wrapping myself in my dressing-gown, "served up hot and hot; or," I say, changing my trope, "the fresh-gathered fruits of recent travel."

So lighting my pipe, and putting aside *Plutarch*, Vol. IV., *Montaigne*, *COUNT XAVIER DE MAISTRE'S Works*, *SCHEMMELENG'S Semitic Races*, *DUNN'S Commerce and European Finance*, *BACON'S Essays*, *VON DULERMAN On the Hebrew Particles*, and *The Four Books of Confucius*, I await the entrance of my long-lost Cousin.

A tap at the door. "Come in!" Enter the butler, carrying a large tray with tumblers, spoons, glasses, sugar, bottles of spirits, bottles of wine, bottles of soda and Seltzer water, enough apparently for a large party.

"MR. FREDERICK said as I was to bring these in here, Sir," says PHIBBS, the butler, looking about for space on the table, and getting the thin end of the tray into *DUNN'S European Finance*, as a hint to me to assist him in clearing the table. *Bacon*, *Hebrew Particles*, *Montaigne*, *Confucius*, and my other friends are replaced by brandy, gin, whiskey, sherry, Hollands, sugar, and various waters.

"There was indeed a tap at the door," I say to my Cousin when he looks in to see if "the stuff" is all right. Anything to drink he calls "stuff," no matter what the quality of the liquor may be. By the way, he doesn't see my little funniment about the word "tap;" but only replies, "Oh, it's come up all right. Now, PHIBBS, you can go to bed." Exit PHIBBS. To me—"I'll put on my smoking-coat, and come in for some stuff." I say, "Make haste," as I have half finished my allowance of one pipe before bed-time, and I wanted to take it with his experiences of foreign countries and peoples during the last ten years. He leaves my door open, and goes humming down the passage. What tune it is I cannot exactly determine: I think the same as he hummed at dinner—"Marble Halls," with a dash of "Home, Sweet Home," and something else. It reminds me of BILSCOMBE for a minute, but I dismiss all thoughts of Men with Ears from my mind.

MISTER FRED returns. In such a smoking-coat!—made, apparently, of the most flaming and flaring carpet-patterns worked in silk! Gigantic roses, enormous dandelions, spread themselves in folds over his body, and in fact the barest apartment couldn't be unfurnished as long as he was sitting in it. He is chair-covers, sofa-covers, rug, curtains, and carpet, all in one. They are big enough to hold three cousins, being cut on the made-for-growing principle.

"You like it?" he asks, alluding to the suit.

I candidly answer that I don't know whether I do or not, being dazzled by it. My Cousin hums to himself while I inspect the dress from my chair.

"I've got another," he informs me, "all lions and tigers."

I suppose, I say, that he brought it with him from abroad—Turkey, perhaps. I throw this out, hoping that thereby hangs a tale of exciting adventure and thrilling interest.

"No," says he; "Piccadilly."

It is at this moment I perceive for the first time that he is carrying an odd-shaped black box fastened by brass catches.

"Liqueurs, eh? More 'stuff'?" I ask, smiling at my quotation from him.

"No," he returns, brightening up more than I have seen him do since his arrival—"my cornet."

"Do you play?" I ask. But why this question? Does a man carry cornepeans about with him when he can't play? Does any one in his senses lug about with him a violoncello when he is ignorant of the art of scraping its strings?

An answer flashes through my mind with telegraphic velocity, startling me like galvanism. An answer, do I say? The answer—the only answer—to the above queries.

Yes. The very time when a man, in his senses too, does carry about a cornepean, or any other musical instrument, with him, is when he can't play, and is (Gracious powers, how it flashes on me!) LEARNING TO DO SO!

I anticipated his answer. "You are learning it?"

"No," he replied (thank Heaven for that, as far as it goes! I thought to myself); "I only have a master when I want to learn some particular tune, because I have a difficulty over notes."—(Here he begins

screwing on a mouth-piece, and shaking nothing out of the bell end of the cornet.) "I always have had a difficulty since I first began."

"When was that?" I ask, hoping for the best.

"Ten years ago," is his answer, which, so far, is satisfactory. A musical man in ten years' time can't be so very bad a performer on any instrument he has studied.

"No," says he, after giving a blast through it, to try the A crook-piece, which pierced my ears, "I'm no great hand at notes: I almost always PLAY BY EAR."

The Hour had come, and the Man!

"Now," says he, playfully, "mix your liquor, and I'll give you a toon on the corny."

I grip my chair as if he was going to blow me off it, stare at him helplessly, and then he commences *The* —

What "toon" do you think?

Heavens! Such an one to play by ear!

It is * * * *

My pen seems to go "on edge," as my teeth did, while I write.

The tune he plays is * * * *

Pardon me till next week.

THOMAS A'BECKET IN A NEW LIGHT.

WONDERS ne'er will cease!

Here's ARCHBISHOP MANNING,

Hoists the flag of peace,

To bless, instead of banning,

Free-Church Congregation,

Protestant Dissenter:

E'en in "Liberation"

Circles, begs to enter:

For his Church-rule claiming.

"Do as you'd be done by:"

Persecution blaming,

"Which nought e'er was won by:"

For all sects demanding

Freedom of opinion,

Law Courts notwithstanding,

And the State's dominion.

And by way of Model-

Martyr, slain to check it—

Bless his sapient noddle—

Trots out T. A'BECKET!

It a wit of such name

Is to write down Rome Ass,

One had rather, much, name

GIL A'B. than THOMAS!

Save him who could dish up

England's Comic History,

Who could match ARCHBISHOP

MANNING's latest mystery?

Dexterously making

Friend of free opinion

Of a Primate quaking

For his Church-dominion!

For Dissenter's suffrage,

When by Lib'ral's toasted,

Offering one, whose rough rage

Would have Lib'ral's roasted,

And, by sentence sinister,

Giv'n o'er to damnation,

Each Dissenting minister,

With his congregation!

OBSERVATIONS AT GREENWICH.

As BROWN and JONES were walking not far from the "Trafalgar," they observed in a shop-window the following announcement:—

"Tea made with shrimps at eighteen pence apiece."

Observed BROWN, on reading this, "Tea made with shrimps! What a curious concoction!"

"Yes, indeed!" observed JONES. "And fancy selling shrimps at eighteen pence apiece!"

"Well, I must say," observed BROWN, "the announcement of this shrimp-tea seems a little fishy."



ENCOURAGING.

First Bystander (evidently Village Schoolmaster—ignorant set of people generally!). "DON'T SEEM TO BE MAKING MUCH OF IT, DO 'E!"
Second Bystander (you'd have thought him an intelligent Farmer, by the look of him). "AMMY-TOOR, SEEMIN' LY!"

LAST SWEET THINGS IN CHEEK.

(See Advertisements.)

MACREADY.—The only Successor to this great English Actor is **DON CHALMERS COLONA**, who has a testimonial from **JUAREZ**, the murderer of **MAXIMILIAN**, and who is therefore a good judge of the way **RICHARD THE THIRD** should be murdered.

SIR JOHN LAWRENCE.—The only Successor to this great Governor-General of India is **LORD MAYO** (late **NAAS**), who, being exceedingly clever in managing Irish Members of Parliament, must know how to control an Empire of Two Hundred Millions of Orientals.

PAGANINI.—The only Successor to this great Fiddler is **MR. COLLINS**, who says that he is **PAGANINI REDIVIVUS**, and ought to know.

GRATTAN.—The only Successor to this great Irish Patriot is **DENNIS REARDEN**, the Auctioneer, who was squashed at the end of the Session when trying to bring in a Bill for the Repeal of the Union.

SOLOMON.—The only Successor to this great Hebrew King is **MR. TUPPER**, whose proverbs are considered by himself and friends to be a trifle superior to those of the uxorious Monarch of Israel.

THEODORE HOOK.—The only Successor to this great wit, vocalist, Tory, and improvisatory, is the Great **VANCE**, Music Hall Singer, patronised by the Heir Apparent to the British Crown.

GLADSTONE.—The only Successor to this Great National Financier is **MR. WARD HUNT**, who does whatever **MR. DISRAELI** tells him to do.

LONGFELLOW.—The only Successor to this Great American Poet is **MR. WATT WHITMAN**, who scorns the vulgar trammels of rhyme and rhythm to which his predecessor is a slave, and also those of decency, which ignobly bind the majority of mankind.

SHERIDAN.—The only Successors to this Great Dramatist are a Carpenter, a Scene Painter, and a Cabowner, who, with the assistance of a few explanatory words from a dramatist, make plays that run five hundred nights.

TENNYSON.—The only Successor to this great English Laureat is the gifted author of the lyric ("received by millions with enthusiasm")—

"Let us sing fresh gales to the **PRINCE OF WALES**,
 And likewise the **PRINCESS**,
 And pray to Heaven whatever is given,
 Their shadows may never be less."

A BULL ON A RAILWAY.

UNDER the heading of "Railway Spite" a correspondent of the *Times* says, with especial reference to the North Kent Line:—

"Since the railway fares have been raised, many gentlemen have travelled third class. The railway people, however, with great ingenuity, manage to pay us out in this way; they incommode the few who have paid for first-class tickets and accommodation by introducing into their first-class carriages the ordinary holders of third-class tickets, who smoke, spit, swear, and make themselves generally disagreeable."

So then, because many decent people choose to travel third class rather than submit to extortion, the Railwaymen are doing all they possibly can to drive all of them into third-class carriages. If this is spite on the Railwaymen's part, is it not cutting off their noses to spite their faces? They seem to have borrowed a hint from the Irishmen, who, owing a banker a grudge, made a demonstration against him by burning his notes.

BOBADIL REDIVIVUS.

It appears to us that at last there is an opportunity for Exterminating the Human Race. The alteration in the law of Capital Punishment puts an end (and *Mr. Punch* records it with satisfaction) to the disgraceful spectacle of a public execution. The Black Flag tells the story, and the 13th August, 1868, when the changed system came into play in the case of a cruel murderer, is a date in the history of civilisation. Some day, perhaps, we shall teach everybody so well that we shall need to hang nobody. In the meantime, see here. A coroner's inquest is held upon an executed criminal. A jury of Quakers, or of sworn enemies to capital punishments, would bring in a verdict of Wilful Murder. If this were confirmed by another similar jury, it is clear that we must hang gaolers, chaplains, and reporters, who assisted. But then to hang these would be Wilful Murder again, if we could only get a right jury. And so in time we might execute the whole public, with the exception of the Last Men, who could then found a new universe. The idea may not be pleasant, but it is logical.

RAIL AND MAIL.—Cannot the Railway Companies be content with carrying the Royal Mail, but they must needs also levy Black Mail?



ÆSTHETICS.

Fadsby (in agony; he's a martyr to the decorative art of the Nineteenth Century).
 "OH! MRS. GRABBIT—I REALLY MUST—IMPLORE YOU—TO REMOVE THOSE CHIMNEY ORNAMENTS—UGH!—THOSE TWO—FICTILE ABOMINATIONS—FROM THIS ROOM WHILE I REMAIN HE-AR!"

[Of all the Artists, Mrs. Grabbit said, as she'd ever let her Apartments to, he was the most partic'lar.

CONFERENCE TO PUSEY.

No, PUSEY, no; it is no go:
 Your overture's made in vain.
 Any green in our eye, do you think you spy
 That you seek our aid to gain?
 We know your creed, and we can't, indeed,
 In the same boat pull with you.
 We must decline; take your own line,
 And paddle your own canoe.
 For to ourselves we'll keep ourselves,
 Your Colleges' plan won't do.
 We shall not drown, if you go down;
 So paddle your own canoe.

No peace with Rome, or those at home
 Who wear Rome's mask, say we;
 And there the vest upon your breast
 Is branded with M.B.
 Nay, PUSEY, nay, away, away!
 We never can join your crew:
 You're adrift on the tide, to the Tiber's side:
 No, paddle your own canoe.
 For, &c.

You offer one hand to the Papal band,
 And the other to us extend
 Do you really hope that we and the Pope
 Can acknowledge a "mutual friend?"
 You tell us our bark is not an Ark;
 We don't believe that's true.
 We'd trust a raft before your craft:
 Just paddle your own canoe.
 For, &c.

Of an ocean trip in partnership
 Our principles won't allow.
 You had better, a deal, have the Fisherman's Seal
 Stamped fairly on your brow.
 We must leave in the lurch both you and the Church
 That encourages yours and you.
 Our fingers don't itch for a touch at pitch:
 Go, paddle your own canoe.
 For, &c.

For Barcelona.

MR. JAMES HANNAY, we observe, has just been appointed Consul for the Spanish province of Nuts, and has also been married. Mr. Punch felicitates him on both events, and adds, with a classic humour which MR. HANNAY will appreciate, that there is a double reason for saying *Spargite Nucem*.

OUR FISH, FLESH, FOWL, AND NATURAL HISTORY COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Yes: we (the Sporting, Agricul-Horticult-etcetera-rural Editor here recently established) attend to all sorts of questions relative to Gardening, Fishing, Shooting, Hunting, Croquet, Yachting, Cricket, Fives, and anything else, including the Management of Deer Parks, Pigeons, Rifle-shooting, Ducks, Fowls, &c., &c.

Send specimens of *Lusus Nature* (not Lucy's Naturey, as one of our contributors spelt it) which will receive the greatest possible attention.

The Garden.—SIR, How do you like this sort of liquid bottled manure? We don't.

Yours, JOHN STINGO.

[You're a brute. Once for all, hampers must always be sent to the Office, not to our private residence. The children might have been poisoned.—*Ed.*]

SIR,—Can a Cricketer be a gentleman who bowls a Maiden Over and never apologises?

Yours, MISS FAIRCHILD.

[Certainly not, MISS FAIRCHILD. Such a low blackguard should be expelled from any decent Club. We hope you weren't hurt.—*Ed.*]

SIR,—I have great pleasure in forwarding you a splendid specimen of the British Mastiff, with a slight breed of bull in him. He is not at all well, and his coat is all coming off. How shall we cure him?

Yours sincerely, TOBIAS.

P.S. The beautiful creature (he is so when well) will not allow any one to come near him, so that nobody has been able to physic him. He hardly knows his own master. In order to get him to the station he was caught in a double lasso.

[He was turned loose into our office, and the cowards who brought him ran away. Luckily, we were out at the time, and have not been able to go in since. The Clerk is watching at the key-hole with a six-shooter. You must not do this again, as it is a great interruption to business.—*Ed.*]

DEAR SIR,—In the interests of the study of natural history, was the enclosed a cat?

Yours, TOM.

[“Faugh!” as *Hamlet* said of the scull, and for the same reason. Second Clerk, who opened the hamper, had to take brandy the whole day, and has played the very mischief with the accounts. If this sort of thing goes on, we shall refuse any more specimens.—*Ed.*]

What shall I do in my Garden during August? asks MARTIN DIBBLE.

Do? Nothing.

To a Gardener.—Take weeds out of the ground and burn 'em. For indoor gardening, take weeds out of the box, bite off the end and light 'em. Send samples of best weeds to us: plenty.

Please give me some directions for my Fruit, Vegetable, and Flower Gardens in this August and commencement of September? and oblige

Yours, NINI.

[Nothing more simple. Lop branches off chestnut trees, cut down rose bushes; burn mulberry trees, gooseberry, and black currant bushes; cut down the apple-trees, cut up the plum-trees, pitch into the peaches, tear the nectarines down, earth up potatoes, root up cabbages, smash the forcing-glasses, pelt the conservatories with stones, and bang the grapes with a broom, burn the pear-trees, kick up lettuce-seed, destroy the greengages, dig up the lawn, knock down the summer-house, then have tea. This will be sufficient for two days, if you're not accustomed to hard work.—*Ed.*]

THE POLITE ELECTION.

(A Model, respectfully recommended to the attention of all the Constituencies.)



REGARDING the election of a Member of Parliament for the borough of Pax-cum-Vobis as a credit and honour to the British nation, we give a somewhat fuller report of it than has appeared in other journals. There were two candidates, who, though professing opposite politics, could hardly be called antagonists, they having conducted their canvass together, and having throughout it displayed all the most kindly and brotherly feelings, an example which had a highly beneficial effect upon the borough. The Honourable VELVET

BLAND, son of LORD HONEYBALL, was the Conservative candidate, and the Liberal interest was represented by MR. GENTLE SMILER, the opulent owner of the Treacleton estates, near Pax-cum-Vobis.

The nomination took place in front of the Assembly Rooms on Tuesday. The worthy Mayor, MR. JENIAL SOLE, an eminent fishmonger, presided. The respected Vicar, the REV. DR. HARMONY, and the leading Dissenting minister, the REV. MOSES MEEK, who was driven into town in MRS. HARMONY'S basket carriage, and by that lady herself, accompanied the Mayor upon the hustings. Proceedings were commenced by MR. MEEK'S reading the Prayer-Book collect for peace, and we may as well add that they were closed by DR. HARMONY'S giving out the hymn, "Let dogs delight," from the Congregational Hymn-Book. The Mayor made a brief speech, in which he said that it was needless to ask those whom he saw before him to preserve the utmost amity and concord, as quarrels, even at election time, were unknown in their happy borough; but he would just express his hope that in the eagerness of all to exhibit good fellowship, after the nomination, they would bear in mind that the head in the morning sometimes accused the heart of being over-gushing over-night. He hoped that such a hint, coming from a fishmonger, would not be considered out of place (*Roars of laughter and applause*), or offishus (*Renewed laughter*), as he should be sorry to flounder in the discharge of his duty. The wit of the excellent Mayor increased the good-humour of the meeting, and the crowd arranged itself with the utmost consideration, the shorter persons being invited to stand in front, that they might see the better. Three cheers were then given for the ladies in the balcony, which were acknowledged gracefully, with bows from MRS. SMILER, the wife of the candidate, and (with some little modest hesitation) from MISS DARLING, who sat by the former, and to whom MR. BLAND is engaged.

MR. SYRUP (grocer) then proposed MR. BLAND, and said that, with two such candidates, it was of little consequence which he had the honour to nominate; but, having for many years supplied grocery to LORD HONEYBALL, and as MR. BLAND might remember, Everton Toffy to the junior branches of that noble house (*Laughter*; and MR. BLAND said, laughing, "Very good toffo, too. I wish I had some now") he, MR. SYRUP, had thought it not inappropriate that he should propose that gentleman. He could hardly give him higher praise than in saying that he was worthy to be a fellow-candidate with their friend and neighbour, MR. SMILER. (*Applause*, and MR. SMILER raised his hat.)

MR. ANODYNE (chemist) seconded the nomination, and said that, whatever might be the result of the election, he was sure that everybody would be delighted. Speeches were a drug, and the only one he, a druggist, did not deal in, but as a vendor of scent he would give them a scentiment: "May the perfume of politeness ever sweeten the pocket-handkerchief of patriotism!" (*Loud cheers*.)

MR. SILK NAPPER (hatter) proposed MR. GENTLE SMILER, and said that the Borough was so fortunately situated, that it could not go wrong, but that perhaps it would go a little more right in electing MR. SMILER, as he was married and settled, and could give all his time to their interests; whereas a little bird had told him that, for a couple of months, perhaps, MR. BLAND might be occupied in reference to

another union than that of England and Ireland, though it might also be said to be a Church question. (*Great applause*.) He hoped that he had taken no liberty; for, if he thought he had done so, it would make him as mad as the proverbial hatter. (MR. BLAND. "Not at all, MR. NAPPER.")

MR. FETTER BEDD (furniture maker) said that, in seconding MR. SMILER, he discharged an office which made him very happy, but he wished that the wisdom of Parliament had left them two Members, for two better men could not be found than the two before them. However, he hoped that the one they did not choose would soon get a seat elsewhere, and if he had the stuffing it, the honourable Member should not complain that it was not soft. (*Much cheering*.)

The MAYOR then looked at the candidates, but neither seemed inclined to take precedence.

MR. BLAND. Only a little older, MR. SMILER, but still the older man. Come.

MR. SMILER. The son of a nobleman, my dear young friend. Please begin.

MR. BLAND. The best manners is to do as you are bid, but I am really ashamed to be the first to address you. Gentlemen Electors—for all the electors of Pax-cum-Vobis are gentlemen—I feel that if I were to advise you in this matter, I should conscientiously recommend you to select my friend MR. SMILER, for though he cannot be more attached than I am to the institutions of our country, or more devoted than I am to the interests of our beloved borough, he has the advantage of years and experience. But "situated as I am," as you heard MRS. GERMAN REED sing so delightfully when she favoured us with a visit, you will allow me to put my modesty in my pocket, from which, as you know, I have drawn no other arguments in my favour, and to say that I should much like to be your Member. My dear old father would like it, and a young lady not a hundred miles off would like it, and I am not without hope that you would like it also. But I earnestly beg that you will be guided by your own discretion and your own conscience. One advantage I have over my opponent, or rather I will say, my valued friend. This is a great advantage, and I think, though it may be ungrateful to say so, that it ought to give me the victory. My valued friend has promised, should you elect me, to afford me in private the benefit of his best advice on all public questions. I leave the rest in your hands. (*Loud and long-continued cheering*.)

A VOICE. Ten thousand pardons, and indeed it's of no consequence, but the honourable candidate has omitted to mention his politics.

MR. BLAND. Ten thousand thanks, rather, for reminding me. So I have. Well, you know, I would not say a word against MR. GLADSTONE. (*Cheers*.) He is a splendid orator, a thoroughly honest and earnest man, a real friend to the Church, and one of whom we are all proud; but it so happens—well, as a rule, I should like to vote with MR. DISRAELI. (*Cheers, and cries of "Nothing can be madder!"*)

MR. SMILER. Upon my soul, Gentlemen, I think that you had better choose my gallant young friend, BLAND. He has spoken to-day in a way that makes me feel I am doing an unjust, and almost an unkind thing, in offering you a choice. What does it matter to me whether I come in or not? I live near you. (*Cheers*.) I know you all. (*Cheers*.) I shall see you very often. (*Cheers*.) And it is not the adventitious circumstance of being your Member that can draw us closer together. And, as he has frankly told you, he shall have the benefit of my advice, *velut quantum*. Still, having undertaken to give you the option, it would be inconsistent with my habits as a man of business to forfeit my word, and therefore, you will do as you please. I should prefer your electing him. But if you like, take me for a Session, for I shall certainly retire in his favour when he, too, shall have settled down into the sedate happiness I enjoy with yonder good woman. (*Loud cheers*.) I may as well say that I hold MR. DISRAELI (*cheers*) to be one of the most remarkable men of the day. Self-made, he has attained the leadership of a party not over-fond of men from the ranks, and he has shown extraordinary political talents, while his books are, I believe, among the most brilliant of fictions. But, on the whole, I should prefer to go into the lobby with MR. GLADSTONE. (*Cheers from all sides*.)

No other candidate being proposed, the Mayor asked whether a poll were demanded?

MR. BLAND. Couldn't we draw lots?

MR. SMILER. Or toss up?

THE MAYOR. I'm afraid, Gentlemen, that we must go on in the old way. My return made on the writ that MR. BLAND had drawn "Seated," or that MR. SMILER had cried "Woman, and it Was," would scarcely content the SPEAKER.

A COARSE VOICE. Let 'em fight for it.

There was a painful sensation in the assembly, but MR. ANODYNE, with great presence of mind, sprang from the hustings, and, rushing to the offender, administered to him a large dose of chloroform. He was speedily rendered insensible, and was conveyed to the Dove and Olive Inn, the landlord of which undertook to have him severely pumped upon by-and-by.

MR. BLAND. He's a stranger, poor fellow. Give him some dinner, and send him away. I may treat him, as he's not an elector.

MR. SMILER. And give him half-a-crown—here it is.

This was the only unpleasant incident of the day. It was arranged that a poll should be taken, and on the Wednesday it began at 10. Until the close the carriages and other vehicles of the neighbourhood were impartially used to convey electors to the poll, Conservatives driving up Liberals, and Liberals returning the civility, and the solicitors on both sides were incessant in imploring voters not to think of anything but the interests of the country. The utmost courtesy prevailed at the hustings, and when there was any crowd, the cry "New elector" instantly caused way to be made for the novice. The candidates lunched in each other's rooms all day, and suggested to each other the names of voters who had not arrived. At four o'clock it was known which had been chosen, but by common consent it was agreed that nothing should be said about it until next day, and both candidates had a bespeak at the theatre that night, the performances being *The Rivals* and *The Two Gentlemen of Pax-cum-Vobis*.

The declaration was made on Thursday, when the Mayor announced the numbers to be

Smiler	589
Bland	588

Majority for Smiler 1

MR. BLAND insisted on returning thanks for his friend. The electors could not have made a better choice. He heartily congratulated them, and if he could identify the one voter who turned the scale, he would ask him to dinner for six weeks. (*Cheers.*)

MR. SMILER, M. P., said that he thought they had not made a mistake, because his friend could now go away and be married, and come back ready to serve them far better than he, MR. SMILER, could. But in the meantime he would do his best. He called for nine cheers for MR. BLAND, and a lady who should be nameless. They were heartily given.

MR. BLAND called for eighteen cheers for a lady who should not be nameless, for she bore the honoured name of the wife of the honourable Member for Pax-cum-Vobis. When the applause had ceased, there was a general cry for "Flowers," and the Mayor, the Speakers, and the hustings were overwhelmed with showers of bouquets, which were descending when our parcel was made up for the rail.

A CHECK TO FORTUNE-HUNTERS.

SCENE—A Public Lounge.

DANBY and DRAWLINGTON meeting.

Danby. I say, old fellow, you look anxious. What's the matter?

Drawl. My friend, I am thoughtful. Let me confide in you. Listen. You know I'm engaged, and to whom?

Danby. Yes, to be sure. You are going to be married next month.

Drawl. Yes—(*hesitates*)—I was.

Danby. Is there anything wrong?

Drawl. I have every reason to believe that SAM BLUBB is very fond of LOUISA.

Danby. What, jealous? And of little fat BLUBB?

Drawl. Oh, dear no! I didn't say that LOUISA was fond of SAM BLUBB. But I'm afraid that SAM BLUBB would be likely to make her a deuced deal better husband than ever I shall.

Danby. Why so?

Drawl. Poor little sentimental beggar, he loves her to distraction.

Danby. And don't you?

Drawl. Not to distraction. I fear SAM BLUBB is worthier of her than I am.

Danby. Why, you're talking sentiment yourself! You have scruples about your feelings towards a girl with tin.

Drawl. Ah! there you've hit it—that same tin. I thought I was in for a good thing. My old Uncle said so—indeed the whole affair was his suggestion.

Danby. What isn't it all right, then?

Drawl. Well, you see, most of the tin's to come. She'll be in for it by-and-by, when an old woman dies; but those old women, when they turn seventy, do go on living so long. However, it would be all right enough some day—as the law now stands.

Danby. Then where's the hitch?

Drawl. That confounded Married Women's Property Bill.

Danby. Why, it was thrown over long before the prorogation.

Drawl. Yes; but suppose it passes in the blessed Reformed Parliament.

Danby. Suppose it does.

Drawl. Then what I want to know, before I plunge into matrimony, is, will its operation be retrospective? Will it affect a fellow who marries next month? When LOUISA's old aunt dies, say five years hence, will it cut me—if I'm her husband—out of the tin?

Danby. That's more than I know.

Drawl. Everything depends upon that. Because what should a fellow marry for, except that it's the best thing he can do? I should

be quite content to remain as I am if I could afford to live as I like without the necessity of unpleasant exertion. In fact, I'd rather. LOUISA is very good looking, and all that, and would suit me as well as any other girl; but I'm not going to take a leap in the dark.

Danby. Can you help it?

Drawl. That's a question, too. I don't know if I should be able to back out now if I wanted. Not that I positively do want: I'm only uncertain. But if I did, it would be a neat way to retire in favour of BLUBB. He for his part would be satisfied to gain her heart.

Danby. But you're the man for her money.

Drawl. Precisely so; and if I married her, and didn't get it, as I expected to, I should be very unhappy. Then I should never be able to make her happy, even if I were to try. Now, BLUBB would try, at any rate. I'm not at all sure she hadn't better let him. It all depends upon what alteration will be made by that Married Women's Property Act in my look-out.

Danby. Of course there is no foreseeing.

Drawl. Of course not. There is no prophet you can go to, even on the Turf. The "sperrits" are all humbug. It's a very puzzling position to be in, mind you; for a fellow who thinks seriously about his future prospects when he's going to be tied up for better or worse, and isn't sure it won't be for worse instead of better. Hang me, if I know what to do.

Danby. Have a cigar? (*Offers case.*)

Drawl. (*helping himself*). Thanks. Of course, what I have been saying is quite *entre nous*. (*Lights cigar.*)

Danby. Entirely; in the strictest confidence.

Drawl. You see it would be a bore to find one had missed one's tip, and got let in for an encumbrance for life.

Danby. Exactly.

Drawl. On the other hand, a fellow is afraid he may throw a catch away.

Danby. Just so.

Drawl. Farewell, old fellow!

Danby. Good-bye.

Drawl. Ta-ta.

(*Exeunt, smoking.*)

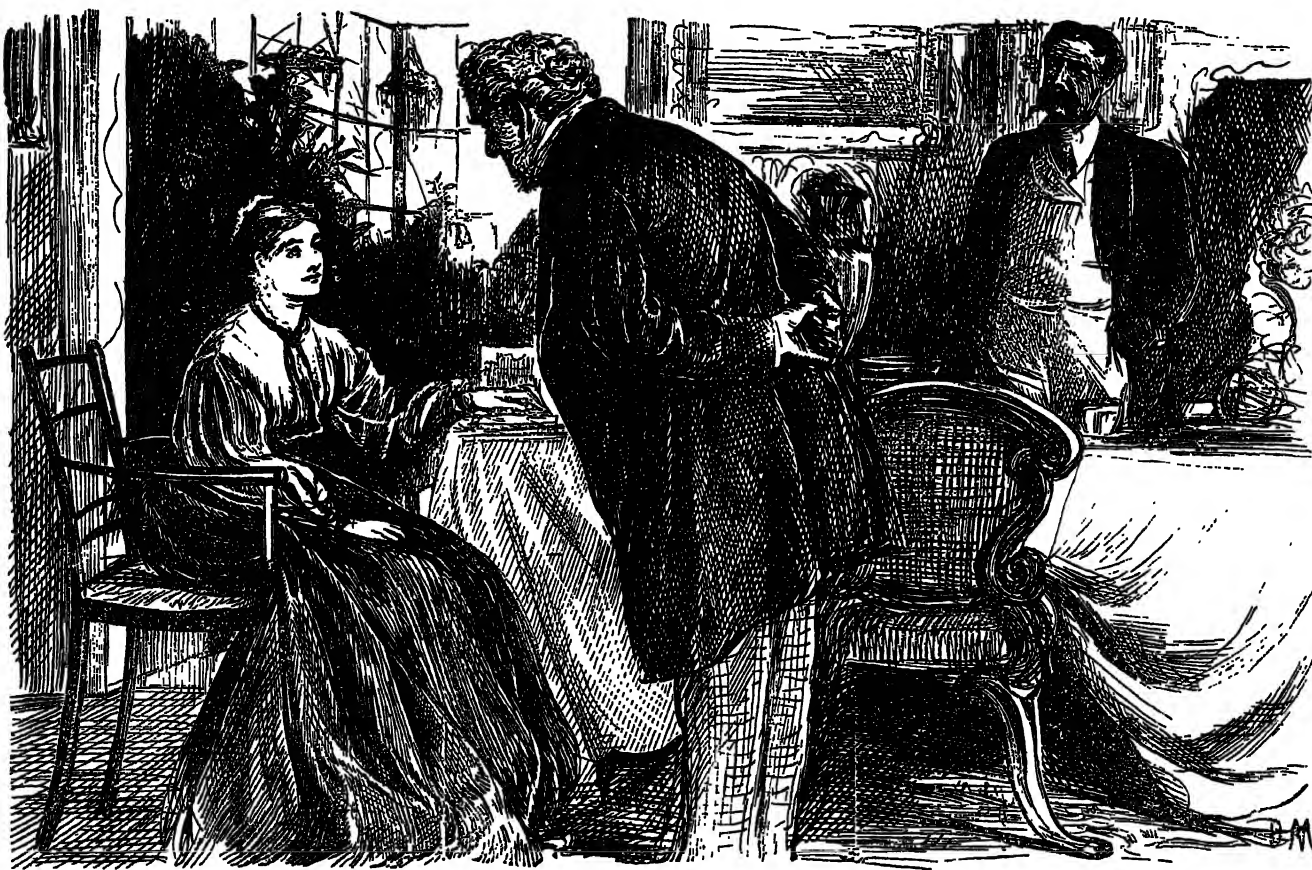


A CROSS-LOOKING ULTRA RITUALIST.

Rayther Too Rich.

THE election of M. GRÉVY, the opposition Candidate for the department of the Jura, by a majority of two to one over the Government nominee, has profoundly annoyed the EMPEROR and his *entourage*. They find the sauce of the opposition quite enough to swallow, without the addition of GRÉVY to it.

BAR GOLD.—Fees to Counsel.



DIFFERENT VIEWS OF ONE AND THE SAME THING.

Young Mamma. "I TRUST YOU SLEPT WELL, MR. MOUNTFIDGET, AND WERE NOT DISTURBED TOO EARLY. DID YOU HEAR THE DEAR CHILDREN PATTERING OVERHEAD?"

Old Bachelor. "No, MADAM, I DID NOT HEAR ANY 'Pattering!' WHAT I HEARD WAS POUNDING!"

REJECTED ADDRESSES;

OR, THE OLD DON AND THE YOUNG DISSENTER.

(Respectfully dedicated to DR. FUSEY and the Methodist Ministry in Conference assembled.)

"WHERE are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going to Conference, Sir," she said—

"Sir," she said—

"I'm going to Conference, Sir," she said.

"Shall I write you a letter, my pretty maid?"

"Just as it pleases you, Sir," she said—

"Sir," she said—

"Just as it pleases you, Sir," she said.

"Shall we make one of it, my pretty maid?"

"Name your conditions, Sir," she said—

"Sir," she said—

"Name your conditions, Sir," she said.

"How about Oxford, my pretty maid?"

"The less on't the better, Sir," she said—

"Sir," she said—

"The less on't the better, Sir," she said.

"As 'twixt me and COLERIDGE, my pretty maid?"

"Of the two, MR. COLERIDGE, Sir," she said—

"Sir," she said—

"Of the two, MR. COLERIDGE, Sir," she said.

"Then I've nothing to say to you, my pretty maid,"

"Nobody asked you, Sir," she said—

"Sir," she said—

"Nobody asked you, Sir," she said.

SABBATARIAN IGNORANCE.

THE Lords' Day Observance Society recently addressed a memorial to the Brighton Railway Company against Sunday trains. Is not the following extract a pretty specimen of a snuffle?—

"Lastly, as recognising the Christian principle of a particular Providence, we cannot conceal from ourselves the conviction of the signal instances of the Divine displeasure in two accidents on the Sabbath day, the one of which in the Clayton tunnel ended in the hurrying of several lives in the moment of time into eternity, and which, in a financial point of view, resulted in a loss to the proprietary of an amount certainly not less than £50,000."

The Christian principle of a particular Providence in cases of fatal accident is illustrated by a memorial still standing in Christian records, though it fell bodily somewhere under two thousand years ago, and killed a number of people. The members of the Lord's Day Observance Society seem not to be aware of the particulars mentioned in a certain narrative about a tower which stood in a place in Syria called Siloam, until it fell upon those people. Apparently, they are also as little conversant with modern newspapers, as with the ancient writings in which that narrative occurs. Otherwise they would know that horse-races near Paris, generally, if not always, take place on a Sunday, and steeple-chases as well; notwithstanding which, no more necks are broken on those occasions in France than there are in England. Does the Lords Day Observance Society object to Sunday Schools? Its constituents would be wiser for some lessons which, peradventure, they might be taught to read in those institutions. At present they appear to be ignorant of any history, sacred or profane, and even contemporary, evidently knowing no more about the Grand Prix than they do about the Tower of Siloam.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

"IGNORAMUS" is informed that the French novel called "*Le Blocus*" has not yet been translated into English with the title of "The Bloke."



REJECTED ADDRESSES.

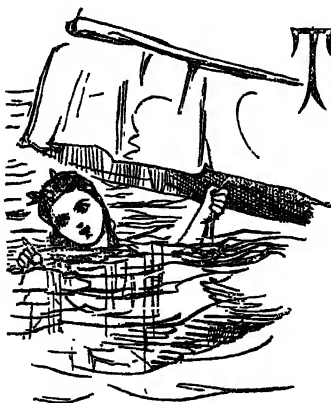
DOCTOR PUSEY. "AND, MY DEAR YOUNG LADY, IF I COULD INDUCE YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS TO LOOK KINDLY UPON MY PROPOSAL——"

MISS METHODIST. "BUT YOU CAN'T, SIR. I DON'T WANT TO GO TO CHURCH AT ALL; AND IF I DID, I'M SURE I WOULDN'T GO WITH YOU."

["DR. PUSEY appeals for sympathy to the Wesleyan Conference. His sincerity and earnestness encountered a harsh rebuff."—*Times*.]

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITH AN EAR WHO PLAYS BY IT.—SECOND SPECIES OF THE GENUS.



THE tune he plays on his cornet is *The Last Rose of Summer*. The last! I should think so; it's enough to blast a whole garden full of them. Did you ever ride a hired horse rather uncertain in his forelegs, over hard, uneven ground—say, Wimbledon Common after the Volunteers and three weeks of uninterrupted July scorching? Every other minute he's just on his nose, never quite; the next rut may bring him down, but it doesn't: you get on a bit of even, burnt-up turf, and he slips along with comparative ease until, coming suddenly upon a rough cart-road, flop goes his off-leg, and he picks himself up under the guidance, apparently, of that peculiar providence which is supposed to watch over drunken men, children of two years old, and M. LEOTARD. But the nervous system of the rider! Is RICHARD himself again for a fortnight afterwards? Does he not, *à propos de RICHARD*, call out, "Bring me another horse?" Yes, he *can* call, and he can be attended to: there's another White Surry in the stable for him at five shillings the first hour, and two-and-six the second; but I cannot say, "Bring me another cousin, who hasn't got an ear to play by." Knowing the ground he is going over by heart, I sit in agony. He is in an arm-chair, holding the instrument of torture in both hands (the fingers of one being perpetually engaged in that peculiar movement in which INGOLDSBY'S sexton indulged, when "he put his thumb up to his nose, and spread his fingers out"), his cheeks puffed out like the biscuit-bag when blown to be popped for the amusement of children, his eyes squinting hard at the moving fingers, as if, should he leave off watching them, they'd play something else, and his body is heaving up and down with volcanic throbbings. The mountain in labour, and out comes *ridiculus mus-ic*. This pun bespeaks the wretched state of my nervous system. The first three notes he has got with certainty, though slow. I know from these that he is going to attempt *The Last Rose*. "Tis—the—last"—so far safely. I tremble for the high note. He draws himself up, and sucks himself in for an effort, then takes a daring flight, and lands himself just two notes above where he wanted to go. He doesn't stop, and say that's wrong. No: he quivers on the note, balancing himself, so to speak, upon it until he can look about him and find the right perch to come down upon. He tumbles on to it—"rose." After this narrow escape I think he'll give it up. Not a bit. It's all downhill work for some time, and he does it slowly, taking one note twice over, in order to make sure of it. Singing it to myself (I can't help it), it sounds like this:—"Tis the last rose"—no—"ro-o"—yes, that's right—"rosz" (dwell upon it)—"O-of" (note encoored in consequence of being correct) "O-of"—(pause—repeat "of"—), thinks before he plays, then, suddenly, takes me by surprise with "summr:" coming on to it sharply, like closing a bag with a patent spring snap.

Continuation of tune: "I-is," hesitatingly, my Cousin's ear doesn't seem to be serving him correctly; his eyes wander for a minute, as if looking for the next notes somewhere in the air (I don't mean the tune) and working as a sort of telegraph between the ear and the mouth.

"Found 'em?" says the mouth.

"I'll ask," answer the eyes, going round towards the right ear.

"Ask over the way," says the right ear.

Left ear doesn't know anything about it. Eyes wander: right ear has 'em as near as they can be got, at short notice, being perhaps prepared for quite another tune.

"All right," say the eyes, "blow away."

Mouth blows away. "I-is blo-ew-o-o-ew-woo," hopelessly lost, as in a maze. My Cousin tries one path, then another, down on a flat so painfully wrong that he frightens himself and hops on to a sharp, which breaks under him, and by accident he alights on the right note—"bloo-ming." Gratified with this result, he returns thanks for his safety by repeating it as a long note—*MINE*: then he thinks, and shuts up the first part of the air with military crispness—*fortissimo*—alone.

Here I suggest ten minutes allowed for refreshment, in the hope of entangling him in a conversation about his ten years' travel in foreign countries. He takes his cornet from his lips, smiles upon me as much as to say, "You didn't think I could do *that*, did you, eh?" unscrews the mouthpiece, shakes the dew first out of one end, then out of the

other (which I take exception to, as I do to a man who says, "Oh, don't trouble yourself about sending for a spittoon"), and after wiping his lips with the back of his hand (which I am given to understand has a "professional appearance"), and moving his head uneasily from side to side as if he was trying to ease himself in a very stiff stock (the effect of so much blowing, I believe), he observes, that, "being dry work, he must take a little stuff (*i. e.* liquor) before resuming his performance."

He takes a stiff glass of whiskey-and-water cold. He winks at me as he informs me that there's nothing like this mixture to sustain the wind. "Why," says he, "if I want to play for a couple of hours I just take two glasses of this, and I can go on for—ah, perhaps nearly three hours without feeling the effects."

Dreadful! and his poor audience! I scarcely like to ask him if any set of people ever *had* sat out his playing for that space of time. If so, where are they now?

If he ever did entrap an audience, it must have been, as an Irishman might say, at the Deaf Asylum.

This occurs to me while he is mixing. Now is my time to get him into a narrative. Once interest him by letting him see he is instructing me and he'll forget his confounded cornet. If it is to be done, I'd better do it quickly, or quotation to that effect in my mind. By the way, as he shows no sign of going to bed, and scorns the proposition when put before him, I, contrary to my healthy rules and regulations [I am here to be quiet: well, I am; I wish he was], I fill a second pipe, and say, "You don't smoke?"

"I can't while I play, but I shall presently." (*Drinks.*)

He will presently: delicious prospect.

Myself. We haven't met for ten years. (*I light pipe.*)

My Cousin. No. (*Looks for G crook in the b.w., and speaks while thus engaged.*) Do you know "*Love Not*?"

Myself (to myself). If I say "no" he's sure to attempt it: if "yes" it may put him off, (*aloud*) Oh, yes, it's very old.

My Cousin. Yes, very; do you know it well?

Myself (feeling that I am driving "Love Not" out of the field, and perhaps, after all, it may be his only other tune). Oh, yes, very well; I recollect it at school years and years ago.

My Cousin (facing on G crook, or whatever the thing is called—I don't believe it makes any difference to him). Ah! then you can set me right in the second part. I don't exactly know how it goes.

The cornet is being raised to his lips, when I interrupt him, quickly, desperately.

"Don't you play any Italian music? From the operas?"

He shakes his head; the cornet is at his lips.

Again I arrest him. "You've been in Italy?"

He nods and frowns; the note is coming.

Once more: "How do you like Rome?"

He shrugs his shoulders, as if he hadn't found much to care for in Rome. Was he expelled by the Cardinal Secretary for playing the cornet, and irritating the harmonious Italians into an open rebellion? The question should have been, I believe, "How does Rome like you?" *Love Not* commences. Long note. *LOVE*. Very long note. I drink half a tumbler of weakest spirits and water: long note still on; my Cousin not squinting at his fingers, but staring up at the wall with a hopeless, forlorn expression, as if the tune called up some tender reminiscences.

Not. Second note. Shorter, and dying away back into the cornet. My Cousin much pleased evidently, and almost crying over his own performance, which seems to affect him immensely. Pause for breath. Great effort, and lands safely on the high note. He looks round at me in melancholy triumph. Fourth note all right. He is almost weeping.

Fifth note: uncertainty. He wanders about among a lot of notes, and picks up stragglers here and there: tries them: won't do. Improvises a finish to the first part; and, thank goodness, stops.

He doesn't think he has got the right crook. He speaks of his crooks as if he were a musical shepherd about to indulge me with a pastoral symphony.

"Very Beautiful, isn't it?" he says, sadly.

"Very," I return.

"I knew," he continues, sadly, "I knew a fellow who was buried to that."

Good heavens! was not murdering a tune enough without that? Poor victim!

"I wish I played by notes more," he observes, regretfully; "I don't practise enough. It's seldom I get anyone who enjoys music as you do."

"By the way," I say, intensely appreciating the compliment, but wishing to create a diversion, "You've been to Russia, haven't you?" He has. Good. Now for something out of him. "How do you like St. Petersburg? Grand place, isn't it?"

"Yes," he answers, "pretty well," and fixes on G crook.

"What is your opinion from experience?"—he is preparing for the second part of *Love Not*—"of the Serf system in Russia?"

"Didn't see any," he replies, and immediately commences the tune where he had left off.

Midnight. In a quarter of an hour I shall tell him I must go to bed.



CAUTION TO BATHERS.

DON'T LET THEM JOLT YOU UP THE BEACH TILL YOU ARE DRESSED.

Jones (obliged to hold fast). "HULLO! HI! SOMEBODY STOP MY BOOTS!"

MINNEHAHA'S GHOST.

(Young Lady sings. TUNE: Obvious.)

Oh dear! I have had such a fright!
 Fal la, la la, la la, la.
 I've gone through such a dreadful night!
 Lal, la la, la la, la.
 I bought, the truth I will declare,
 A thing that Fashion bids us wear,
 A chignon of another's hair;
 Fal, la la, la la, la.

This chignon was of raven hue,
 Fal la, &c.
 And oh, so nice and glossy too!
 Lal, la, &c.
 As bright as Whitby jet it shone:
 That hair exactly matched my own,
 I never thought where it had grown.
 Fal, la, &c.

Last night I laid me down to sleep;
 Fal la, &c.
 When in on me a Thing did peep.
 Lal, la, &c.
 There, standing up near my bed-post
 A Form of Red my sight engrossed,
 And cried "I'm Minnehaha's Ghost!"
 Fal, la, &c.

It pointed to the table nigh,
 Fal la, &c.
 Where I had laid my chignon by:
 Lal, la, &c.

"O Pale Face Lady, there you see
 Some hair that once belonged to me,
 I'm come to claim my property.
 Fal, la, &c.

"I fell in battle with some squaws,
 Fal la, &c.
 Belonging to the Chickasaws,
 Lal, la, &c.
 Among the wounded and the slain
 They scalped me on the fatal plain,
 And sold my head of hair for gain.
 Fal, la, &c.

"Now, I shall take away my due,
 Fal la, &c.
 And also must be off with you.
 Lal, la, &c.
 Come to the Happy Hunting Grounds,
 Beyond the Big Drink's farthest bounds."
 I cried, "Oh not for twenty pounds!"
 Fal, la, &c.

Ah, then the frightful Spectre wound,
 Fal la, &c.
 Its lanky arms my waist around.
 Lal, la, &c.
 "Come come," it cried, "ere morning break!
 Yourself and chignon I must take."
 I screamed—and found myself awake.
 Fal, la, &c.

WHY should a Chimney Sweeper be a good whist-player? Because he's always following soot.

MRS. PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HER DAUGHTER.

MY DEAR JUDIANA,

MR. PUNCH and the British Public have been so overcome with the heat of the weather that I fear there is no present chance of the following important questions receiving proper consideration at their hands:—

Firstly. Whether, on the whole, foreign travel is more satisfactory than staying at home?

Secondly. How does MR. DARWIN, or the DUKE OF ARGYLE and other naturalists, account for the regular migration of the Swell and Snob Tribe to certain foreign resorts at this season of the year?

Thirdly. What motive induces people of tolerably harmless manners at home, to lead French railway guards, policemen and other officials such a terrible life of it, going exactly where the laws of His Imperial Majesty forbids them to go, ruffling the temper of His Imperial Majesty's official army in most unprovoked ways, and refractorily persisting in their naughty ways even when under severe reproof. Poor things—I mean the Custom-House Guards! I do pity them this warm weather.

A hundred other questions I would gladly put to Mr. Punch and the British Public, but the thermometer and humanity forbid. When the weather has grown cool, I will consult the oracle; meantime, I proceed with my comments on our journey, which might fairly fill a book, or figure as *A Summer with the Snobs* or an *Autumn with the Flirts* on MR. MUDDE's list, by the side of other works of satire and entertainment.

My JUDIANA, must I confess it, in spite of your Papa's precautions, in spite of the training I have had in my capacity of wife of the wisest of men, in spite of a thousand things in my favour, I am not wise, and on occasions, a goose.

Did I not set out on my travels with all sorts of aspirations? We were not going to mix ourselves up with Snobs; we had yielded our pet ambition, the Buttons, rather than indulge in a sham; we determined to show Mrs. and the Misses GRUNDY what models of prudence and decorum Mrs. Punch and her daughter should be; and without tuff-hunting and toadying, pick up desirable acquaintances whenever chance threw them in our way.

Alas! when I compare my aspirations with my experiences, I could almost die of mortification. What trophies of a brilliant campaign we were to bring home: but let the following extracts from my diary and Mr. Punch's comments thereon, read my daughter and her sex a lesson on the Vanity of Woman's Wishes.

Neuchâtel, July 2nd.—We have got so intimate with a charming family of the highest rank, though not rich; there are five daughters, and all so sweet and simple, and with such fresh youthful complexions—one thinks they must all have been born on the same day—only I suppose five twins were never yet heard of. And then there was no pride about them, though their father was a Baronet, and titles were as thick in their families as blackberries. Dear LADY SCREWE would darn her daughters' stockings in the most winningly unpretentious way, and say, when the holes were such as to shock one, "Dear Mrs. Punch, do we not travel in order to wear out our old clothes?"

Mr. Punch. "Stuff and nonsense from beginning to end: those young ladies have looked fresh and youthful for the last fifteen years. Paint does it; and though they were so gushing abroad, they wouldn't know you in London. Everything is sham about them but their fine name, and they live on it—a sorry living, too. Proceed to the next entry."

Here I made a feeble remonstrance. "In the matter of paint I do think that you do those young ladies an injustice, my dear. I assure you their foreheads were as smooth and their lips as red as our own dear girls!"

Mr. Punch. "Which proves you know nothing about it, Mrs. Punch. Red lips in these days are a delusion and a snare. Proceed."

I read tremblingly.

Geneva, July 6th.—A sweet charming young married lady has thrown herself upon my protection, and borrowed money of me under the following circumstances. She had come abroad with her husband on a wedding tour, and at some out-of-the-way junction he had got into the wrong train, while she was looking after the luggage, and had gone no one knew where. He couldn't speak any foreign language whatever: he had got all the money, and she was in great distress—

Mr. Punch. "And you believed the story, and (in a melancholy voice) lent her money?"

"Did not humanity dictate?" I asked.

Mr. Punch. "Rarely, if ever, does humanity dictate that one should lend money. Abroad, never? Do the husbands of sweet charming young ladies ever run away from them on their wedding tour? Choose your company with more circumspection in future, and proceed."

Villeneuve, July 9th.—This is the most delightful boarding-house in the world. LORD CROTHERT hands me down to dinner every day with extreme politeness—

Here Mr. Punch made some remark that I did not catch, and I begged him to say it again.

Mr. Punch. "I said Fudge, Mrs. Punch, and I repeat the observation."

This made me so excessively nervous that I closed my Diary forthwith, and as there was a good deal of jam-boiling going on in the kitchen, I committed it, leaf by leaf, to the flames. If ladies addicted to writing would often follow the same plan, I feel sure they would experience the amount of relief that I did. Has it come to this, then, that I am a Snob in my husband's estimation? And if you and I are Snobs, my poor unsophisticated JUDIANA, who is not? Have I given utterance to the words that have dropped from the mouth of the oracle, and remained all the time unwise?

I will tell you what we will do, my child: we will find out some Marine Utopia, free alike from Snobs, Swells, and Shams, from ladies who paint their lips and cheeks, from fast novelists, and from those who affect the manners of heroines of French plays. There we will study the common objects of the sea-shore, and lead a life, so Arcadian, so inartificial and so poetic, that we shall prove to the world in general, and to Mr. Punch in particular, how entirely our Snobbishness was a foreign habit picked up on the way.

You too, my daughter, will not there be cast into the shade, as you were abroad by those highly accomplished and finished flirts we encountered everywhere. And that reminds me that some interesting notes on the subject of flirts are irrevocably blazing under the jam-pot—a warning to husbands of impatient temper!

In those lost records, I lamented, how bitterly only mothers can tell, that things should be as they are, and not as we would have them to be. Have I not brought up my daughter simply and modestly, with a view to graces of mind rather than salient attractions of dress and manner; but what follows? She is a century in advance of her age, and is as much obscured by her companions as a primrose by tulips. Who would be a GALILEO in a superstitious age; but was not his fate light compared with that of modest Miss Punch in an age of flirts, French plays, and MADAME RACHEL's cosmetics? But let us quit this world for a time, and occupy our minds with the habits of barnacles and jelly-fish and other simple pleasures. We will patronise the cheerful sea-side donkey, and in the enjoyment of its frolicsome capers, forget the existence of Vanity-Fair and all the mortifications thereof.

Your slightly depressed Mother,

MRS. PUNCH.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

INTERESTING Paper. "Report of the Earthquake Committee." Rules for Members. Each Member is obliged to be present at an Earthquake once a year at least. If not, on the fifth of November he must experience some equivalent in his own house. It is not necessary to be hurt *very much*. The Members to be known as The Earth-Quakers.

Hints for a few other Papers:—

"On the Disappearance of Deposits in Recently-established Banks."

"Researches on Spectral Analysis of the Stars," delivered by a Ghost at midnight at the Shades; licensed for spirits.

"Last Report on Drudging in the British Islands" by a Maid-of-all-Work.

"On Sponges and Poor Relations," by MAJOR DIVES, of Bath.

"Flukes from the Indian Elephant considered as unfair in true Billiards with a Rhinoceros," by PROFESSOR ROBERTS.

PROFESSOR ROLLESTON, F.R.S., on *Chikkin Hazard, Desert Islands, and Foul Play*.

"Discovery of Human Remains at Virginia Water," with some notice of the Pic-Nic Societies.

"Ethnology and the Study of the Various Races," by a Member of the Jockey Club.

Shakspeare for the Seasick.

(After a Stormy Passage.)

"If after every tempest come such qualms!"

WALKER TO WIT.

ELECTION, we all know, is a synonym for choice. But choice is not a word which we should ever dream of using in reference to people who most thrive by an election.

"SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS."

THAT Anglican out-and-outer, ARCHDEACON DENISON, is deeply disgusted with DR. PUSEY's letter to the Wesleyan Conference. He declares its *animus* is Pusey-I-animous.

THE "BREAD OF IDLENESS."—Loafing.



NOT A "SILVER LINING" TO A "CLOUD."

Adolphus (grandly; he is giving his future brother-in-law a little dinner down the river). "WAITER, YOU CAN—AH—LEAVE US!"

Old Waiter. "HEM!—YESSIR—BUT—YOU'LL PARD'N ME, SIR—WE'VE SO MANY GENTS—DON'T WISH TO IMPUTE NOTHINK, SIR—BUT MASTER—'FACT IS, SIR—(evidently feels a delicacy about mentioning it)—WE'RE—YOU SEE, SIR—'SPONSIBLE FOR THE PLATE, SIR!!!"

THE 'TISER ON THE TIMES.

OUR frothy old friend of the *Tap-tub*, in discussing the substantial grounds of the complaints against the preaching of the day, comes to the melancholy conclusion that "the universal tendency of all things human is towards deterioration. We see this," says the oracle of the Licensed Victuallers, "in everything around us. In the place of CANNING we have DISABLY; in the place of PERL we have GLADSTONE. The chair of REYNOLDS and LAWRENCE is filled by GRANT; MENDELSSOHN'S successor is STEENDALE BENNETT. So in religious places and things. WESLEY and WHITFIELD have been followed by BUNTING and PUNSHON, and BUNTING and PUNSHON have both left us, and are followed by—we scarcely know whom. In the Church NEWTON and CECIL were followed by DANIEL WILSON, and he by STOWELL and M'NEILE. STOWELL is gone, and M'NEILE has relinquished his pulpit. All things seem to tend to dulness and mediocrity!"

Not so. Most things undoubtedly do so tend. But *one* thing does not deteriorate, and that is the *'Tiser*. The oracle of the "Great Metrolopus" is as brilliant, as original, as profound, as instructive as ever.

Unlike the beer of its lords, the Licensed Wittlers, the tap of the *'Tiser* still runs as good, strong, stimulating and invigorating liquor as ever—the same true-blue, Protestant Stingo—as sweet with the malt of human kindness, and as tonic with the hop of high-principle as when it was first drawn and distributed to its admiring publics.

The *'Tiser*, alone, defies the law of "backwardation" it has discovered, and rises, daily, to higher flights of Wit and Wisdom, Patriotism and Protestantism, Love of Liberty, and the Licensing System, encouragement of Virtue and the Victuallers. A solitary exception to the universal prevalence of decline and fall, the *Tap-tub* alone bears, like a star, on its broad and benignant brow, its own exclusive motto—"Excelsior!" or—in the language of the Licensed Wittlers whom it enlightens—"Uppards!"

May its self-satisfaction never be less!

CONTRADICTION OF A MATRIMONIAL RUMOUR.

WE are authorised to contradict a report that a union has been on the *tapis* between a Divine of eminence and a daughter of the distinguished house of WESLEY. Where there is smoke there is fire, however, and some grounds have been given for the rumour. The eminent clergyman in question, having recently been unsuccessful in his courtship of a party of the Roman Catholic persuasion, had subsequently turned his attention in the direction of the Dissenting family that inherits the name of the founder of Methodism, as also the original name of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON. His overtures were deemed unacceptable, not on account of any personal or mental disqualification, for DR. PUSEY is a gentleman of the highest moral and intellectual character; but because the sentiments of those with whom he sought alliance are strongly opposed to the practices of the theological associates with whom he has connected himself. The lady's guardian, the Rev. DR. JACKSON, therefore, signified, in explicit language, that the union was impossible, and the opinion of society is that the most desirable termination to the affair has taken place.

Not a Case in Point.

WHEN the sensation-leader-writers go in for a telling article on some hard-hearted Bench, and some hard-hearted farmer, for punishing a woman for gleaning, they always lug in RUTH. They ought to remember that, according to their own showing, the Justices and farmers they are pitching into are Ruth-less.

A NURSERY TALE.

Topographical.—Who would be the nearest relation to the Pass in Boots? A Little Tiger in Tops.

THE BACK-DOOR BELL.—A Pretty Kitchen Maid.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

THE want of a complete, concise, and comprehensive Guide to the more popular watering-places has long been felt. *Black, Murray, Bradshaw, &c.*, are too elaborate for these run-and-read days, whilst the local Hand-books are full of what few care to know anything about. *Punch* therefore feels sure no apology is needed for the following descriptive pages. They will be found remarkably reliable, and must recommend themselves to the intelligent reader.

HINTS TO TRAVELLERS.

1. Always make up your mind where you are going before hiring your cab. This saves much after confusion.

2. Be prepared with a little money in your pocket. You will find it useful.

3. Take as little luggage as possible. A toothbrush and a pair of straps are amply sufficient for a short tour.

4. If you have a name you are proud of, have it legibly written on a label and conspicuously placed upon your luggage. If you are desirous to avoid recognition, it is not a bad plan to have no label at all. In all cases of not sticking a label to your luggage, stick to it yourself.

5. Invariably travel third-class. You will find it come cheapest in the end.

6. When the train moves it is always judicious to observe smilingly, "Now we're off!" This simple phrase frequently leads to pleasant conversation and acquaintanceship. Good matches indeed have sprung from the well-timed utterance of this mild but apposite remark. A pleasant little joke about "riding with one's back to the horses" has been very effective in its time. Though now, perhaps, a trifle obsolete, still it is worth trying, and, if received in the spirit in which it is offered, should be followed up with caution, and who knows what may come of it. A slight knowledge of the principal seats the traveller passes, is of incalculable value; and observations upon the crops will be generally found acceptable. Never allude to railway accidents, or blow your nose violently in tunnels.

7. Loudly expressed contempt for the writer of the "City Article" in a leading newspaper, will always carry with it the greatest weight. If you are acquainted—however distantly—with any member of the Peerage, do not conceal the fact. Such a course savours of meanness, and is peculiarly distasteful to the British nature.

8. Insist upon smoking whenever and wherever you choose. This is a land of freedom, where every man may annoy his neighbour in an independent manner. Old prejudices are dying out.

9. If you are seated near a deaf person, insist upon carrying on a conversation with him. By so doing you will not only entertain him but also the rest of your fellow-travellers.

10. If you have a friend with you, read him out long extracts from the newspaper. The result will probably be, that after the next station you will have the carriage to yourselves. Whistling, if pertinaciously persisted in, has been known to produce the same effect.

11. Never give up your seat to a lady, or change sides on any account. The system is a bad one. Set your face against babies, but do not kiss them.

12. Chaff the porters at the small stations. It cheers their dull lives, poor fellows, and they will bless you.

The above dozen rules will be found, if carefully acted upon, to conduce marvelously to the comfort of the holiday-seeker, but there is another golden rule which should be invariably obeyed. It is as follows; Most important rule of all—*Never go anywhere without your "Punch."*

(May be continued.
We shall see.)

THE ONE THING SOLID.

By a newspaper paragraph we are informed that MR. DU CANE, having accepted the Governorship of Tasmania, is also "about to receive at the hands of his late constituents in North Essex a solid expression of their estimation of the eleven years' good service he has rendered them in Parliament." We further learn the probability that "the testimonial will assume the form of a portrait." If the portrait is to be a picture, it will be rather a shadowy than a solid expression of feeling.

To constitute a solid offering, the testimonial about to be presented to MR. DU CANE rather should "assume the form of a" statue. There would be still greater solidity in a round sum, which may be said to be the very form and substance of solid pudding.

University Intelligence.

GREAT excitement prevails at Oxford amongst the ladies who are not engaged, owing to the expected arrival of a number of "unattached" students after the Long Vacation.



MR. PUNCH'S DESIGNS FROM NATURE.

THE NEWEST SEA-SIDE FISH-U.



HUMAYNE POLICE REGULATION.

Sir Richard having renewed his absurd anti-dog proclamation, we suppose this will be the next.

A RAILWAY REFORM BILL WANTED.

IN an article about our railway highwaymen, the *Pall Mall Gazette* made the following remarks, which we would recommend electors to lay to heart before they pledge their votes for next election :—

“The present strength of the companies is mainly attributable to two facts—the accidental presence of so many directors in Parliament, and the indifference to railway matters of so many members who are not directors. Neither of these circumstances is beyond the reach of human effort. The elector who travels by rail may resolve never to vote for a director, or he may make it a condition of giving his support to a candidate that he shall help forward whatever legislation is needed to protect the interests of the public.”

Are you a Railway director? Yes. Then you shan't have my vote. This should be the way of dealing with a candidate. And this would be the way of insuring against such accidents as the “accidental presence” in our Parliament of so many Railway highwaymen that a reform in railway matters is most difficult to get. Voting for a railway-man is like voting for a robber, which no honest voter surely would intentionally do. Having plundered all their shareholders, the railway-men are bent now upon plundering the public; and as they have a thorough monopoly of transit, there is small chance of the public escaping from their clutches. However, fortunately Parliament can undo what it has done, and possibly the first act of the House elected under the Reform Act will be an “Act for Abolition of Directorships of Railways, and Introduction of more Honest and Efficient means of Management.”

TAKEN IN.—Several young gardeners rushed to buy a recent number of the *Saturday Review*, from seeing in its placard articles on “Laurels” and “Buttercups.”

THE MODEL FARM.

A PASTORAL.

(Dedicated to CANON GIRDLESTONE.)

LOUD cries, upon farmer and squire,
Of shame them there Norridge chaps raise,
As touchun the labourer's hire;
Oh, doan't 'ee believe what they says!

'Tis all to rouse up an alarm;
I'll tell 'ee, now, what you may zee,
A model, my bucks, of a farm,
If you'll but gie credut to me.

The lads works in shirt-sleeves instead
Of smock-frocks, as most others do,
Has on wescuts o' purple and red,
And breeches o' yaller and blue.

Their legs has plump calves, ankles slim,
Like flunkies'; white stockuns so neat.
The lasses as spruce be, and trim,
Both wears tight thin shoes on their feet.

On tiptoe the men trips about,
A cartun of straw and manure;
A lesson to larn for a lout
'Tis an elegant sight, to be sure.

The sower goes forth for to sow,
Wi' hop skip and jump over plain;
Them too as do rip or do mow,
Them likewise as thrashes the grain.

The gals as is makun the hay
In what you call steps do advance,
Or stands in a sart of a way
As if they was gwian to dance,

Their gay coloured skirts beun shart,
How tidy they looks 'bout the heels!
No doubt, lads and lasses so smart,
But what they all has their full meals.

Now that 's the condition and clothes,
Wherein for our lab'ers to be.

Them there Norridge fellers, I s'pose,
Sufficient expects us to gie.

But where's that there farm to be sid
Wi pezzunts so purty to view?
In a puzzle, a toy for a kid;
It appairs when the bits is put to.

To dress country gals in fine frocks,
Gie wages above what they ax
To clodpoles wi' pumps on their hocks,
And sattuns and silks on their backs?

Your gurt cotton spinners, and sitch,
Workpeople to pay so may like;
Because they be so precious rich,
They don't care to wait for a strike.

But we be, we farmers, too poor
To come down like that wi' the dust;
We can't gie our carters no moor,
But I'm feared the day's nigh when we must.

A BENEFACITOR TO THE BRITISH NAVY.

LOUIS NAPOLEON has been a great benefactor to the British Navy. He invented iron gun boats. We should never have had any ironclads but for him. Now he has just made M. NÉLATON, the great French Surgeon, a senator. This is nearly as though the QUEEN should be pleased to confer a peerage on MR. PAGET. Now that the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has given a surgeon the equivalent to a seat in the House of Lords, perhaps our Admiralty, and combatant naval officers, will begin to conceive that there may be something not unreasonable in the condition of accepting commissions in the Navy insisted on by educated surgeons, namely, that they shall be recognised as the equals of gentlemen. Then will his Imperial Majesty have done our Navy one more service by having brought about a cessation of that dearth of medical officers which is still severely felt throughout it.

A Great Historian Redivivus.

THE attention of Anthropologists and Spiritualists is drawn to the remarkable announcement that amongst the recent additions to the Zoological Gardens is—“a Gibbon.” Note, also, singularly enough, that it was presented by A. GROTE.

MRS. PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HER DAUGHTER.



Y DEAR JUDIANA,

HAPPY are those who can escape, like ourselves, my daughter, for a little while from Vanity Fair, and improve their sea-side hours by beautiful exercise both of body and mind! Would that the pen of your mother could stir up some benevolent Peabodys to give all the poor hardy-used women and unjoyful little children of St. Giles's a picnic in the bright green fields! Many an immortal shilling's worth would I write, and I am sure other sisters of the goose-quill also, for this purpose. *Verbum*

sapientis: it each of us wrote but a pennyworth, there would be cakes and ale for all the urchins of Seven Dials.

The melancholy reflection that we have come to the fair leaving our poor relations behind, damps my first ardour of enjoyment; but an exhilarating donkey-ride will quite restore me to my wonted cheerfulness. Nothing is so good for the health and spirits as the series of jerks, bounds, and surprises caused by these charming animals, whether saddled or in harness, and I recommend any harassed or jaded person to try it. MR. DISRAELI would forget the trials of the Session under this treatment; MR. GLADSTONE would find himself becoming oblivious of vexatious detractors; and so on. There were two reasons why we should have chosen this quiet little spot on the Eastern coast rather than any more fashionable resort: firstly, the Great Eastern has not heightened its fares; and secondly, we wished to escape the gay world. This, alas! we have not done. I look out from my window and see almost as much fashion as if down in Hyde Park on a June afternoon. The young ladies make half-a-dozen toilettes a-day. The modern fashion of wearing full dress out-of-doors has found its way here. Too impatient to let the sun and fresh air have fair play, the feminine leaders of fashion have brought down the roses of RACHAEL on their cheeks.

Why do ladies scream so much when enjoying the pleasures of a dip? Are they afraid of sharks, or do they like people to come and look at them? I never can make out. It is quite a misfortune to see so many things in daily life that one cannot make out.

I cannot make out either what our sea-side libraries are coming to. It was bad enough in the ultra-sensational period when the heroine of a three-volume novel was sure to murder somebody, to have a second husband somewhere, or to run away with a lover because she did not get on well with her mother-in-law. These pleasant little surprises, with other incidental things of the kind, would so absorb our young people that nothing else seemed interesting in comparison; but if these books were as deleterious to their mental faculties as poisonous sugar-plums to children, what can be said of their successors?

I am not an ascetical hypocrite. I like my daughter to be amused. I enjoy—and my dear Mr. Punch also—a good novel as much as anybody; but let any anxious papas and mammas study half-a-dozen fashionable works of fiction, and if that does not make them wonder what we are coming to, I may safely affirm that nothing—not even the Great Eclipse, will.

Oh! shades of JACOB TONSON! Oh! ghost of MR. NEWBERRY! what do you say to the volumes that issue from the printer, and are dispatched by MR. MUDIE'S agency all over the British Islands; when will the *auto da fé* come of these nettles and poisonous weeds that have overgrown the sweet modest flowers of fiction? Does the heroine of those books exist in real life; does the hero? Do they use the choice language put in their mouths? Do they follow the course of action described there? If so, what pen can portray the feelings of their agonised fathers and mothers, poor dears!

Supposing these personages to be fictitious, what have not the

authors to answer for in so libelling their country people; but of this subject more another time. Oh! what a relief to turn from the unwholesome excitements of modern fiction, and the living Vanity Fair of the Pier and the Esplanade to the contemplation of a young shrimp.

The cynical may scoff at my enthusiasm, but who that has acted the part of a Reformer, his brains becoming as hopelessly muddled by the spirit of the age, as the yolks of eggs in a cook's whisk—who, I repeat, thus situated, and being thus situated Mr. Punch calls him a man and a brother, will not sympathise with my sentiments regarding that interesting creature, the young shrimp?

You, my JUDIANA, are not drawn to the study of nature by the same reasons. You are young and happy; but if you wish to preserve your complexion and your spirits, without resorting to artificial means, beware of despising the shrimp. I do not allude to the shrimp as he appears on our breakfast table, coral red, and savoury, and where he is equally admirable; but I allude to him as we encounter him among myriads of his playfellows on the sea-shore.

Here we come upon a pool of them. I take out my scientific manual and read the following extract:—

“Unfortunately many marine animals are very fond of young shrimps, and a great amount of catching and eating goes on as soon as a fresh batch of shrimps comes into existence.”

Now, if this is not an interesting fact, what is? Facts are so scarce nowadays, that it is positively refreshing to be sure of anything; but when we are told that young shrimps are so nice as to be eaten by wholesale, we feel there is no sham in the matter.

Who can wonder at the cries of ecstasy with which young ladies pounce upon any common object of the sea-shore? They know well enough how many shams there are in the world, but a jelly-fish is a jelly-fish, and there is no mistake about it.

I wish writers of scientific manuals would not be so sentimental. For instance, who could deliberately eat a prawn after reading the following piece of information?—

“The prawns when living are most exquisite beings, their partially transparent bodies being diversified with delicate tintings, and their radiant eyes glowing like living opals.”

And I must say, my daughter, that writers on Natural History make many unaccountable omissions in describing the shore and its living wonders.

Here are a few species which even I, your mother, have observed in her sea-side experiences.

The Cormorant Hotel-keeper, for instance, a very greedy bird, and like the cormorant in my guide, insatiable in appetite and unparalleled in digestion. And, oh dear, what lots of crabs are left out altogether: there is the Preaching Crab, who will put alarming little books in your way; and there is the Official Crab, who will never give you the information you want at the railway station; there is the Ladylike Crab, who scolds her husband if he lets the children run into the water—and so on.

There is the large family of Snobs: Literary Snobs, Artistic Snobs, Sentimental Snobs, and dozens more,—are we not all Snobs, my JUDIANA?

But I hear the band playing “*Not for Joseph*,” or some such sweet air, and all in a moment, my cynicism vanishes. Let us, for a time, forget the foibles of our sex, and the Eclipse, and everything else depressing in the contemplation of beauty and fashion. Let us forget how we are ourselves eclipsed, and set an example of retiring humility.

Your unpretending Mother,

MRS. PUNCH.

P.S. I have just received a pressing letter of invitation from LADY LOFTY. Her son is going to stand for some place, and your Papa has influence, so I am afraid the Election has something to do with it, otherwise, how gratifying!

Whalley to the Rescue!

“The *Courrier des Alpes* reports a fact of rare occurrence. Enormous quantities of ants, very large, black, and having long wings, have descended on various localities of Savoy.”—*Daily News*. Friday.

To MR. PUNCH,—SIR,

I ENCLOSE you the above slip. You see the explanation, of course. Large, black, long-winged and voracious! Jesuits, evidently. When will Englishmen open their eyes? It is not *our* fault if they will be blind.

Yours, faithfully,

G. H. WHALLEY.

Ambiguous.

AMONGST the papers read at the Meeting of the British Association was one “On the Flora of the Isle of Skye.” Who was meant? Some specially beautiful FLORA now living and adorning the Isle, the Flora—if so, rather personal was it not?—or CHARLES EDWARD'S and SIR WALTER SCOTT'S famous *Flora Macdonald*?



NO POCKET-MONEY. (A HINT.)

Mamma. "WELL, I'M GLAD YOU HAVE HAD A NICE RIDE. BUT WHERE IS YOUR JACKET, TOM?"
Tom. "SOLD IT FOR A BOTTLE OF GINGER-BEER, MOTHER. WE WERE SO THIRSTY!"

WHY LORD MAYO?

MR. DISRAELI'S Governor-General for India, the successor to DALHOUSIE, LAWRENCE, and inferior men of that sort, is an Irishman named BOTYKE. He was born in 1822, and taught at Trinity College, Dublin. He was politically known as LORD NAAS, was Irish Secretary when the Tories got in, 1850, and 1858, and is Irish Secretary to MR. DISRAELI. Nothing against him in all that? Certainly not. But MR. DISRAELI has set the people of England and of India a Conundrum, and it is this:—

Why should LORD MAYO be made the Governor-General of India, the ruler of Two Hundred Millions of people, and all things considered, the occupant of about the most important position in the world—a seat on a throne not excepted?

This Conundrum baffles everybody. Solutions have been attempted, but they are feeble. One is, Because he is a jolly, good-natured, blundering speaker, rather apt to tumble over his own rhetorical legs. Another is, Because he did not hinder LORD STRATHFARN and the Irish constables from putting down the Fenians. A third is Because he is a good sportsman. A fourth is Because his name always recalls an extraordinary m-s about MR. JUSTICE KEOGH, and the singular way LORD NAAS floundered out of it. A fifth is Because he was Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber to LORD HAYTESBURY. But evidently none of these answers can be the right one. We wait a better, and meantime ask another Conundrum. What will India think of such an appointment?

We consider that MR. DISRAELI has once more launched a Great Asian Mystery.

Rem Lacu Non Tetigisti.

WHY did not LORD JOHN MANNERS, when enumerating the various grand achievements, *quorum pars magna fuit*, say that he has cleaned out, new bottomed, and re-filled the Regent's Park Lake? Because then he would have mentioned one thing that would hold water.

THE FRENCHMAN OF THE FUTURE.

FRENCHMEN fond of dancing may in the future be expected to take malt with their hops; at least so it would appear from what a Paris correspondent tells us that he noticed at the Fête of the Fifteenth:—

"The chief articles for sale were coloured glass and gingerbread, and the Frenchman of the old school sees with horror the wine-shop succeeded by the beerhouse. Paris is beginning to drink malt to an extent that will soon change the genius of the people."

Many people think that Frenchmen owe their levity to the light wine which they drink, and if this be changed for heavy brain-affecting liquor, it is possible that their lightheartedness, as well as their light-headedness may, so to say, be ballasted by the beer which they imbibe. Our lively neighbours, as we call them, may in course of time be known as our deadly-lively neighbours; and instead of being a gay city as at present, Paris may become as dull as Birmingham or Bradford, or any other place in England where beer-bibbers abound. No longer frivolous, the French may, by dint of beer, become as phlegmatic as the Germans; and instead of their light *chansons* in praise of their light wine, they may join in heavy chorusses in praise of "heavy wet." It is possible that ere long we may hear a Frenchman warbling a French version of the ballad, "*For I like a drop of good beer*," and smoking a "Church-warden" in lieu of cigarettes.

Æneid IV. 1, adapted.

M. GRÉVY, opponent of Imperialism in France, has been returned for the Department of the Jura by a great majority over the Court Candidate. Shades of VIRGIL, and DUMO, and MRS. TOPPERS, forgive us; but if it should be whispered that the EMPEROR is indisposed and suffering, we shall wink and say, "*Grévy saucius curā*."

A POPISH BIRD.—The Missal Thrush.



ANOTHER ECLIPSE FOR INDIA.

SIR J. LAWRENCE. "IT'S ONLY LORD MAYO!—MY SUCCESSOR, MA'AM."

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITH AN EAR WHO PLAYS BY IT.—SECOND SPECIES OF THE GENUS—(CONTINUED.)

He doesn't take any hint, this musical relation. I rise from my chair, and say, drowsily, that I must go to bed. He is in the middle (in fact he can't get away from the middle) of that tune "*Love Not*," which he commenced half an hour ago. He *will* play to me. I can't positively tell him that I detest his noise; I can't say "get out of my room," in his own house. I lay my head on my pillow, and think of BILSCOMBE, who had an ear and hummed, but didn't play by it. BILSCOMBE to be preferred, of the two.

My long lost Cousin finishes "*Love Not*," and suggests pleasantly to himself—I am out of the question, being in bed—that he'll take a little stuff. As I have before explained, by "stuff" he means liquor. I make no reply, as I had not taken the remark to myself. I gaze listlessly at him, and presently ask him to put the candles out, when he goes. He says he will. He himself is like the candles, which won't go out unless they're put out, or when they're blown out, as my Cousin stands a good chance of being if he expends much more of the vital air upon his cornet.

If I could get him to talk me to sleep, I shouldn't so much mind his presence. I rouse myself and throw out a bait.

"You've seen a good deal of America, haven't you?"

"Been all over it," he answers, working the pistons of his instrument without putting it up to his mouth. He is evidently *fingering* a tune, by way of a slight preparation.

"How did you like the South?" I ask.

"Very much," is his concise answer.

I can't complain of his way of meeting my questions. Perhaps the fault lies with my questions. I want to draw him out, and I want information. He has *got it in him*, as they say, only the difficulty is to get it out of him. He keeps it back in his memory garner, as if there was going to be a dearth of information later in the year, and it would be all the more valuable then.

"I heard a waltz the other day," he says, ruminating, and still fingering the keys, "I can't quite catch it." He thinks and frowns.

"Are they musical, generally speaking, in America?" Now this *did* open up a subject.

"Yes," he answers, and continues, "this is it;" by which he wishes me to understand that he has found another tune. The waltz in question.

Three-four time, it appears, is a difficulty with my Cousin, who has to keep himself strictly within bars by beating the ground with his toe; not with his whole foot, but the toe end of the slipper only, keeping his heel in rest, as if he were a scissor-grinder at work, or was practising the movement for a sewing machine.

He says it is a waltz. Perhaps it was before it got into his cornet. As he can (I find subsequently) hum the tune correctly, it is fair to suppose that it does go in at one end of the instrument in its proper shape; but, oh me! how does it come out at the other! Do I know it again? Can I recognise it?

Of course it must be very trying for any set of notes in a tune to have to go down one pipe, round another, up a third, into a piston, be knocked out of that with such violence as to send them into the open air, and yet to appear in the same order in which they came from the performer's mouth after quitting his inner consciousness.

I have seen a conjuror duly load his magic gun with powder, wad, bullets; and, lo, out there came, when he fired and we all (no, I mean the ladies all; of course *we* didn't, we men, *we* smiled; and that was not a start I gave, but I was just settling myself in my seat, or looking for my pocket-handkerchief,) gave a little jump and a squeak, out there came, I recollect, flowers and bonbons.

My Cousin's was not a pleasant magic cornet. He duly loaded with a beautiful tune—quavers, crotchets and rests all complete—and, poof, poof! out there come bullets, hard, shrieking bullets, of unmusical notes, which hit me in the ear that's uppermost as I lie upon my bed, and sincerely wish that there was some magic about somewhere to whisk him and the cornet into the next county. I should call the trick The Disappearing Boy.

This occurs to me as I lie gazing at him hopelessly, sleeplessly. There he is stumbling about, now with one music-book, now with another, riding his hobby not over rough ground, to which I have likened his previous performance, but trotting over ground undermined by rabbits. He tries a new country: a galop which he has heard played, he says, at Portsmouth by the band of the Forty-third. Splendid band the forty-third have, he says.

He's right there. I've heard 'em myself, directed by MR. CLARKE, their leader, to whose compositions I have listened with the greatest pleasure. That band, thank heaven! does not play by ear. Imagine for one minute a Regimental Band, consisting of performers who played by ear only! Think of the opficleide, of the trombone, of the hautboy, trying their best at harmonies by ear. It makes your head

ache to dwell upon it. It would make their heads ache—including that of MR. CLARKE's, the composer—to hear my Cousin repeating from memory the galop they played.

I know an imitator who takes off popular actors, and is not pleased if you tell him how excellent is his representation of MR. BUCKSTONE (it always *is* BUCKSTONE) after he has been giving the company PHELPS. Friends suggest to him that he should name his man beforehand so as to enhance the pleasure of his audience, and prevent mistakes.

My Cousin says he is going to play the "*Night-bell Galop*;" I know it, and he doesn't. Who would recognise it? I don't. Would the composer? would those who have danced to it scores of times? would the military band whose favourite it was? No, not even the small boy who turns over the leaves for the helpless hautboy could recognise it. He tells you that the orchestra sing in the middle of it something about "Ha! ha! ha! fal la de rar;" and he tells me, after failing horribly in trying to render the effect for my benefit in bed, that I ought to hear the Forty-third do it.

I say, "I *have*," and add bitterly, "it *was* magnificent *then*; but it doesn't do at all *for one instrument alone*." He agrees with me, of course, he says, and tries it again, as if that would make it better. At last he stops, to drink and to smoke. Now then there must be a respite; there is. "This shall not occur again," I think to myself, "You don't come in here to-morrow night."

He doesn't talk. He smokes dreadfully strong tobacco. In a few moments my chamber is like a tap-room, and I get out to open the window, and to catch a cold at the same time. When he takes his pipe out of his mouth to puff, he hums "snatches" before resuming it, and occasionally takes up his cornet to make two or three notes (as it were) of a stray tune among his musical memoranda.

Suddenly (and this is a phenomenon I never observed in anybody else except my long-lost Cousin with an Ear) his pipe falls out of his hand, as his body goes back, and his chin drops on his breast: he is asleep! In a second he is asleep. No drowsiness first, no yawning, no preparation whatever. There is something almost awful in this startling collapse of all his faculties. It must be, I should imagine, a shock to his system—it was to mine, merely to see it.

Now, I say, at all events I can turn and sleep. No, he supplants his cornet by another instrument. He suddenly snores—not a long wearisome heart-drawn sigh of a snore, but a sharp loud snort of defiance—yes, it defies me to go to sleep.

I suppose I *do* sleep, because it is four o'clock, when, amid an unwholesome stench of guttering spitting candles (of course he didn't put out the lights before he slept; how could he? and I didn't foresee the consequence), I am awoken by a blast on the cornopean, with which, as it appears to me, my Cousin has roused himself.

He asks me if I remember that sweet thing, "*Good night, my Love!*"

Yes, I do. "Well, then," he asks, "how does it go?" I tell him, surlily, that it goes like himself, slowly, to bed. He says I must tell him to-morrow. To-morrow, be it—good night—good night.

The torture is over at last. It begins again three hours after at seven, when it appears my Cousin rises to practise his cornet, "because no one is up then," he says, considerably.

"No," I return, "but you seem to forget they're in bed."

"Then," he retorts, "it's time for them to get up. Besides, how can I?"—he thinks he's clenching the argument now. "How can I play to you in the evening, if I don't practise in the morning?"

This is unanswerable, at least, civilly; so I hold my tongue. If I wander by the stream, he comes out with his cornet to amuse me while I'm fishing. If I go to the farm, he follows me with his infernal instrument, "to," as he jocularly says, "please the pigs."

My invalid relative sends for him into his sanctum. They are together for a long time. The interview ends satisfactorily to the long lost Cousin—unsatisfactorily to *me*, having been quiet for nearly an hour—as appears from his radiant face, and his immediately playing what he thinks is "*See the Conquering Hero Comes*" on the lawn in front of the house.

Hearing from him, that, as I am here, he will stop till I leave, I feign important business, which is to take me away at once.

My invalid relative is sorry to lose me, as he had just discovered a new pain in his right side, which beats anything that I have ever felt. Before I go I say, "Ask FREDERICK to play '*Love Not*' and '*The Last Rose*' to you." He will. What a pleasant treat is in store for him!

Now he'll know what a sleepless night is.

So I leave my second species of the genus, and come to The Man without a Head on his Shoulders.

Similia Similibus.

A CRUEL young cad, of Wandsworth, has been sent to gaol, with hard labour for a fortnight, for brutality to a poor cat. We are very glad, but if the excellent Magistrate had ordered him another kind of cat—a cat for each of his victim's legs, one for each of her ears, one for her tail, and a couple for luck, to make up the supposed number of her lives—the *memoria technica* would have been better.



"CLOVER!"

Lanildady (to old Gustleton, who has come down to that nice quiet place, Wobblerswick, for the sea-air). "GOOD CLARET, SIR! OH, YES, SIR, WE'VE EXCELLENT CLARET, SIR, OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, FROM 'VANG ORDINAIRE,' SIR, AT NINE SHILLINGS THE DOZEN, TO SHATTERLERFEET, AT EIGHTEENPENCE A BOTTLE, SIR!!!"*

* Ha! ha! Very good. Very good. But port wine is the real Shatter ler Feet.—
A Casual but Gouty Contributor.

LIMITED LIABILITY OF HOUSEHOLDERS.

A MASSACHUSETTS newspaper relates that, in a recent trial at Boston, the jury for a long time not being able to agree on their verdict, at length, on their foreman, a "minister," praying that they might, returned one *instantier*. There is a secular aspect to this incident. It is a pity that clergymen of all denominations are exempt from service on juries, with the exception only of dissenting preachers in business. This arrangement practically excludes from the jury-box all ministers but those who are also small tradesmen. So much the worse, this exception, for persons sued for refusing to pay for articles which they have been cheated in, or which unauthorised servants, wives, or children, have ordered in their names.

Respectable parsons of any variety would be very serviceable on juries if they were liable to serve; but there is one consideration which has probably procured their exemption from liability. The likelihood of their having to attend to sick calls, of course? Not at all, innocent friend. The Chaplain of Little Bethel, likewise little tailor, has clearly as much right to be excused on that ground as his fellow-Protestant divine, Rector and Ritualist. A correspondent of the *Times* lately proposed that briefless barristers should be empanelled as jurors, instead of sitting in court and doing nothing. They have no professional calls; yet they are exempt from a task which they are specially qualified to perform. Clergymen, pure and simple, have been exempted, doubtless, because considered *ex officio* swells, as not having to labour in a vocation wherein their daily labour is their bread. The little preaching tailor, who lives principally by tailoring, must serve—and suffer loss. So must the artist, author, and others who subsist by their own personal, cerebral, or manual work. The otiose and sumptuous classes are practically free from an obligation which might afford them amusement, and would exonerate many a busy worker from grievous hardship, if it were altogether imposed upon reverend and other gentlemen who have nothing material to do.

OMINOUS NAME FOR A RACE-COURSE:—"Knavesmire."

ECLIPSE IN INDIA.

To note the same eclipse full fain,
Which native minds is shocking,
To Ganges' banks and Deccan's plain
Astronomers are flocking;
To see Sol out and in again,
Their saucy Cameras cocking!

While DE LA RUE each change of hue
Tracks with those lynx-eyed lenses,
And Spectrum-analysts pursue
His Light through all defences,
Phœbus may well look black and blue,
Mobbed out of his seven senses!

Poor Sun, that once in worship prone,
(As Morn's bright chariot bore him
Each day to take his radiant throne)
Saw Faith and Fear adore him;
While, when he hid his face, a groan
Earth gave, and bowed before him!

Now, a vile drudge and hireling, let
By hour, for meanest chares;
For chemists, gardeners, to fret
And fag on their affairs,
Nay worse—doomed to the *carte*, and set
To draw us, and our airs!

No wonder thou should'st hide thy face,
Poor slave, and turn away
From those who doom to such disgrace
The fallen King of Day:
But why on Eastern realm and race
Thy blackest looks dost lay?

'Tis but the savage now gives heed
Unto thy darkened brow;
Still type, in the crude native creed,
Of Good and Power art thou.
For us, the civilised, what need
To these, or thee, to bow?

But see the dark has passed from day,
Thy brow is bright once more;
The chemicals are packed away;
Analysis is o'er:
And wisdom, on its homeward way,
Feels wiser than before.

Why is poor India crouching still?
Her light and limber form,
With terror's quivering throb and thrill,
Bowed, like a birch, by storm;
To LAWRENCE, strong of frame and will,
Close cowering—oak and worm!

She shrinks, she shrieks, as darkening falls
Across her white *saree*,
A shadow, that her soul appals,
How cast, she cannot see!
Nearer it comes, and wild she calls,
"Sahib, what can it be!"

"The veil is drawn that hid with black
Great Indra's shining face;
You told us it would not come back,
To terrify our race!
Lo now, across his radiant track,
What shadow fills the place!"

The strong man, gentle in his might,
Lays on her head his hand,
Strokes the long tresses, black and bright,
And calms to his command
The frame, that 'neath its robe of white,
Shakes like an aspen-wand.

"Control the fear that thrills thy frame,
And bloodless leaves thy lips;
Think not on Indra's eyes of flame
Again the shadow dips.
The light in Heaven is still the same,
And yet there is eclipse.

"Tis my successor's shade that falls
On thee, thus lowly knelt,
And shrouds the floor, and veils the walls,
With broad'ning, black'ning, belt:
Within thy hamlets and thy halls,
A darkness to be felt!"

India! As Indra's shining face,
To Indra's shrouded brow,
Is he who goes to take that place
To him who holds it now.
Not his—his master's—the disgrace;
The sufferer by it, thou!

A JOLLY WELSH POET.

ALL that *Mr. Punch* has ever said about the Eisteddfod (he hopes he has given all the consonants) he hereby retracts absolutely and, with one small reservation, unconditionally. The object of the meeting was, as explained to him, to encourage Welsh Poets. He did not think that the encouragement had produced a very satisfactory result. But he has changed his mind. The operation of the process of bringing the Cambrian violets from under the leaves has been slow, but it has been triumphant.

"Diu parturit læna catulum—sed Leonem."

A Welsh Poet has been fostered, and he writes in English. *Mr. Punch* rejoices to vindicate his own conversion by showing how it has been effected.

SIR IVOR GUEST, having recently wedded, brought home his bride to his native place, Dowlais. Rejoicings greeted the happy couple, to whom *Mr. Punch* also wishes all happiness. But nothing could have given the bride and bridegroom so much delight as a poem that was addressed to them by the REVEREND THOMAS D. MATTHIAS, Baptist Minister, 6, Lower Thomas Street, Merthyr Tydfil (we'll have a memorial slab on that house one of these days) who poured out his joy in stanzas of which we subjoin a specimen.

"Welcome to Cambria, 'ladye faire,'
And to Glamorganshire,
Where, midst our hills, the Taff and Dare
Flow down through vales of fire.
With joy the festive board we spread,
And deck our spacious hall,
That the worthy may be honoured
By a grand and splendid ball."

Now we like this Baptist Minister. He does not take a fanatic view of things, and like the *Record*, denounce a harmless and inspiring dance as a Satanic orgy. He knows that young folks, not to say old ones, may go through the *Lancers* and *Sir Roger de Coverley*, and yet not be utterly depraved and lost, and if it had been necessary to bespeak our good nature for his straightforward and simple strain, this line would have assured it. He proceeds to say something about Cambria's harp—changing his metre, as a facile bard can do if he likes.

"Now that harp of mighty mem'ries—
Cambria's harp of silvery strain—
Cambria's harp that hath, for ages,
Held her peerless sovereign reign,
Hither greets the courtly chieftain,
Good SIR IVOR, to his home,
To the land of flood and mountain,
To his loved ancestral dome."

But now we get jollier than ever, and our jovial Baptist Minister declares that we shall make a night of it. We dare say that we have often done so with duller fellows.

"Fill the bowl with spie'd metheglin—
Wreath a garland fresh and fair—
Sing of IVOR HÆL and ELAINE—
'Till the morn we 'll banish care;
Rose and lily, pansy, pink,
Violet, primrose, pimpernel,
From forest, field, and river's brink,
From lofty mount and lowly dell,

Call them." "In a chaplet." We have not the least objection to their being culled, but somebody else must go after them. We prefer stopping to drink metheglin (or, if we might put a name to our own choice, rum-and-water) with our glad bard, MR. MATTHIAS. We thought he would not miss his little joke about GUEST, and why should he?

"Call them—a chaplet bright to weave
For our bonny bridal pair,
No honours too high to 'a Guest' can we give—
To a bridegroom so bright—and a bride so fair.

God speed, we wish you, and length of years,
And household gifts, both rich and rare,
And the King of Heaven in yonder spheres
At last receive you to reign with him there."

This conclusion, put into a still longer metre, shows that the REVEREND MR. MATTHIAS, spite of ball and metheglin, and not going home till morning, is mindful of his sacerdotal character. We believe him to be a very good fellow, and very likely he is a capital and devoted minister, and we hope that he has liberal deacons, who do not take the liberty of lecturing him. We hinted at a condition. We will never say anything more against the Eisteddfod, if it will annually turn out as jolly a poem as MATTHIAS's welcome to SIR IVOR and LADY GUEST. It has never done so yet.

OUR FISH, FLESH, FOWL, AND NATURAL HISTORY COLUMN.

SIR,—I am interested in fishing. Did you ever see the Scotch Salmon Act, 1868.

Yours, MAC-KEEL.

[What do they act, eh? *Macbeth*? Nonsense, dogs can be taught, perhaps, but not salmon. Don't try that on Londoners. Go back again.—*Ed.*]

SIR,—I have just arrived from Africa and can corroborate all MONSIEUR DU CHAILLUS's stories. I have brought over a Gorilla. He is six feet high, covered with hair, and with the strength of twenty men. He is not a bit afraid of a gun, nor indeed will any but a peculiar bullet, made for the purpose, pierce his horny hide. They say (at least the natives do, who were glad enough to get rid of him, calling him Gerangdar-squasheebou, or the Marauding Murderer) that he can be tamed. If so you are the man for the task. He will shake down the strongest door, climb to any height, and is most uncertain-tempered, the difficulty being to know when he is in play. Hoping you will succeed with him, I am,

Yours ever, BOUNCER, R.M.

[We've just got the above letter, and regret to say that we shall not be at home to receive the specimen, which must indeed be valuable: so valuable, indeed, that we wouldn't deprive you of it for the world. We are going out of town for some days, and as the Clerk asked, we couldn't refuse him a holiday.—*Ed.*]

* * The packets, parcels, and hampers of fleas, mosquitoes, scorpions, hornets (an entire nest, opened out of curiosity by the shop-boy, who is rather a curiosity himself in consequence), frogs, lizards, toads, beetles, snakes, hedgehogs, rats, mice, and Angola cats have been received, and all turned into the Junior Clerk's room; they will be duly attended to when he has opened them all, as he is bound to do by the terms of his agreement.

REVERENDUS says he knows it isn't correct for a Parson to hunt; but surely there would be no harm in a clergyman having a run with a pack of Beadles?

[Beagles, you—oh, you—!—*Ed.*]

We shall not answer such questions (in unpaid letters) as "Do Cock-Salmon crow?" "Is doing eggs in a fryingpan, or saucepan, poaching?"

"Isn't it," asks A TRUE SPORTSMAN, "the safest way to load with small shot and a bullet? Something must be killed, because if you miss with the first you'll hit with the second, and *vice versa*."

[TRUE SPORTSMAN's a fool.—*Ed.*]

From the Moors.—We have heard no reports from the Moors, owing either to the reports not being sufficiently loud, or to our being still in London, which is some considerable distance from Scotland.—*August 20th.*

The Moors, August 22nd.—Unfavourable accounts received. CAPTAIN SCHOTTISCHE writes to say that he is sorry he can't send us any game this year, having promised it all.

The MARQUIS OF SHUTE begs to inform us, in answer to ours of the 17th, requesting a hamper of grouse, that he doesn't intend giving any away this year, as, being rather hard up, he finds the London and provincial-town markets infinitely more profitable.

[All right. Wait till you make a speech in the House. We'll grouse you.—*Sp. Ed.*]

The HON. AUGUSTUS WADD is glad to say that his moor is most prolific, but he is going to keep all himself, either for sale (which is the fashion now, and a very good one, too), or for friends among the influential portion of his constituency. None for you.

[You will find, MR. WADD, that we are among the most influential portion of any constituency. Better to dare the terrible Polypus in his shell (probably you don't know anything about the Polypus, or of your *Horace*, either) than us in our sanctum by not sending grouse.—*Sp. Ed.*]



A SATISFACTORY CHARACTER.

Mrs. Brisket (about the Squire's new Bride). "OH, YES, MUM, SHE COME IN 'ERE YESTERDAY, MUM. BLESS YER! A PUFFECT LADY, MUM! DON'T KNOW ONE J'INT O' MEAT FROM ANOTHER, MUM!!"

HANDY-VOLUME LAW-BOOKS.

DEAR OLD PUNCH,

I AM a young man and a younger son, and as he has no chance of getting for me a living in the Church, my father put me in the law to work for my own living. But though I am in the law, the law is not in me at present; and I fancy that, unless I read, the law will go on keeping out of me.

Now, reading is to my mind invariably a bore, and at this time of the year it is a bigger bore than ever. In the first place I may say with *Falstaff*, slightly altered,

"Why, 'tis my vacation, *Hal*; 'tis a sin for a man to labour in his vacation!"

Besides which, what a bore it is when travelling about, as of course one is obliged to do when everybody does so, to have to lug about a lot of bulky law-books with one's own luggage! I declare I'm often forced to leave my books at home, because I cannot possibly find room in my portmanteau for them. Moreover, if a law-book were as portable as *Punch*, not to say as pleasant also, one might often find a spare half-hour, when one is out of town, to give to it. But really in one's holidays one cannot sentence oneself daily to the hard labour of holding up a ponderous big law-book, or else of stooping to pore over it until one's backbone feels as bent as if were a boomerang, and one fancies that one's brains must all have sunk into one's boots. And fancy what the horror of your friend's young wife would be, if she found a dirty dog's-eared smoky ponderous old *Blackstone* left among the gilt-edged gift-books on the table in her drawing-room!

I would suggest, then, that some publisher should make a speedy future by publishing a series of Handy Volume Lawbooks. As for saying that great works cannot be printed in small compass, the *Handy Volume Shakespeare* quite refutes that false assertion. The weightiest of law works might in this manner be added to our volumes of light literature, and might still prove to the student extremely heavy reading. The *Handy Volume Blackstone* might fitly start the series, and a diminutive edition of the Statutes at Large might be feebly adapted to the tourist's waistcoat pocket.

As it is, the Handy Volume Series of plays, novels and the like, is both for comfort and contents so tempting to a man when he is packing for a holiday, that I for one shall certainly content myself this autumn with reading the *GORDIAN KNOT*, *SHENSTONE*, *DOCTOR JACOB*, and *HAPPY THOUGHTS*, while my *BLACKSTONE*, *BROOM* and *DANIEL*, and other bulky friends, rest quietly among the books I leave behind me.

So believe me, my bo-o-oy, yours trippingly,

A. LIGHTWEIGHT.

AN IRISH DIAMOND.

NOT much fun yet out of the Election Addresses, but here is one which looks promising. We should like to hear again from MR. PATRICK M'DONALD, who thus addresses the Queen's County:—

"I have only to say I shall lead Two Thousand Voters to the poll at the forthcoming General Election in the Queen's County. Be firm when we advance to the combat. Fifty Thousand Non-Electors will give us their hearts and hands. O'CONNELL, thou art mighty yet; thy spirit doth walk abroad; your memory is before us."

"Your memory is Before us." Noble! And our Future is behind us. Go and prosper, dear M'DONALD, and more power to your pronouns. Thy ancestors will be proud of ye, and the shades of your posterity smile down upon thee.

Up in Biography.

Examiner. Give some account of GALILEO.

Candidate. He was an astronomer who was persecuted by the Inquisition.

Examiner. Well, Sir?

Candidate. GALILEO cared for none of these things.

CHANGE OF TOPIC.—In conversation the weather was first favourite, but now it is the harvest that continually crops up.



DINING-ROOM SCENE.

Aunt (who, as a rule, can't bear tobacco). "YOU KNOW, HARRY, I DON'T LIKE SMOKING IN THE DINING-ROOM; BUT AS YOU ENJOY A PIPE, I HAVE HAD A CHAIR PUT FOR YOU IN THE CONSERVATORY."



CONSERVATORY SCENE.

HARRY HAS A NAP AFTER THE SECOND PIPE, AND IS TREATED TO AN EXPIRING SHOWER OF THE OLD LADY'S ENEMIES.

THE COLOSSEUM.

"*Sic transit gloria !*"

TROJA FUIT !

The Colosseum in the Regent's Park, one of the seven wonders of the world, and so called from being at one time the residence of the Colossus of Rhodes, has been dismantled, and all its properties have been brought to the hammer, for the use of anyone who would pay on the nail.

I remember, I remember,
When I was a little boy,
How I came home in December
My fond parents to annoy.
But my pretty maiden Aunt
Was kind and gave to me
A sort of show galanty,
A funny thing to see.

I remember I was taken
By my aunt's peculiar cabby,
For to hear the rafters shaken
By the Choir in the Abbey.
Nor the service, nor Te Deum,
Nor the sights of Christmas time,
Could approach the Colosseum,
Save, perhaps, the Pantomime.

I remember, I remember,
All those Ruins in the grounds,
And the classic broken pillars
(Sold for something like three pounds.)
And the statues ! One of Jason
Was a noble work of art ;
They were knocked down to a mason,
Who removed them in his cart.

At the Panorama great I'm
Looking back with sad delight,
It was London Seen by Day-time,
It was London Seen by Night.
But it suited no one's coffers
On the selling afternoon,
And I heard of no great offers,
For old MISTER BRADWELL'S "Moon."

A statue of KING WIL-LI-AM
THE FOURTH was then knocked down,
I weep—perhaps I silly am—
The bid was half-a-crown.
The auctioneer declined to let
It go for next to nix,
But took the highest he could get—
It fetched just one-pound-six.

SIR ROBERT PEEL, ten feet in height,
From pedestal to nob,
'Twas stone or marble, purely white,
It fetched—ah, me !—ten bob.
The end—five pounds or under
Bought a lot which all ears dinned,
"Three Rain Barrels and One Thunder"
"Then Two Crashes and One Wind."

Fit ending, awful, fright'ning !
For the place now gone to smash,
Stricken down by resin-lightning,
And the iron thunder-crash.
But sunk in thunder-crashes
It lies on Regent's plain ;
Like a Phoenix from its ashes,
Shall it ever rise again ?

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

MARGATE AND THE ISLE OF THANET.



E paraphrase (and we rather fancy improve upon) the *L aureate's* well-known line—

"In the Spring the Cockney's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of Thanet."

"Thoughts of Thanet" we consider not only alliterative, but euphonious in the extreme. It is not, however, until the summer that the thoughts blossom into deeds. To the metropolitan mind Margate is not "in good cut" until the warm weather has thoroughly set in, until the steamer has commenced for the season, until the asphalt on the jetty

has reached boiling pitch, and SIR RICHARD MAYNE in his deep desire to add to the comfort of the brute creation has issued an order for the dogs to adopt a summer muzzlin'.

Margate is mentioned by Venerable BEDF, who says that Thanet was really an island, being separated from the continent of East Kent by the river Wantsume. This stream, however, took an early opportunity of drying up, and the Isle of Thanet is now no more of an island than Salisbury Plain. The inhabitants, however, still fondly persist in terming it one, and perhaps it is as well not to contradict them, but permit them to indulge in their island fling. A writer of more than a hundred years back says, "The English spoken here is very good, only the natives in common with the other inhabitants of this part of Kent, are used to pronounce the *th* as *d*." So wrote the author of "*The History and Antiquities of the Isle of Tenet*," but the more modern historian would probably write as follows, "The English spoken here (during the season) is very bad. The visitors, in common with the other inhabitants of certain quarters of London, are used to pronounce the *H* as soft when it should be aspirated, and *vice versa*."

According to a respectable authority the word Margate took its origin from Mere-gate, a small mere running through a gate there into the sea. This, however, is mere assertion, and the popular pronunciation of modern visitors is "Margitt," with the accent laid well on the "gitt." The same rule applies to the word Ramsgate. But the strangest alteration occurs in Broadstairs, which is very frequently pronounced Dull. There are two ways of getting to the Isle of Thanet—by rail or boat. The patronisers of the latter means of transit despise the South-Eastern and Chatham and Dover Lines, whilst the railway travellers in their turn declare the voyage to be a sure provocative of sea-sickness. This we consider to be basin situation. The late boat on Saturdays is termed the "Husbands' Boat," and those *Benedicks* who can brave the satire of the assembled visitors during the walk down the long jetty escape comparatively unscathed. But woe betide the luckless husband who retaliates. The career of the Derby dog is a delight compared to his quarter of a mile of misery. There is no such behaviour at Ramsgate. There the "rowdy" element is confined to the neighbourhood of the smaller concert rooms in the evening, where every variety of music-hall monstrosity may be heard through the open windows from the eccentric history of "*Captain Jacks*" down to the more momentous chronicle of the doings of a certain "*Tommy Dodd*," whilst on the old principle inculcated by the proprietors of the shows at Greenwich Fair, that the best of the fun was to be seen outside, the managers of the concert-rooms obligingly permit the visitors to hear the choice ditties in the open, which is a cool and economical arrangement for which one can scarcely be sufficiently grateful.

The first object of interest which catches the eye of the visitor at Margate is

The Pier.—The charge for walking on it is a penny. Stingy people consequently consider it an imposing edifice. A band plays there at stated periods, and it is appropriately composed of wind instruments. The pier cost a hundred thousand pounds; and when it nearly broke down for want of proper support, MR. COBB gave it a hand, and helped it out of low water. Kent, as all know, was ever famous for its

Cobbs. It was here that the *Saturday Reviewer* hit upon the subject of his famous article, "The Girl of the Pier-head."

The Jetty.—Unlike its more exclusive neighbour, this popular promenade is free. Very. In Cecil Square those who may desire to communicate with their friends, will find

The Post-Office.—A very good plan for discovering the hours at which the box closes, times of delivery, &c., is to read the paper in the window. Opposite this useful, but candour compels us to add, somewhat unobtrusive building, stand

The Assembly Rooms.—Here there is a concert nightly, after which the visitors devoid of any absurd pride do not stand on forms, but have them removed for dancing. Be it understood, too, that dancing at Margate means dancing. What is termed "metropolitan talent" is engaged here during the season, and until recently this handsome room had it all its own way, but a formidable opponent sprung into existence, a season or two ago, entitled

The Hall by the Sea.—Between these two rival establishments there exists about the same difference as that between *Tweedledum* and *Tweedledee*. As a gentleman in a black velvet jacket and hounds in full cry down his shirt front, observed to us, "The Rile is reglar old-fashioned English style, whilst the Yall is more foreign like." There is no doubt, however, that in all matters of amusement Margate supercedes its more aristocratic neighbour, Ramsgate, for it also possesses a

Theatre.—This temple of the drama is somewhat awkwardly situated. We have heard several plans suggested for its speedy discovery, of which we believe the most effectual is to stand with your back to the ocean, walk straight on and lose yourself. The only drawback to this proceeding is the possibility of your finding yourself, in the course of time, in the neighbourhood of Canterbury. If you do so, you should at once turn back. You will have saved your admission money, and have had a nice walk. The theatre is, we believe (but cannot undertake to assert) in Hawley Square. If you cannot find it, an appropriate ditty, with which to lament the fact, is "*Hawley's lost now*." We simply throw this out as a suggestion. Skirting the coast, the visitor will perceive those "common objects of the sea-shore,"

The Bathing-Machines.—Tradition states that on more than one occasion, when the rush for rooms has been excessive, these amphibious vehicles have been let out as sleeping apartments. We would recommend the idea to the attention of their owners this sultry weather. As an article of utility, we consider the bathing-machine to be as yet in its infancy. A convenient contrivance which can be at once employed as an assistant towards immersion, a bed-room, and a family coach, is certainly an article worth cultivating. When drawn up on the shore to belate to bachelors on the occasions we speak of, we believe the announcement on the doors ran thus: "Apartments for Shingle Gentlemen."

Visitors should by no means think of leaving Margate without viewing

The Pump, the Gasometer, and the Grotto.—These are all remarkable in their way, and will well repay inspection. Parties can be made to visit the Gasometer, by which the individual expense incurred is rendered very trifling. The Pump is a popular place for pic-nics.

Having tried several of

The Hotels, we have no hesitation in pronouncing them good, and not unreasonable. But there is one peculiarity about them—they seem incapable of providing good breakfasts. Dinners are good, teas are good, attendance very fair, but the Isle of Thanet is decidedly bad at breakfast. Without mentioning names, we throw this out as a gentle hint to the hotels generally, and hope that it will not be wasted upon their proprietors.

THE LAW IN A SCOTCH MIST.

SCOTCHMEN not know how to write plain English! Nonsense! Only see how clearly they express themselves in the hundredth clause of their new Court of Session Act:—

"It shall no longer be competent to direct a Brieve for the Cognition of a Person alleged to be *incompos mentis prodigus et furiosus*, or of a Person alleged to be *incompos mentis fatuus et naturaliter idiota*, to the Judge Ordinary; and the Brieves of Furiosity and Idiocy hitherto in Use are hereby abolished: and in lieu thereof it is enacted, that a Brieve from Chancery, written in the English Language, shall be directed to the Lord President of the Court of Session, directing him to inquire whether the Person sought to be cognosed is insane; who is his nearest Agnate, and whether such Agnate is of lawful Age; and such Person shall be deemed insane, if he be furiosus or fatuous or labouring under such Unsoundness of Mind as to render him incapable of managing his Affairs; and such Brieves shall be served upon the Persons sought to be cognosed, on Inducias of Fourteen Days."

They, who think the Scotch Reform Bill ought to have included a clause for the reform of Scottish legal phraseology, may see from the above how needless such a measure would have virtually been.

EXPENSIVE FURNITURE.—Seats in the New House.

NICKLEDY NOD.

A few new words to a very old English song, for which Mr. Punch acknowledges his indebtedness and gratitude to our own dear "Notes and Queries."



WHEN shall we be married,
My own dear NICKLEDY NOD?"

"When I've a thousand a year, child,
I think it is wondrous good."
"Shan't we be married before,
My own dear NICKLEDY NOD?"

"Would you wed on just three hundred?
I think the young wench is mad."

"Where shall we take a lodging,
My own dear NICKLEDY NOD?"

"We'll have a house in Belgravia,
I think it is wondrous good."
"Can't we live happy, and cheaper,
My own dear NICKLEDY NOD?"

"Would you live at Bow, or Islington?
I think the young wench is mad."

"Whom should we ask to see us,
My own dear NICKLEDY NOD?"

"We'd soon know lords and ladies,
I think it is wondrous good."
"Shouldn't we ask our old friends,
My own dear NICKLEDY NOD?"

"Would you ask city clerks and tradesfolk?
I think the young wench is mad."

"Where shall we find amusement,
My own dear NICKLEDY NOD?"

"We'll have two stalls at the Opera,
I think it is wondrous good."
"Something less costly, won't we,
My own dear NICKLEDY NOD?"

"Would you stew in the pit at Sadler's Wells?
I think the young wench is mad."

"Where shall we go in autumn,
My own dear NICKLEDY NOD?"

"Trouville, Dieppe, and Baden,
I think it is wondrous good."
"Won't that be very expensive,
My own dear NICKLEDY NOD?"

"Would you go to Margate, or Gravesend?
I think the young wench is mad."

"When shall you have our thousand,
My own dear NICKLEDY NOD?"

"Well, when I'm nearly forty,
I think it is wondrous good."
"Couldn't we venture it sooner,
My own dear NICKLEDY NOD?"

"What, wed like our fathers and mothers?
I think the young wench is mad."

Rome and Capetown.

"THE BISHOP OF CAPE TOWN," says the *Post*, "has postponed his departure from this country for a month." In the meanwhile, let him reconsider the step which he proposes to take in setting up a Bishop of his own in the diocese of Natal. He has already shown himself a little Pope in his way, but may perhaps see, on reflection, that he will be carrying his imitation of the genuine Roman Pontiff too far by perpetrating an act of Anglican aggression.

ELECTION ADDRESSES.

II.—RAMPANTLY RADICAL.

To the Electors of the Mint Villages.

ELECTORS,

In proposing myself as one of your Members I do not ask you to swallow the usual sweet stuff of election addresses. I shall neither coax nor flatter you, but you will be spared vagueness and deception. You have a right to know my opinions. You shall. I am an advanced Regenerator. If you choose me, it must be as an independent representative, for I am not disposed to join in the game of Follow your Leader. There is no public man who climbs high enough or strides far enough for me: they plod, I want to fly. I deny that Reform is Revolution, but I contend that Conservatism is Collapse. We laugh at our forefathers and reckon ourselves sages: posterity will laugh longer and louder at us, and declare that we were old women. We have only reared the scaffolding, they will take down and rebuild the house; we poultice and plaster, they will employ the cautery and the knife.

I am ashamed to have to state my views on absurdities which should long ago have been as much a thing of the clumsy past as stage coaches and street watchmen.

First on the black list of abuses stands that established insult, the Irish Church. The fall of this dilapidated fabric is certain. Other ecclesiastical edifices will follow.

The House of Lords, as a legislative body, is a dangerous obstruction lying across the path of progress. It must be removed. An hereditary peerage is a standing anachronism. If the Bishops have plenty to do, they should stay in their dioceses and avoid the temptations of the London season; if they have not, they should be suppressed. Parliamentary Reform is only in its perambulator. Everyone who contributes to the expenses of the State should have a share in the management of the State. Women are entitled to the franchise, and to be eligible as Members: whether they should be allowed to speak, as well as to vote in the House, is a matter for serious consideration. The ballot is a certainty. Redistribution of Seats will be one of the first exploits of a sincere Parliament. But a far more important redistribution must follow—that of the soil.

I am discontented with all our Public Departments. In the Army there is incapacity, jobbery, pipe-clay, and either inability or indisposition to keep step with modern times and nations. In the Navy there is waste, extravagance, bad book-keeping, and an expensive new gun every year. The Church is a puzzle, and in pieces. The Administration of the Law is cumbrous, costly, and tedious. Juries and Justices might be admirable inventions in the days of ALFRED and ÆTHELRED: in the reign of VICTORIA they should disappear. The Game Laws are the last flash of feudalism, and cannot outlive many more seasons and sessions. In our Universities there is bigotry and backwardness. In our Public Schools too much cricket and too little chemistry. I am not attached to our Diplomatic Service, and recommend all the Public Offices being carefully explored. Our taxation is unjust, our expenditure enormous. We compel children to go to gaol; why should we not compel them to go to school? The Corporation of London can hardly feast into another century, and the next generation will probably know the comfort of living in a clean, sweet, and ornamental metropolis, when the last vestryman has died off, and the last statue has been taken down.

I would consign to a Dictionary of obsolete and archaic words such terms as Articles, Church-rate, Convocation, Dean, freeman, Gold Stick, Horse-Guards, Latin verses, Lord Mayor, religious tests, sinecure, turnpike, Usher of the Black Rod, and Vestry. Our glorious Constitution, our time-honoured Institutions, a well-considered measure, a due regard to vested interests, prescriptive rights, Protestant ascendancy, the balance of power, the wisdom of our ancestors, and the setting of England's sun for ever, are all highly objectionable phrases, and mean bigotry and cant, subterfuge and job. One pledge I will give. Is a measure brought before the House the object of which is to change or abolish something that is ancient, exclusive, and costly? I will support that measure. There should be no Old Style in politics.

If you want me as your Member, the seat must not cost me a shilling. The usual election expenditure is a poll-tax I am not disposed to pay.

I shall not degrade myself or you by a bowing, hand-shaking canvass. On the hustings I will answer any questions you may like to put to me, from the state of our Foreign Relations to the condition of our London Streets. Such is my platform.

ALGERNON BRADSHAW CROMWELL WILKES.

Mount Washington, Cobbeville.

Convivial Toast.

(For a Temperance Fête.)

FILL high: Drink *L'eau*.



"TALK OF THE ———"

BUT ADOLPHUS AND ANGELINA, AS THEY SAT TOGETHER ON THE BEACH AT BARMOUTH, WERE NOT CONVERSING ABOUT ANYTHING OF THE SORT, AND WERE MUCH STARTLED AT THE APPROACHING SPECTRE. THEY FLED!

THREE WORTHY BEAKS.

EVER happier to praise than blame (though you mightn't think it) *Mr. Punch* is delighted to have a good reason to applaud Three Metropolitan Magistrates for three several demonstrations of sound sense. These beaks are not of the sort who characterise offences as among the worst they have ever known, and then let the offenders off with a trumpety fine. *Mr. Punch* makes

Honourable mention of SIR THOMAS HENRY, for having insisted on such bail for MESSRS. ALLEN and GOSS, who (perhaps) intended to fight on the 31st, as made the battle impossible. Attorney pleaded in vain. SIR THOMAS had considered the whole matter.

Honourable mention of MR. A. A. KNOX, who was about to send a young sinner to a reformatory on his avowal that he was only fifteen, but being prevented by some low fellows in Court who prompted the mother to declare him sixteen, gave him an earnest lecture, and a heavy sentence that would keep him for a long time from "gin and Portland."

Honourable mention of SIR THOMAS GABRIEL, who thus addressed the keeper of a public-house at which a porter who was charged with robbing a publisher's house used to leave his parcels of stolen goods. The publican (*can a publican be*



AFTER ALL, IT WAS ONLY THE SHADOW OF THIS OLD WELSHWOMAN WITH A HAY-FORK OVER HER SHOULDER!

unvirtuous?) denied knowledge that anything was wrong, and SIR THOMAS said—

"Well, then, I don't believe you, but I believe that it is from the facilities given by such houses as yours that these book robberies are assisted. I dare say that you have gathered 'from the tenor of my examination that I do not believe you, and *when you come up for a renewal of your licence I shall put some further questions to you.*' The Witness attempted to offer further explanations, but SIR THOMAS GABRIEL said, 'I have nothing more to say but that you will hear of this again.'"

Now these Magistrates have shown that they not only know, but are resolute to carry out one duty for which we know, from the best source, the Magistrate sits, namely, "the punishment of evil-doers," and *Mr. Punch*, the Great Magistrate, hereby performs the other duty, namely, "the praise of them that do well."

A Railwayman's Reward.

THE honour of knighthood, conferred on MR. W. E. WATKIN, M.P., Chairman of the South-Eastern Railway, was most appropriate. As there were Knights of the Road, so there are now Knights of the Railroad, only the former were merely nominated by the people, but now one of the latter has been actually dubbed by the Crown.

Some Apology for Lord Mayo.

WHETHER the EARL OF MAYO is clever enough for the office of Viceroy of India time may determine, by permission of MR. GLAD-

STONE. There is, however, thus much to be said for him, that he is not likely to prove a tyrannical Governor. Although he was once called (by courtesy) a NAAS, there is no reason to fear that he will be found an absolute donkey.



A DRESS REHEARSAL.

FRIEND BRIGHT. "H'M! HA! VERILY THESE MINISTERIAL GARMENTS WON'T BE SO UNBECOMING, AFTER ALL!" [*Said, in other words, in his last address.*]

MUSIC REALLY A CIVILISER.

"It is said that the PRINCE IMPERIAL displays an aptitude for Music, but the EMPEROR discourages this inclination in his son."—*Paris Letter.*



OUTLESS there are two ways of regarding this fact. Looking at the PRINCE's future from the EMPEROR's point of view, the father is perfectly right, as a great musician is seldom a great man, and the chances are about ninety to one that a party who thinks and talks much about music is on other topics a muff. Mr. Punch himself is so brilliant an exception to the rule that he may be taken as the representative of the accomplished minority who can be fanatical about MOZART and "Not for Joseph," and yet can think. The EMPEROR wants his son to be a states-

man and a soldier of the Napoleonic type, and is probably right, therefore, in laughing at him when he sits down to his admirable mother's pianoforte to try over one of THERESA's airs. But as the Napoleonic type has not been one for the perpetuity whereof Europe has had cause to pray with any great vehemence and fervour, we may venture to wish that the young PRINCE's musical inclinations could be tolerated and even encouraged. We should much prefer to read that at two-and-twenty "Loo-Loo" had written the divinest opera for the MARCHIONESS DE CAUX, than that he was understood to be persuading the EMPEROR to let him lead an army into Germany. Constituted as are most royalties, it is better for the world that when they lay down the sceptre they should take up, not the sword, but the fiddlestick.

A CANVASS OF THE FUTURE.

SCENE—Country. A Room in the Cottage of ANDREW MARVELLSON. Books, Scientific Instruments, &c. MARVELLSON at a desk reading an old folio.

Enter His Wife.

Mrs. M. Now, ANDY, have you done reading that philosophy?

Mar. I have just finished my BACON, and now I want greens. Come out with me for a walk to Dove's Wood, where I am going to look for them.

Mrs. M. I'll be ready in a minute. I am so fond of botany.

[Exit, dancing.]

Mar. *Domus et placens uscr.* Particularly *placens.* Shares one's pursuits, and likes taking exercise. Well, I am blessed, as the people say; or at least I ought to be.

Servant Maid (throwing open door). MR. BORER and MR. DUNMAN.

Enter DUNMAN and BORER.

Dun. We have taken the liberty—

Mar. Sit you down.

Bor. We have taken the liberty, Sir, of waiting upon you on the part of the Axborough Electoral Union, to beg you will do us the honour of becoming our representative in Parliament.

Mar. Oh, nonsense, Gentlemen.

Dun. We should really be so glad if you would.

Bor. And so much obliged.

Mar. The thing is out of the question. I couldn't stand it. Besides, I have no inclination that way, and others have. There's SIR BALAAM BRADLEY, for instance. He's ready to spend ten thousand pounds to get into Parliament. That's your man.

Dun. I beg your pardon, Sir, excuse me—but no, that is not our man. SIR BALAAM BRADLEY is a great Railway Director and Chairman. He would represent his Company and not us. You, Sir, would take a higher line.

Bor. Ahem! You see, Sir, those wealthy men who spend any money almost for a seat, want it either to promote their private interests or to

gratify their personal vanity. In either case the country and their constituents suffer by the legislation of such Members.

Mar. Oh, you have found that out, have you?

Dun. Now there, Sir, we see you understand the state of the case exactly. Do not refuse us.

Bor. If I may venture to use familiar language, don't say nay.

Mar. Gentlemen, do you know that you are asking me to undertake a most laborious and burdensome office?

Dun. It is so, certainly, Sir, for gentlemen who do their duty.

Bor. But that, Sir, you know, is just what we are so very sure you would do.

Mar. Those long late hours of the House of Commons! Those prolix wordy debates! Talk of sermons! What sermon can be more tiresome than a sermon on a monetary text, in length, compared to a parson's, as six to one? Then just consider the labour of serving on Committees! You know what a bore it is to be forced to serve on a jury. But that is but a week's infliction, whilst the other lasts half the year. Think what a sacrifice of time and health you would have me make! Think of my leaving, for six months at a time, these pleasing pursuits, this quiet home! No, no, Gentlemen, I can't; I can't, really.

Dun. But consider, Sir, the duty you owe your country.

Mar. I should very soon owe something else if I incurred even the necessary expenses of a Member of Parliament. My means are too moderate for the position.

Bor. Oh, if that is all, Sir, the matter is soon settled. Your election shall cost you nothing.

Dun. And we are authorised to say, Sir, that all the cost of your residence in Town, and other incidental expenses, will be defrayed by your constituents.

Mar. But still that would not recompense me for my arduous and irksome labour.

Bor. Sir, we recognise the principle that the labourer is worthy of his hire. We would further guarantee our respected Member a liberal salary.

Mar. But what if the labourer should prove unworthy of his hire? I doubt if I have the ability to earn anything of the sort—honestly.

Dun. Ha, ha! (laughing). Pardon me, Sir, but that idea is really ridiculous.

Bor. Really so, Sir. A gentleman of your known attainments in literature, science, politics, indeed the whole circle of human knowledge, pleading incompetence, evinces a modesty that is quite absurd. And then we are so sure of your integrity. Grant our humble petition, then. Consent to be our Member.

Dun. Do, Sir, do; pray Sir, do; please Sir, do, Sir.

Mar. Well, well, there; I suppose if I must, I must.

Bor. Oh, thank you, Sir, thank you!

[Rubs his hands.]

Dun. We shall all be so glad.

[Ditto.]

Bor. Come, DUNMAN, come, let us run back with the good news as fast as ever we can.

Mar. But, I say, Gentlemen, no patronage, no jobs, no subordination of Imperial to Little Pedlington interests.

Dun. Oh, no, Sir, not to be dreamt of.

Mar. No subscriptions to local institutions.

Bor. Not a farthing expected.

Mar. On those terms, then (sighing), be it as you will!

Bor. & Dun. Good morning, Sir; bless you, good morning.

Mar. Good morning, Gentlemen.

[Exeunt DUN. and BOR.]

Populace (without). MARVELLSON for ever! Hip hip hip hooray!

[Peal of village bells.]

Mar. I am in for it!

[Scene closes.]

Intellectuality of the Establishment.

SOMEBODY has accused a Scottish hotel-keeper of charging too much. We have heard that sort of thing before. But what we have not heard before is anything like the reasons which an Irish parson gives for writing to that hotel-keeper to say that he, the parson, was not overcharged, and for wishing the fact published. The reasons are that he is "a Descendant of WALLACE and an Admirer of Scotland." After this—we affectionately put it to the *Standard*—is it worth while holding out for the Irish Church?

Pleasing News from Paraguay.

WE are very glad that Humaita has fallen at last. It has been a sore affliction to the small wits. The word cruelly suggested a joke, but somehow evaded the epigrammatist. "Humanity" was nearest, but wouldn't go on all fours. The fall of the place, which will no longer hinder commercial enterprise, is a gain to Civilisation, but that is a secondary consideration. We congratulate the long-tantalised word-catchers on Brazil having cracked her nut.

EPIGRAM OF ANCIENT GREECE.

THERE was a Centaur, he went mad, which people thus espied—
He put a bit into his mouth, and strove himself to ride.



WHO CARES FOR THE CABMEN?

‘THERE IS ONLY ONE MAN LEFT IN LONDON, AND THIS IS THE WAY HE GALLANTLY DEFIES THE BADGED CONSPIRATORS.

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITHOUT A HEAD ON HIS SHOULDERS.

THE advantage of possessing a head is shared, a proverb tells us, by men and pins; a proverb, which, read syllogistically, does, in this manner, equalise men and pins. Were it not the purpose of my present paper to present you with some species of the genus “Man without a Head on his Shoulders,” I could use a considerable quantity of ink, and wear one good goose-quill down to its stump in a dissertation upon heads in general, trying to show the superiority of the Pin Tribe over its supposed master, Man. Moreover, there is the Great Pin Mystery, which would involve as much curious philosophical research as the whence and whither of the Human Race. Moreover—but I am *not* going to write the treatise here suggested, I leave it to anyone whose vacation is longer, and whose vocation for such serious psychological studies is more decided than my own. So to my Genus.

My friend MILLER is a Man without a Head on his Shoulders. I didn’t find this out for some time after our first introduction. I say, emphatically, our *first* introduction, because we have been introduced several times, and it was only after, I think, the *sixth* time of asking (doubling, you see, the number of banns for certainty’s sake) that MILLER addressed me by name, sat next to me after dinner, and, as we cooled ourselves with the generous Bacchus, iced, asked me to dine with him, at Maidenhead. It was in the summer, on a certain day, at a certain time duly named, and so to speak, signed, sealed, and delivered as his act and deed.

He borrowed my pencil to note it down in his pocket-book, both actions being characteristic of this species of the Headless Genus, who always carry either a pencil or a pocket-book, and sometimes both, only in the last case they lose both together after a couple of days, or mislay it for months or years. If the Headless Man has a pencil, he will borrow one of your visiting cards to make a note on the back of it, or an old envelope, or a leaf out of your metallic clasp-book.

MILLER, for instance, is very particular in making me note down all the particulars, and is impressive on the utility of memoranda.

I didn’t know then, as I do now, that I was talking to a Headless Man. In consequence of this invitation I refused two or three other very pleasant parties fixed for the same day, and trusting to MILLER’s memory being as good as my own, went down to Maidenhead.

I went to the Inn by the bridge. Smiling, cheerful, and inclined to be most affable to the polite Landlord, courteously jocose with his family at the bar in muslins, and graciously familiar with the temporary waiters, who appear at these out-of-town retreats like the flies, in summer only, and like them attracted by the meats.

I was dressed, like the Wicked Old Gentleman who took that satirical walk, “in my Sunday best,” but, of course (if you insist upon pressing the simile upon me to the end of the stanza just alluded to) everything was of sufficiently sober hue and decorous cut, without any departure from the very latest fashion of the day.

It was evening dress in which I did honour to MILLER, and my tie was of the purest white. A bright geranium beamed from my button-hole, the fragrance of Jean-Maria-Parina-and-none-other-Genuine was wafted from my pocket-handkerchief, and within me was a not unpleasant void, where Hope and Faith were calmly awaiting Charity.

“I have come,” I explain, “to dine.” The Landlord bows, as if all apprehension of my ultimate object being the spoons was now entirely cleared from his mind. I feel that the above statement, though explanatory is not sufficiently so for the occasion; nor does it show a desire to repose confidence in the Landlord. So I say, “I have come to dine with MR. MILLER.”

The Landlord inclines his head, not a bow or a nod, but an inclination, and is evidently to be taken to mean that he has no objection to my dining with MR. MILLER, or with anyone else for the matter of that, so long as I *do* dine.

But his movement does not convey the idea to me of his possessing any knowledge of MR. MILLER. With a view to assuring him of the fact, and reassuring myself (for Faith is in a somewhat fainting state from being kept so long), I observe,

“MR. MILLER has ordered dinner here.”

I am sure of it. I have it down in my pocket-book. “*Miller. Tuesday, 19th. Dinner. Maidenhead, Six o’clock.*” The Landlord says—he evidently does not want to discourage me—“Very likely, Sir: I dare

say the gentleman ordered it to-day. Was it," he asks, "in a private room?"

Upon my word I really don't know. Because, the Landlord says, he has a list of the private rooms ordered, to which he immediately refers, without finding any mention of MILLER.

"Perhaps he hasn't ordered dinner, Sir, and expects you in the coffee-room."

Perhaps so, I admit: only it's rather taking MILLER down a peg or two; in fact, I don't think, if I'd known I was going to dine only in the coffee-room, I would have bought that geranium for my button-hole.

Another thought, as I ascend the stairs, having been invited to inspect the coffee-room to see if MILLER is among the visitors there: If a man says, come and dine at Maidenhead, and omits the words "*with me*," does he mean that you are to dine yourself at your own expense? Because if so, I wouldn't have chosen Maidenhead, as it costs a heap of money for a return-ticket, and then the trains are not convenient, and you may catch cold from the damp carriages or the river fog, or the motion of the train may upset you so soon after dinner (I have known this happen to the most abstemious people who didn't remember having taken any wine to disagree with them, or indeed hardly any wine at all); or, finally, I would have accepted the MELVILLES', at Richmond, or the first-rate dinner and company at TOM WHITTAKER's new Club in Piccadilly, with a garden behind it, rather than come down merely to dine with MILLER alone, and—and—pay for my share of the entertainment.

Another doubt crosses my mind as I slowly enter the coffee-room door: Has MILLER thought the same thing, and given it up? Impossible. Besides, perhaps he is here. If he is here, I wonder whether he has expected to come and dine with *me*; so that I have to pay for the entire feast? I decide that it is impossible he can have thought *that*; and yet, I don't know, I did, or something very like it.

Let me look at it reasonably. I enter on my notes the statement as above, and from it deduce that I am to dine at MILLER's expense. Well: if I arrive at this conclusion, why shouldn't MILLER, who has entered in his note-book the same memorandum, substituting *my* name for *his*, why should not he, I ask myself, also deduce from it, that *he* is going to dine at *my* expense? If he has so settled, how am I to undeceive him? If we've both arranged in our own minds to dine at one another's expense, then who's to pay? However, that's a question for a third party, the Landlord.

In the meantime I enter and inspect the guests. I am evidently looked upon as an intruder, and can't help thinking of some scene I have read where the detective goes into a Thieves' Kitchen, accompanied by the rascally Landlord, and having seen his man, takes him off in custody, or not finding the vagabond in question, says, "Gentlemen, I don't see anybody I want here. Good night."

I stand undecidedly near the door. Ha! isn't that MILLER there, by the window? Hope suggests it; but no, it isn't. There's FOSBERRY, whom I know; dining with two fellows I don't know, though. I nod, as much as to say, "Yes, I too am coming to dine." If FOSBERRY was alone, I'd join him; but FOSBERRY and party is another pair of shoes.

I go a little farther into the room, and now I suddenly feel that my object is less to see MILLER, than not to see FOSBERRY and his two friends. There they are; dining: yes, dining. Far advanced in dinner, too. By Jove, it is past seven. There's not a table to spare. I should like, but for pride, to take the crumbs which fall from FOSBERRY's table: so to speak. I mean, I should like to ask humbly, to be allowed to join his table; to get myself out of the way—to rest—to escape those remarks, which are now—I *feel* them passing behind hands placed at right angles to mouths, and delivered in undertones—going round the room, remarks on my personal appearance. I know what I should be saying if I was one of the gay gormandisers, and saw a fellow hovering about the tables.

I nod to FOSBERRY again as I go towards the door, and his friends look up at me as much as to say, "What the deuce are you nodding at *our* FOSBERRY for? He's giving *us* a dinner. Ha! ha!"

The head waiter mistrusts me. The Landlord, however interests himself in my case.

"CHARLES," he asks of a bustling little man who attends on the private rooms. "Didn't a party come in to No. 8, just before half-past six?"

CHARLES thinks. "Yes." Hope brightens up.

"Perhaps your friend is among them," says the Landlord. Perhaps he is—capital idea.

"I know," says CHARLES, "that they're a-waitin' for one or two parties as 'asn't come yet, afore they set down to dinner."

Waiting for me—this is very likely: very. Because not knowing MILLER well, he *would* be polite at first, and wait for me.

Should the waiter ask if any gentleman of the name of—what was my friend's name? Yes, MILLER, Sir, was there?

Yes—no. "Couldn't you just look in, Sir," asks the Landlord, "the door is open."

The door was open. From a party of eight persons arose a buzz of conversation. I stand on the mat and look for MILLER. It's the detective again, only in another scene. An elderly *gourmet*, turning round towards where I am standing, says, "Bring me a glass of sherry and bitters," after which order he resumes his conversation.

I look to see to whom this was addressed; there is no waiter near; so, perhaps, with their proverbial softness and activity, he has descended for the appetising drink, I inspect. There is a man by the farther window, with his back turned, talking to a man with the upper half of his body out of window—both of whom might be MILLER, that is, if the first would turn round, and if the other would draw himself in; if the latter doesn't do this, I can only judge by going below and looking up. When I do go below and look up, he has, perversely gone in, so I have to ascend to the door-mat again.

When I do, the elderly gentleman who wanted sherry and bitters comes to meet me, angrily, "I ordered," says he, undoubtedly to me, "Sherry and bitters."

"Sir!" I return with dignity, "I am not a waiter."

He begged pardon, humm'd and haw'd, and I descending the stairs with hauteur have the pleasure of hearing a roar of laughter in the room above where that old fool has returned to tell "a good thing that has happened to him just now."

Confound MILLER! Hope and Faith have fled from the void, and there is the void, voider than ever. Hang MILLER! When a fellow asks another to dine at Maidenhead—

But stop! can I have made a mistake in the day, or the hour, or the place. Not the day, that's booked; nor the hour, booked also. But I have not booked my place; I do not mean Maidenhead, but the name of the Hotel where we are to dine.

I do not like to say to the Landlord that I am going to seek another hostelry, as I see nothing near at hand but a beer-shop.

MILLER can't have asked me to dine with him at a beer-shop?

I will ask if there is another Hotel. If there is, perhaps I'll find MILLER there. Hope and Faith have returned to the void, both very much shaken.

I take a glass of sherry and a biscuit at the bar; (they can see from this that I have not come after the silver, having my own), and leaving word for "MR. MILLER, if he comes," (they don't believe me, and won't take the trouble to ask any one if he's MILLER or not, I'll be sworn) that "I've just gone out for a stroll," (it's half-past seven and more) "and will return immediately," I quit for a time the Hotel by the bridge.

"If" I say to myself, walking fast, "MILLER isn't at the other place I'll—"

I cannot say that I had any distinct idea of what my intentions towards MR. MILLER were if he *wasn't* there. But if he was, I intended to show him no quarter (for *my* being late, mind you, or for *his* not mentioning the name of the Hotel, it didn't matter which), and I made up my mind that, if I *did* find him, I would dine with him, with a vengeful appetite.

Oh! here we are at the other Hotel. A stout man in a light costume is the Landlord.

I come very nearly to the point with a direct question;

"Do you know a gentleman of the name of MILLER?"

The Landlord does. Oh yes, certainly. Gentleman from London.

Oh yes, often dines here.

This, then, "is the place," as the song says, "stand still my steed."

Now for the next all-important question.

A VERY BAD SHOT.

THERE is a new paper which its contributors probably call the *Broad Harrow*, and it is addressed to "The Services," which most people thought were already pretty well served by certain high-class journals that "speak of what they do know." However, there is room for us all, the *Arrow* and the *Quiver* included. Only, until the gushing and rather green gentlemen who write the *Arrow* shall have established relations with somebody who knows something, it may be well for "the Services" to look into other journals as well. In a special and solemn paragraph of rebuke to the *Times* and all the other papers that had condemned the appointment of LORD MAYO to India, the *Arrow* emphatically assured the world that there never had been the least idea of making such appointment, and that the notion had arisen from some gossip in the *Calcutta Englishman*. Three days later, LORD MAYO himself was informing Cockermouth that he was going out to India as the Eclipse Governor.

Not to be Caught.

MR. WALT WHITMAN, the American bard, has published a Poem here, in which he elegantly likens his own soul to a spider. That is his business. We suppose he knows all about it. But British souls will not be his flies.

A HORSE LEECH.—A Veterinary Surgeon.



"SWEET IS REVENGE—ESPECIALLY TO WOMEN!"

CAPTAIN OGLEBY, WHO ANNOYS THE MISS LANKYSTERS SO MUCH ON THE PROMENADE BY HIS OBTRUSIVE ADMIRATION, IS DISCOVERED EARLY ONE MORNING, BY HIS EXULTANT VICTIMS, IN THE ACT OF HAVING AN "EASY SHAVE" IN THE SOMEWHAT LIMITED PREMISES OF THE VILLAGE FIGARO.

TEMPER, TEMPER!

COME, we say. People are getting a deal too touchy. Are there to be no more cakes and ale, and shall not ginger be hot i' the mouth? There has been a great deal too much botheration over the sham address which MR. LORTUS PEMBERTON published in the name of SIR JOHN CROFT. We do not say that it was not a "liberty," everything is a liberty when folks are quarrelsome, but the thing was so palpably a hoax that *Mr. Punch*, who reads everything, and therefore read the address, smiled, not at the squib, but at the zeal that could induce the concoctor to pay the high price which the insertion must have cost. To suppose that any elector could be taken in by a document in which a gentleman was made to declare haughtily that his own travelling expenses at the last contest exceeded thirteen and fourpence is to insult even an agricultural constituency. Hang it, Gentlemen, squib and be squibbed, but don't lose your tempers over trifles. Nothing more surely indicates a small mind than an inability to stand chaff. A beadle can't abide it, a vestryman hates it, a college don detests it, a small poet is frightened at it, a ladies' doctor is driven mad by it. But *Punch* and you that have free souls can give and take. Let's have no more of this. And for that real grievance, the indecent comparison of MR. GLADSTONE to Iscariot, let it pair off with the still more indecent comparison made in honour of MR. GLADSTONE, by a relative who was carried away by his affection, and to which we will not more particularly refer. There is a jolly good battle coming on, and we'll all hit hard, but let us have a laugh at breathing times.

TO THE HORSE GUARDS.

WHAT FORTS are the best for soldiers? Ordinary Com-forts.

"THE *Earl's* Scratched." Many to whom this remark was addressed replied, "MAYO"? But it wasn't.

SHAKSPEARIAN HINT.

WHEN Kings, Queens, or Princes travel now-a-days the Mayor and Corporation of every town insist upon presenting their addresses. We do not reprehend their loyalty, but their tediousness. SHAKSPEARE has given us a model both for Mayors and Princes in his *Richard III.*, Act iii., Scene 1, where the *Prince of Wales* having just arrived in London (London, mind, with a Lord Mayor the Mayor of Mayors) enters his chamber with the *Dukes of Buckingham and Gloucester*;

Gloucester. My Lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the LORD MAYOR and his train.

Mayor. God bless your Grace with health and happy days!

That is the extent of his address. Admirably comprehensive. Why say more? To him H.R.H. deigns the following gracious reply:—

Prince. I thank you, good my Lord: and thank you all.

(Exeunt Mayor, &c.)

The stage direction at the end points the moral. The Bard of Avon was not for an age but for all time, in which is included A.D. 1868.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"THE *GLOBE*." Well, of all the stupid answers ever made to a conundrum, yours to "Why LORD MAYO?" is the stupidest. "Because he's Most Plastic." What do you mean? Why should a Viceroy of India be plastic? There may be good reasons why *you* should be plastic, dear old *Globe*, such reasons being the sovereigns that bought you from the Liberals, and turned you into a Tory. But why should LORD MAYO resemble you in plasticity? But perhaps you mean that when MR. BRIGHT is Minister for India, LORD MAYO will be delighted to obey his commands. If you are officially authorised to say this, that's another matter, Organ of Napoleon III.



THE RIGHT SORT OF LITTLE WIFE.

Rosa (dear George is coming down by the "Husband's boat" in time for tea). "I WANT SOME NICE PRAWNS."

Margate Fishmonger. "AIN'T GOT NO PRAWNS, MUM. CAN LET YOU 'AVE SOME FINE RATE WINKLES!"

[Ah! She thinks for a moment of Brighton, and Pa's house on the Steyne, before she married on £800 a year, and then trips cheerfully back with a bag of the inferior Mollusks.

HOW TO SAVE OUR INCOME-TAX.

ADMIRAL PUNCH presents his compliments to the present Board of Admiralty, and begs to call their notice to the following remarks, occurring in a letter sent by CAPTAIN SHERARD OSBORN to the *Times* :—

"After having given much consideration to the subject of public expenditure on the Navy, I avow that there should be now little difficulty in reducing it by the annual sum of six millions, or a sum equal, say, to our Income-Tax of 5d. in the pound sterling, and that without impairing the real fighting power of the State. . . . Whether in effete admirals, unserviceable half-pay officers of all grades, huge dockyard establishments, crazy ships, gangs of loafers receiving pay as combatants who have sworn to themselves never again to see blue water, and reserves which are only so in name, I maintain that there never was a time in the history of our Navy when unsparing retrenchment could be more advantageously carried out, both in the interest of the State and of our service."

ADMIRAL PUNCH not being exempted by his virtues from liability to Income-Tax, would thank his brother Admirals to give up wasting money which he, and hundreds like him, can but ill afford to spare. Let the loafers in the Navy, who now eat the bread of idleness, be sent about their business with a big flea in their ears. Let the obsolete old wooden hulks now rotting in our harbours be broken up for firewood, rather than continue to cost us thousands yearly for keeping them afloat. Let a serviceable fleet of turret-ships be built, and no more millions be wasted upon men-of-war monstrosities—big, rolling, broadside ironclads, whence, it seems, in roughish weather not a broadside can be fired. Let promotion depend less on patronage than merit, and let brains not always be overcome by birth. Let expensive dockyard jobbery no more be winked at by extravagant and indolent

REMONSTRANCE WITH RAILWAY DIRECTORS.

WHAT now, are you wroth, dear friends,
Seeing you may not combine
With a view to dividends,
Leagued in concert, line with line?
Do you wish to raise your fares
To their greatest legal height,
Give yourselves vexatious airs,
And the Public try to spite?

Cease, beloved, cease an aim
So unlovely to pursue;
Play not such a little game,
Lest I have to weep for you!
Think, when Bribery checked at length
By the might of Law we see,
What will yours and Mammon's strength
In the House of Commons be?

Then may an impatient State
Railways, you and all who share,
Force to sell, at such a rate
As itself shall reckon fair.
Why not, if the general weal
Sacrifice of you demand,
Sweet ones, since you did not steal
When you forced the sale of land?

Law, for you, did lord and 'squire,
At a price within set bounds,
Hideous cuts to yield require
Through their old ancestral grounds.
Everywhere your eyesores stand,
Shaming hill, and dale, and wood.
Oh, how you have marred the land,
Doubtless for the public good!

Apple is not sauce for goose
If not sauce for gander too:
Legal tenure should, as loose
As for others, be for you.
Oh then, brethren! I entreat,
Be content with moderate gain,
Of what measure you did mete
Lest yourselves have to complain.

Musical Note.

A LOYAL Composer has brought out a song called "God bless the Princess Too." May *Punch* suggest another, "God bless the Princess Tack."

officials, who only keep their eyes open to their own advantage. Let the Navy be no longer preyed on by the knavish. And, with a view to these amendments, let electors recollect that they may save their Income-Tax, if needless waste of money be prevented in the service; and let them, therefore, firmly refuse to vote for candidates who will not pledge themselves to vote for thorough Admiralty reform.

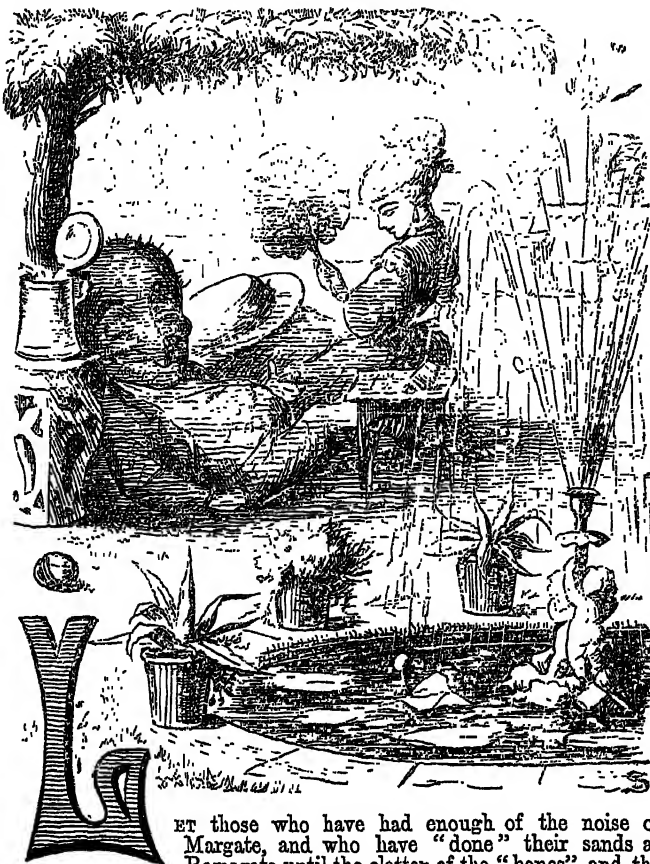
THE HAIR AND A FEW FAIR FRIENDS.

We wonder if young Gentlemen now ever ask young Ladies for a lock of their hair. One would fancy men of sense would think twice ere they did so, after laying to their hearts such intelligence as this :—

"Long hair now costs as much as 110 f. a pound; short hair ranges between 18 f. and 35 f. One of the principal dealers in human tresses occupies a house five storeys high entirely to himself, and last year he did business to the extent of 1,233,000 f. The capillary *rassias* executed among the peasantry no longer suffice to meet the enormous demand. The hair of dead persons, cut off the corpses in the hospitals, is a great help, but still insufficient."

Fancy begging for a love-lock and being probably presented with some hair cut in a hospital, and purchased by pound-weight! And fancy women fancying that a lump of purchased hair in any way can add to their capillary attractions! Venus Calva, the bald Venus, was worshipped in old Rome, and we should not wonder much if baldness be ere long regarded as a beauty. A man of any sense would surely much prefer to marry a woman without hair than one who wore a chignon transplanted from a hospital. Instead of being attracted by copious hirsuteness, a man will find that "beauty draws him with a single hair;" or he at any rate will think that the fewer hairs a lady has upon her head, the greater chance there is that she is wearing what belongs to her by nature, not by purchase.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK FOR THE HOLIDAYS.



Let those who have had enough of the noise of Margate, and who have "done" their sands at Ramsgate until the clatter of the "bones" and the "tra la la" of the shrill-voiced foreign vocalist, sounds more distracting than the tax-man's knock or the ceaseless whine of the "dog next door," take a fly to

BROADSTAIRS.

Though such a proceeding is suggestive somewhat of the "Coals to Newcastle" adage, for there are assuredly more than sufficient flies there already.

Everything at Broadstairs is on the pocket principle—small, compact, and cozy. There is a little bay, a little pier, some small hotels, and under-sized shops. The inhabitants are a civil, simple, race, and the boatmen are primitive in their notions. They have not yet arrived at that advanced state of civilisation when it is considered only proper to bully you into hiring a boat, and growl at your illiberality when you get out of it. *Punch* has unfeigned pleasure in patting the Broadstairs boatman on the back, and he by no means begrudges him an extra sixpence when he remembers how hard life must be to these brown-faced blue-jacketed fellows in the long winter, when there are no visitors, and only an occasional wreck. These latter casualties bring them in money, and doubtless suggested the familiar phrase "*Wrecks pecuniarum*." The only object of interest here is

The Goodwin Sands.—They are perfectly tame, and will allow the visitor to approach them. They are, however, not good things to be wrecked upon, and we should advise the hardy navigator not to try it. The perpetual contemplation of the Goodwin Sands and nothing else, is apt after the first month or so to render the visitor's existence a trifle monotonous; but he must console himself with the recollection that he is not at "vulgar" Margate, or "snobbish" Ramsgate, that if he is driven well nigh to the verge of lunacy, that at least he is at a highly "genteel" resort, and that it will be all the same a hundred years hence. There is, however, one course always open to him, and after twenty-four hours of Broadstairs we should advise him to adopt it—he can go somewhere else. Excursions should be made to

Richborough—so called from the wealth of the inhabitants; to Birchington (famous for its boarding-schools); to Peg-well—thus named in consequence of the appetite its air induces; and to Dover, which still maintains pre-eminence for its wonderful "powders."

DOVER AND THE CINQUE PORTS.

It is generally supposed that Dover was originally much frequented by that rare bird, the crane. Geologists, naturalists, and savans of all

sorts consider this most probable, and indeed traces of the former frequenters of the town are continually cropping up in the shape of very long bills, which every now and then catch the eye of the casual visitor. The author of *Don Juan* refers to the expense attending a visit to Dover thus—

"Thy cliffs dear Dover! harbour and hotel,"

and certainly it used to be anything but a harbour of refuge for the destitute.

However, thanks to a growing taste for light wines, the days of dear ports are over, and landlords and landladies are beginning to see that their lodgings, like guns, don't go off when the charges are too heavy, a blow up being more frequently the result; so that the visitor may now seek what *MATT PARIS* termed the "look and key of England" without immediately meditating a bolt. In fact, we can safely recommend Dover to the attention of the holiday seeker. It is bracing, breezy, and briny, and possesses a remarkably strong attraction in

The Castle.—There is only one instance of an escape from this great stronghold. This was many years ago, when it was full of prisoners, and a serious illness broke out. Steps were afterwards taken to prevent the repetition of the deed, and with every success. The Castle is of a very affectionate disposition, and is much attached to its native soil. This pleasing trait is evinced by its embracing thirty-five acres. It has several watch-towers (not to be confounded with clock-towers remember), and on the north-side may be noticed the arms of the quondam constable, *LORD GREY*, of Cod-nor, who was famous for his fondness for fish. Visitors should particularly notice

The Keep.—The summit of the Keep is four hundred and sixty feet above the level of the sea, and it is quite worth while going in for what is certainly a good "spin" in order to enjoy the view from the top. An interesting experiment is to take your *Punch* up with you. You will then see how far good jokes can be carried. The French coast is visible when you can see it. At other times it is only waste of time looking for it. Always have your telescope with you, as in case of faintness after the journey up, nothing is so reviving as a good glass. Invigorated by the breeze, you can advantageously descant upon the superiority of the Briton generally, and over the French in particular; you may also with much effect enlarge upon the feeble efforts of the Spaniards to take England with the Armada. Your guide will obligingly point out the exact spot where the fleet in question did *not* do what it intended; and if you like to drop a tear to the memory of *DRAKE*, *FRIBSHER*, *HOWARD* and *HAWKINS*, there is no reason why you should repress a national and an honourable emotion. You must not fail to observe the famous cannon termed "*Queen Elizabeth's Pocket Pistol*," on which was written the well-known couplet by a Covent Garden poet—

"Load me well and keep me clean,
And I'll carry a ball to *PADDY GREEN*."

Irreverent historians have occasionally substituted the word *Calais* for the patriarch of *EVANS'S*, but our version is the correct one. The visitor should by no means miss

Shakespeare's Cliff, which the inhabitants, by the way, are somewhat likely to do in the course of years, as it is gradually "caving in," as the Yankees say; but it will last many centuries yet, and as this chalky promontory stands three hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea, it must be always looked upon as the grandest milk walk in the kingdom.

The Harbour was commenced by good *QUEEN BESS* and continued by *JAMES*, and the sea walls are conveniently constructed for promenaders to slip off.

Dover was always famous for its pilots, who abound here in great numbers, in fact there are pi-lots. The first submarine telegraph-cable was laid down from here to Cape Grisnez. According to a received authority, it broke in consequence "of fretting on a ridge of rocks under the Cape." The fretting culminated in such an attack of depression that the cable eventually sunk under it. It is generally supposed that the two opposite countries were originally united by an isthmus, but the sea being up to its "Isthmian games," the Continents were by the "water parted," *DESMARET* attributing the rupture to the violent current from the north, so that they may be said to have divided on the current-sea question.

The Bathing is considered dangerous in consequence of the sudden shelving of the beach. Bathers must be careful and mind their shelves.

The Cinque Ports consisted of Hastings, Romney, Hythe, Dover, and Sandwich, to which were added Rye and Winchelsea. There is a strong family likeness between these sea-port places. Indeed we have frequently come across a Sandwich at the railway refreshment-rooms, and taken it for Deal. They were compelled to furnish the King (*HENRY THE THIRD*) with seventy-two ships, and the Cinque Port Fleet was something to look at.

The Lord Warden was the great man, but the freemen were termed barons, could trade everywhere toll free, could only be tried by their

peers, before the Lord Warden, or the King; were not obliged to serve as soldiers, and in fact had rather a good time of it; but the Municipal Corporations Reform Act has altered all that, and now Hastings, Romney, and Hythe have dried up, and have no important manufacture; but Sandwich is still intimately associated with ham and beef, and everybody has heard of Rye mugs.

THE ENFRANCHISED WASHERWOMAN.



d's bobs this, I declare, is a surprise now, faith and truth,
I never no more dreamt of than of cuttin' a new tooth!

My name, as sure as Fate, down in the register is wrote,
And them as 'ort to know says I'm entitled to a vote.

And' why the dickins shouldn't every 'ooman sitch as me,
What pays her parish rates, besides a tax upon her tea.

The birthright of a Brittain be allowed for to enjoy?
As if no right by birth come but through bein' born a boy!

'Cause I ain't no great scollard, that can't now be held no rule.

For why, the franchise is all one, for wise man and for fool,
Electors now don't need to have no wit—a will alone—
And don't I 'ope to let you see I've got one of my own!

Hand which I takes in warshin', and a mangle which I keeps,
I reckon my opinion is, as sweeps goes, with a sweep's;
My voice as with an 'earing as most men's wot lives by means
Of drivin' of a donkey-cart about, and cryin' greens.

Ah, drat all plaguy ribbles that their cloven 'oooves has shown,
And set their 'orns and tails agin the Halter and the Throne!
I'll show 'em what I thinks about the tinctacks they pursue,
The traitors, prostrates! O the nasty good-for-nothin' crew!

I'll never wote for nobody as traffics with the Pope.
He never can't, I'm sartin, as took off the tax on soap.
Which, and whoever have a mind my sufferidge for to win,
Must pledge hisself for to reduce the duty upon gin.

I'll make him promise to purtect the property of wives
From lazy, idle, drunken sots, the burden of their lives,
From roughs as beats poor women, yah! I can't abear sitch brutes.
That them as they should cherish stamps beneath their 'obnailed boots.

Look out for tickletoby, all you miserable sinners,
Now women of their rightful doos is like to be the winners.
Get out, both Whigs and Tories! Let each 'ooman choose her Member,
And we shall be about your House, perhaps this next December.

You'll 'ear upon the 'ustins a voice risin from the Tub,
"Reform, not Revolution, but an out-and-out good scrub."
For Purity of Election we shall go with 'art and soul,
A cryin' "Suds and Soda!" as we rushes to the poll.

The words of the Reform Act which we thinks for to come hunder,
Was meant by BEN DISRAELI; all my eye about a blunder.
A duck, he'd made his mind up for to grant our sect admission;
And honly wished to do it so as for to shun suspicion.

Which bless 'is 'art, I say, and bless the overseers likewise.
Drat the rewisin' barristers if they our claim denies!
Agin their imperence we'll appeal, in case they so decrees,
Suppose the Court confirms it—drat the Court of Common Pleas!

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

Formosa has won the St. Leger, to the satisfaction of her admirers and backers, who were right in saying, "Beautiful for ever!"

ELECTION ADDRESSES.

III.—CHARMINGLY CANDID.

To the Electors of Closeborough.

ELECTORS,

I CANNOT address you as "Gentlemen," because the majority of you are no more gentlemen than you are geniuses, and I cannot call you "worthy and independent," because I know from Election petitions that those of you who are LORD LOSTWITHEL's tenants will vote as LORD LOSTWITHEL pleases, and that those of you who are not will expect bank-notes, beer, and places for your sons, all which necessaries of election life, as you deem them, I caution you it is now dangerous for candidates to provide and constituents to consume.

At the last election for Closeborough there were two hundred and seventy-five voters to canvass and cajole, but as LORD LOSTWITHEL owned most of you, I bore with your small houses, back lanes, and dirty hands, and for three days was all smiles and suavity; but now WEEDLES AND WINKINS, mine and LORD LOSTWITHEL's agents, inform me that your number is doubled by the Republican Reform Bill, and that I am not to walk over the course, but must lose at least a fortnight's partridge-shooting in begging you to prefer me to RUMFORD HALES, the Radical brewer, who distances me by many lengths in brains, and purse, and public-houses, and would make you a capital Member, but is the son of a buttermilk, and though aspiring not aspiring; whilst I was at Eton, am a member of the Jockey Club, and LORD LOSTWITHEL's brother-in-law.

I suppose I must repeat my political Creed, although I don't believe in it, and you won't understand it. No Election Address is considered complete without the Irish Church—the horse with which every candidate declares to win. You know little and care less about disendowment and dis-establishment, and would infinitely prefer the abolition of your Local Improvement Rate, or bear a penny a pint cheaper.

As my father's Archdeaconry, and College living, and Cathedral Precentorship, and Prebendal stall are all in England, I have no personal interest in the life of the Irish Church; but so long as LORD LOSTWITHEL and MR. DISRAELI are of opinion that it should be propped and shored up, I shall come up by the express from Melton to vote for the maintenance of that venerable but costly ruin. Should, however, the keepers of my political conscience think that it will be for the good of the country and themselves to pull this or any other Church down, and so prevent the job from falling into the hands of those grasping contractors, GLADSTONE and BRIENT, I shall be just as ready to destroy as I am now to defend; and, generally, should my noble relative and my spirited leader consider that the prosperity of the nation and the existence of the Ministry depend upon the adoption of the ballot, or the abolition of the Horse-Guards, or the destruction of our Cathedrals, or the repeal of the Law of Primogeniture, or the repudiation of the National Debt, I shall not take to kicking, but be quiet in harness and obedient to the Whip.

I have never found you excited about Foreign Affairs, but remember well how violent you became when some meddling people who called themselves sanitary reformers suggested that the death-rate in your agreeable little market-town might be materially lowered by better drainage. I should not, therefore, trouble you with my views about the left bank of the Rhine, or the increasing power of Russia in India, or the Paraguayan War—if I had any.

I am not economical myself, as my father and my tradesmen would allow, and having through life enjoyed a handsome allowance and unbounded credit, I am incompetent to sympathise with those who clamour for a reduction of the National Expenditure. Having numerous relations of my own and my wife's in the Army and Navy, in the Church, and at the Bar, in Government Offices, in Diplomatic and Colonial Appointments, and on the foundations of our Universities and Endowed Schools, I would have all Public Establishments which yield pay and place, salaries, outfits, and allowances, fees, perquisites, and pensions, kept up with rigid extravagance.

The Archdeacon disliked the education of the lower orders—so do I, in my heart. On the other hand, I have an hereditary taste for Church Rates and Ecclesiastical Courts.

I am sorry to announce that I shall arrive at Closeborough on Monday next—greatly to my annoyance, having to leave a pleasant shooting party at LORD BARMOUTH'S—to commence my canvass and increase the receipts of your public-houses, and I suppose either I or MR. FREDERICK WEEDLES must address you every evening from the windows of the Saracen's Head—where, happily, the cookery is more than respectable—and confidently declare that we are sure to win and RUMFORD HALES certain to lose.

I shall have the bore of writing out and learning off by heart a short speech for the Nomination Day, and I shall feel particularly obliged if the Non-electors will abstain from throwing decayed vegetable matter at me, as I stand on the hustings and state my views about the Regium Donum. Your anything but obedient Servant,

ROLAND RAYMOND FRESCHVILLE.

Osberton Park, September 12.



BASHAN, NEAR BARMOUTH.

THE WORST OF WALES IS, THE WILD BEASTS ARE SO NUMEROUS AND INQUISITIVE.

CAB STRIKE.

Lounger's Diary, Sept. 7, 8, 9.—Awful bore, no Cabs. Thought so at first. Found one must go to the Club. Walked there. Had a tremendous appetite for dinner. Quite awful. They don't charge any more, though, at a Club. Haven't felt better for an age. Shall always walk.

Spend generally about five shillings a day in Cabs. That's £1 15s. a year—no, I mean a week. That's about £87 a year. Always wondered where the money went to. Now I know. Keep it for very wet weather. Hang the Cabs!

Government Clerk's Note.—No Cabs. Don't like to be seen outside a 'bus. Go inside. Met several other fellows all there for the same reason. Got to the office as soon as usual. Try the knife-board to-morrow morning.

8th.—Have tried. Very pleasant. Wish they'd stop quite still while one gets up and down. Nasty knack they have of going on before you're seated. Soon get accustomed to this. And what a saving!

By an Invalid.—No Cabs. Oh, dear—so ill! Must go and see my doctor. I generally go to him, for a consultation, in a Cab. Saves his coming to me. Suppose I must walk, but I never do walk. Besides, where is there one can walk in London? Can't send the servant—the other lodgers want her.

Next day.—Odd it is! I have walked. When I got to the doctor's door I felt so well that I was sure a guinea would be wasted, and prescriptions would be throwing money away.

All I wanted was a walk—a good, rattling, blood-circulating walk. And as to fresh air, I don't know when I've enjoyed anything more than crossing Kensington Gardens and the Park to get down to Saville Row. Shall do it regularly. I am very much obliged to the Cabs for striking.

Little Wife.—FRED took me out for a walk to-day, and we walked to the theatre together. FRED said he enjoyed it immensely. So did I, I'm sure; because I don't like going to the theatre generally with him,

it is such an expense (he says, and so it is) on my account. We must have a Cab there and back. But as there were no Cabs, it was a capital excuse, if any one met us *not* in evening dress; and FRED is so particular—on my account. I wish there were no more Cabs ever again, until we can afford it; and then, perhaps, we'll have our own carriage.

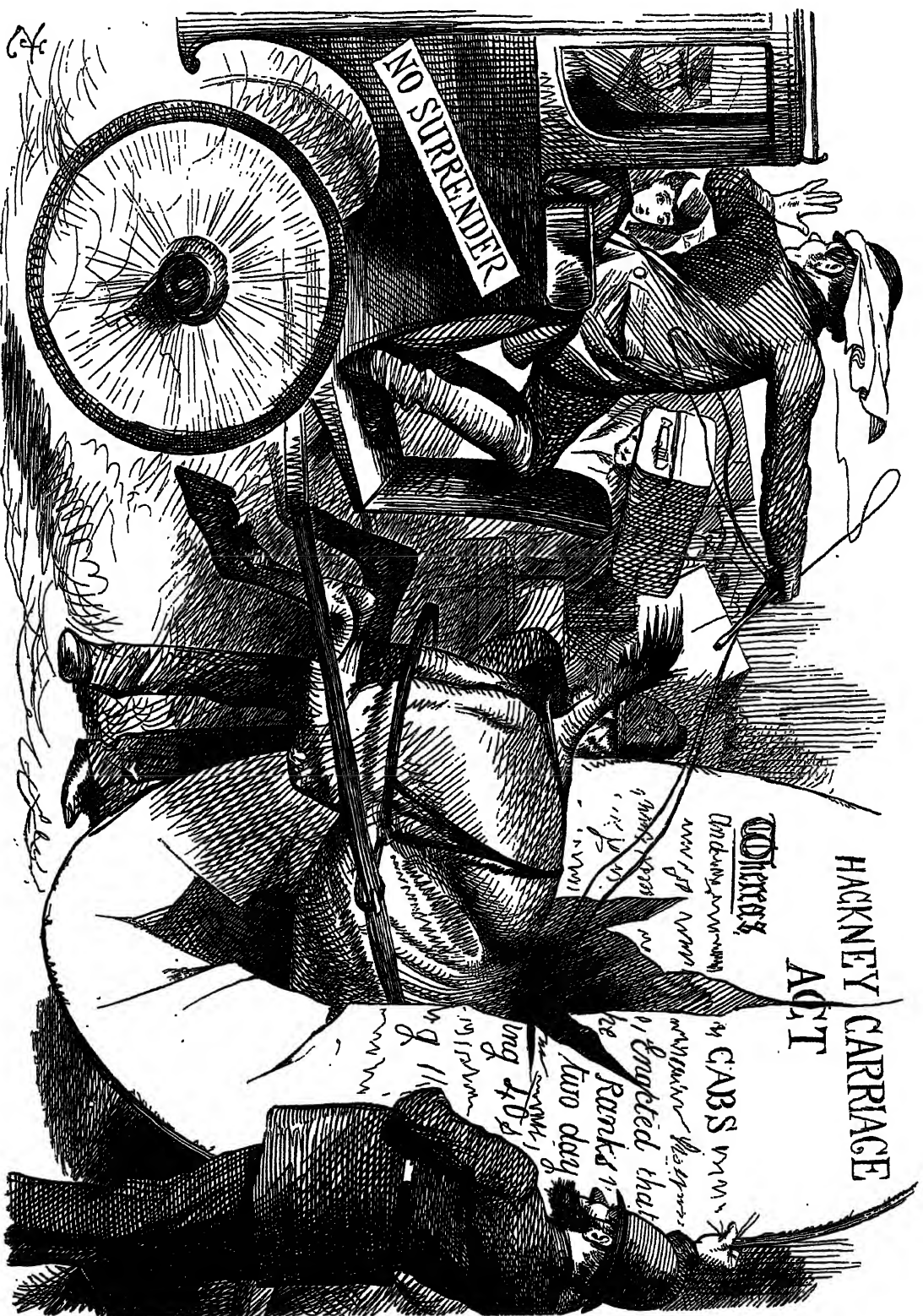
An Old Stager.—Wonderful! The first three days in my life I've ever passed, consecutively, without a row with a cabman. Don't miss them a bit. Mere matter of habit. I find (I didn't know this before, cabbaging having become a routine with me) that I can go everywhere where I want to go with a very short walk and plenty of underground railway.

Templar.—Cabs! Bah, Sir! the Penny Steamboats are the thing, Sir. Plenty of air and exercise. If you want a stroll, try the Embankment. Who wants a vacation? I do; and if I only save up the money I used to spend in Cabs, I shall have a first-rate trip for next year. That's my moral out of the recent Cab Strike.

HIS HOLIDAY TASK.

LORD MAYO is spending his vacation in strict seclusion, educating himself for the Indian Viceroyalty. He has nearly finished *Macaulay's Essays on Clive and Warren Hastings*, and will shortly commence reading an abridgment of *Mill's History of British India*. His Lordship takes lessons every day in the Geography of the extensive Empire he is about, by the kind permission of MR. DISRAELI, to govern, and can already find the three Presidencies on the Globe: he is also, with the help of a Memoria Technica, making himself acquainted with the leading events of Indian history. At the dinner-table the conversation chiefly turns on the *Works of Sir William Jones*, and the baneful effects of Caste, and the younger members of the family are allowed to speak nothing but Tamil in the school-room, and out walking. The Viceroy Elect's constituents at Cockermonth are subscribing to present him with a Hindustani Grammar and Vocabulary.

RETREAT FOR COCKNEY IDLERS.—Earn nil.



DRIVING THROUGH AN ACT.

NOT AGAINST THOSE FOOLISH CABMEN, WHOSE REBELLION PROMPTLY COLLAPSED, BUT AGAINST THOSE WISE PARLIAMENT MEN, WHOSE LEGISLATION PROVED RUBBISH, IS THIS SATIRE LAUNCHED. MORAL. DIDN'T WE NEED REFORM?



MOAN, HEARD ON A RAMSGATE BOAT.

"WHY DIDN'T WE GO BY RAIL?"

A BUZZ BY A TRUE BLUEBOTTLE.

(In the Ear of ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.)

I STILL remain a Protestant, I'm not ashamed to say,
And "No Surrender" is my cry; or, if you like, my bray.
While yet the Pope's a Power abroad, the Pope's a foe at home;
And I shall cry "No Popery" until the French quit Rome.

I doubt, though, of the Irish Church, and if you let it go,
Whether you'll yield a bulwark to the enemy or no,
Whether indeed he do not, while against him you maintain
The Syllabus in spirit, the advantage rather gain.

But O mine Irish Bishop, O my Parson, O my Friend!
Beware with what munitions you your citadel defend.
Raise mounds, plant stakes, and with *cheveux de frise* your ramparts
crown,
But don't you set up skittles to be instantly bowled down.

O reverend rhetoricians, can you possibly suppose
Because you call a Church "Her," that your Church has eyes and
nose,
And is a living Person, as that word's by MILL applied,
With rights, as such, of property, that must intact abide?

Your Church is an Abstraction, without either crown or sole,
Can neither wear *chaussure* on foot, nor *chignon* upon poll;
Your vested rights are all the rights whereof she stands possessed:
Whilst your life-property is spared, the State can claim the rest.

Then take your loaves and fishes, and enjoy your several shares,
No Corporation has a right of leaving wealth to heirs;
Save only what the nation grants, which if you'd have it do,
Show your successors like to be more worth their salt than you.

THE STAFF OF LIFE.—A French Bread Bludgeon.

NO ADO ABOUT ANYTHING.

WHEN the deputation from the Cabmen who struck against the public, to put pressure through it on the railway directors, waited on SIR RICHARD MAYNE at Scotland Yard, and suggested to him that he had the power of making the railway-stands public if he chose, they were asked by our active and efficient Chief Commissioner of Police the following remarkable question:—

"How could the Association expect him to put a law into force against the railway authorities when he had abstained from putting it into force against the Association, for not sending their cabs for hire in the proper way?"

This beats SHAKESPEARE. The doctrine of constabulary non-intervention is not better illustrated in *Much Ado About Nothing*. No ado about anything seems to be SIR RICHARD MAYNE's way of dealing with emergencies affecting the public, particularly when he knows that an Act of Parliament has been driven through. Having owned that he had abstained from enforcing the law against persons who had acted illegally, he went on to tell those same persons that he very much applauded what they had done:—

"There was, however, one thing which gave him great satisfaction. On all sides he had heard it stated that the conduct of the men on strike had been admirable and satisfactory. *He trusted this would continue*, and that they would on no account disturb the public peace. He felt pleasure in saying thus much, because it reflected great credit on the men."

Law-breakers get credit from SIR RICHARD MAYNE for having been so kind and forbearing as to refrain from aggravating the breach of law by violence, and injury to person or property. Perhaps he will next praise a pick-pocket because he was not a garotter. SIR RICHARD is out of his proper sphere. In France he would be appreciated. If he were Prefect of the Parisian Police, and in that capacity had made the remarks above-quoted, no doubt LOUIS NAPOLEON would have quickly decorated him with the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

A "STAGE WISPER."—The man who puts the straw in the omnibus.

SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.

THE *Indépendance Belge* the other day published a statement that the PRINCE IMPERIAL had lately said, "When I shall be Emperor I shall not allow any one to be without religion." To this has been given an official denial, thus concluding:—

"These words were never made use of by the PRINCE IMPERIAL, who, at his present age, would not think of interfering with political matters."

No. Not with matters simply political. But might he not possibly think of interfering with politico-religious matters? Perhaps the priests, by whom he is partly brought up, have forgotten to teach him not to think of any such thing. Such a speech as that which little NAP is reported to have made, any child might have naturally made under peculiar circumstances. Born with an organisation partly Spanish, a boy would very likely feel predisposed to acts of faith. Even if he did not say that he would perform them one of these days, he might be expected to think he would. France may, nevertheless, hope that when MASTER LOUIS comes to be a man he will think better of it, so that, notwithstanding the Syllabus he may have been taught to think by at first, his second thought will be toleration.

A Cosmopolitan Idea.

THE Extradition Committee have just published their Report. They recommend that, on stipulated conditions, the extradition of criminals should be facilitated. It is well that we and foreigners should agree to give up each other's rogues, but how much better it would be if we could also get our foreign friends to give up their rogueseries!

FROM GLOUCESTER.

Unmoveable Feast or a Stationary Festival.—The Festival of the Three Quires. The performers, it is stated, went to bed in Eighty-two sheets.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—Not LORD MAYO.



SUBTRACTION.

Pat. "WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WID YE, ANDREW?"

Andrew. "E... EH! A 'VE HAD SIC A FA'! TOOM'LE'D DOON AFF A LADDER, MUN, SEEVEN OR EIGH-HT FEET!"

Pat. "BE JABERS! THAT WASN'T FAR FOR YE TO FALL. SHURE AND YOU'RE SIX FEET HIGH YOURSELF!!"

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITHOUT A HEAD ON HIS SHOULDERS.

(CONTINUED.)

THE next question was, "Is MR. MILLER here?"

"No, Sir, he is not," the Landlord answers; "and I don't think he will be; for 'tain't often as he dines two days together here in the season."

Two days together! Oh, then he came—that is he dined here—

"Yesterday, Sir. Yes: don't 'spect him to-day. No, Sir. Are you waiting for any one, Sir?"

Yes, for a Headless Man, who was here yesterday. Knowing more of him after this (when I am bound to say he amply made up for his headlessness on this occasion; but even then it was only by my sticking close to him), I found that though he entered all his engagements most scrupulously in a book, he was sure to mislay or entirely lose it.

The Headless Man is an admirable systematiser. To hear him arrange the hours of his day, or of his week, and to see it all on paper impresses you immensely: at first.

I stayed at MILLER's house in the country. If MILLER had invited me by letter, and given me to understand that he expected me on such and such a day, I should have gone, and in all probability he would either have got his house full, or been absent from home; but, luckily, meeting me in Town he said, "Pack up, and come along." So the day being lovely, and the prospect agreeable, I packed up and came along.

The first thing to strike me was his utter ignorance of the railway arrangements on his own line, by which he must have travelled hundreds of times, as well as of his own locality, when he got there.

"I don't know exactly," he says, "when the train starts. I've got a card somewhere." Here he rummages all his pockets, one after the

GOOD WOMEN AND GOOD WORK.

LIKE every other gentleman, *Mr. Punch* is always happy when he can help a lady, and he doubts not but that many other gentlemen will thank him for informing them how they may go and do so. Well, then, let them call a hansom, and drive forthwith to 8, Pont Street, near to Belgrave Square, and ask to see Miss GRIFFITHS, the Secretary of the Ladies' Sanitary Association, whose offices are there. This lady is at present very much in need of help, not for herself, please mind, but for the poor people for whom she yearly pleads. Pull out your purses therefore, Gentlemen, and help her to assist them, and be grateful to your *Punch* for telling you how you may aid a lady to help those who sadly need your aid.

Not in London merely, but throughout the kingdom, these sanitary ladies are doing much good work. They wage fierce war with dirt, as tending to disease, and give good advice on cleanliness as helping to good health. More substantial than advice, a gift of soap and brushes is often added to it, and a coat or two of whitewash accompanies the present, and makes a filthy ceiling a thing purely of the past. But food as well as cleanliness is needful to good health, and so these sanitary ladies serve out soup as well as soap. Last year, in Chelsea only, they gave well nigh five thousand dinners to poor half-starving children, and next year they will be happy to give fifty thousand more, if they can only get the funds to pay the bill of fare. Besides these ragged dinner-parties, they have also ragged park-parties, and give a breath of fresh air yearly to some forty thousand pent-up and half-stifled little lungs.

So, ye Gentlemen of England, who go yachting on the seas, or are otherwise enjoying your vacation and your ease, assist these useful sanitary ladies, if you please, and send them many sovereigns, or, better still, *guin-eas*.

Annexation of Useful Knowledge.

AT Guildhall, the other day, one HENRY R. HERBERT, a porter, was brought before ALDERMAN HALE, charged with stealing from the shop of MESSRS. HAMILTON & Co., of Paternoster Row, two books, value 58s. Former convictions were proved against the prisoner. The books which he was accused of having stolen were "two volumes of a magisterial synopsis." A useful work, one would think, for a gentleman liable to be often brought by his vocation into contact with the Bench.

other, and makes a discovery which entirely changes the current of his thoughts.

"By Jove!" says he, "I've lost my handkerchief!"

Could he have left it in his great coat? No, he hadn't had his great coat on that morning, at least he thinks not. Yet, on consideration, didn't he, he asks me, put it on to come to Town in?

"How can I know?" I ask him. He pauses over this poser, and answers himself to the effect that if he did put it on it must be at the Railway Station at Blatchford. "Talking of Blatchford," he suddenly exclaims, "I wonder where the deuce I put my ticket?" Here follows another rummage which ends in the discovery of a hole in the lining of his right-hand coat pocket, through which no doubt the ticket would have slipped easily, only that (after enlarging the hole to the size of his fist and finding his latch-key, which he had lost months ago) it occurs to him that he hadn't taken a return ticket that morning, and so, of course, couldn't have lost it.

"I think," says he—he never gets beyond the expression of a probability—"that there's a train at two-thirty." He appeals to me for the time, as he finds that he had forgotten to wind up his watch last night. This reminds him (before I can tell him what he wants to know) that he has to call and get a new watch-key. Will I come? or shall he go and then return for me. No, I will accompany him. I know well enough if he is once out of my sight farewell to my chance of going down to Blatchford with any likelihood of seeing him there.

Off we start together. The sight of a stationer's shop causes him to stop abruptly. Isn't he well? No, he only wishes me to be quiet one moment while he thinks. Another rummage in his pockets. An appeal to me: didn't I see him take out his pocket-book just now? I did. "In your room." Yes. "Then," he returns positively, "I must have left it there."

This, however, is no reason why he shouldn't buy another. "You can't," he argues, "have too many memorandum books—always useful." We enter the shop: he addresses the man at the counter.

"Ahem! I want to see-a-see-a—" he has utterly forgotten what it was he came in for. The shopman looks at him inquiringly, ready to suggest everything, and he at the shopman in utter helplessness. I come to the rescue (being anxious about the trains and Blatchford) with "Pocket-book."

In a minute a large assortment is before him. His eye vaguely wanders from red to green, from green to blue, from some with metallic clasps and pencil, to others with pencils and no metallic clasps, or with metallic clasps and no pencils, or with neither one nor the other. 'Tis an embarrassment of Pocket-books. 'Tis the donkey between two bundles of—pocket-books.

A large green ledger, ornamented with red and yellow, catches his eye. "Wouldn't that be the very thing," he exclaims, as if struck by a brilliant idea.

"What!" I ask, "for a Pocket-book?"

"No," he explains, "of course not. For keeping garden accounts or general expenses. *Pro and con*, what do you call it, so much on one side and *per contra* on the other."

The shopman smiles, and acknowledges that it would be useful.

"That reminds him" (*What does in Heaven's name?*) "that he has promised to see about a canary for his cousin." Does the shopman, he inquires politely, know where there is a good bird-fancier near at hand?

The poor man sees the chance of a purchase becoming fainter and fainter, and is inclined to be sulky. I don't wonder at it, and in pity recall the Headless MILLER to the object for which he entered the stationer's.

"Ah, yes," he says, and suddenly pounces upon the very smallest and commonest note-book on the counter, price sixpence.

"That is all to-day," is his answer to the man, and is about to walk out, when I jocularly allude to the ceremony of paying, which he has overlooked. This involves a search for his money.

He says he *thought* he had some silver: very odd. No: no silver. Then, as there is no silver, it is evident, he concludes, that he must have given a sovereign for a shilling to that cabman who grumbled.

"I thought they were all shillings," he continues, still fumbling, first in his waistcoat, then in his trousers' pocket, "I took his number, too, but I don't know where it is."

I lend him sixpence, and say, "Now for the watch-key." He has utterly forgotten it.

"What watch-key?" he asks. On it being brought to his recollection, he says, "Oh yes, of course; but I dare say yours will fit my watch, and then we can be off at once and catch the train." We try, and it doesn't fit. Has the shopman got one, he wants to know. I point out to him that this will not be of any use to him even if he has, as the shopman is not coming down into the country with us.

I should have got him out there and then if his attention (his attention!) hadn't been arrested by a curious machine called an Egg-tester. The Headless MILLER, who will never think of it again, must needs ask all about this invention. A perfect Inquisitive Catechism concerning who made it? Then How does it act? The unfortunate man at the counter explains that it is for testing eggs. MILLER asks him to show him a bad egg. The stationer hasn't got one; MILLER is exacting; he wants him "to send out for a bad egg." I come to the rescue, and force him to walk as far as the watchmaker's, where, by acting for him entirely, I purchase a key and fit it to his watch.

"Now," I say, "for the station."

"No," he stops me, "not yet." He *will* stand on the pavement ruminating upon what he thinks he has forgotten—something he came up on purpose to do. He has lost his note-book; the memorandum *was* in it, but what the deuce it was he can't remember. We get in such plenty of time for his train as to miss one by five minutes and have to wait an hour for the next. Suddenly it occurs to him that he must have his hair cut. That, it appears, is what he has come up to town for, and he has forgotten it till now.

Luckily, the advent of the evening papers divert him from his intention, and I keep him by my side until the train departs, and we nearly miss it because he forgets that he has not taken his ticket.

We go down to Blatchford, and meet the Headless Man at home.

A PIECE OF LOCAL PATHOS.



HERE is a good six-penny-worth from the *Surrey Advertiser and County Times*. It is very nearly seven lines, each one of them cheap at its cost price. The lad to whom it refers was an orphan, aged fourteen, employed in hop-picking, and his history, which "our informant, a lady," says the provincial journalist, "elicited from the boy," is too sad for these pages. Suffice it to mention that he was the son of a butcher, and that, having been thrown, friendless, upon his own resources, ["the youthful hop-picker, clad in butcher's smock, was then left to fight his way in the world." Our journalist proceeds:—

"As the poor boy unfolded his tale of woe, bitter tears rolled rapidly down his sunburnt cheeks, and, later in the day, tears of gratitude bespoke his thankfulness for the assistance rendered by the lady, who on leaving his 'frame' placed a shilling in his hand. The gratuity was accompanied by words of counsel, which the youth promised to remember in his season of trial."

There will be recognised, in the foregoing, a quite peculiar combination of airiness and pathos, sobered with a grave tint or serious shade, and set off with a touch of humour. How manifest is the latter in the idea of "the youthful hop-picker, clad in butcher's smock," and the former in the statement that "the gratuity," ordinarily called present, and vulgarly tip "was accompanied by words of counsel," that is to say, religious advice, "which the youth promised to remember in his season of trial," or, in common language, whenever he was in trouble! By the way, trial and trouble are too often convertible terms, especially when trial is followed by conviction, and conviction by imprisonment and hard labour, which words of counsel (in wig and gown), have failed to avert.

Had our journalist been contented with saying that the boy cried bitterly, he would have evinced a want of that vivacity of sentiment which bespeaks itself in the more flowing relation that "bitter tears rolled down his sunburnt cheeks."

The epithets "bitter" and "sunburnt" applied to the cheeks and the tears, and the representation of the latter as rolling down the former, constitute the boy "clad in butcher's smock" a picturesque and interesting object, somewhat more than a mere object of simple prosaic compassion. In this point of view we feel his effectiveness much enhanced by the further information, that again, "later in the day, tears of gratitude bespoke his thankfulness for the assistance rendered by the lady."

The assistance amounted to the not very enormous sum of one shilling, which she gave the boy, or, as our local contemporary more graphically puts it, "placed in his hand." For this relief more thanks were doubtless received, but its vastness was perhaps not so overpowering as to make the recipient absolutely cry with gratitude. A little embellishment, however, is allowable in the poetical paragraph. The plain fact, probably, was that the boy, when the lady gave him the shilling, just said, "Thank yer, M'm," and then went and told his companions that "a jolly old gal had forked him out a bob;" but if plain fact only were usually reported in the country papers, their habitual subscribers would miss the accustomed gratification derived from those affecting narratives by which their occasional readers are amused.

Donkey Race at Doncaster.

AT Doncaster Races, among the quadrupeds that ran for the Badminton Handicap one was named *Ritualist*. The owner of this beast was a MR. PRIOR. Supposing that the Doncaster Races are horse races, some people may wonder that a Prior should have given the name of *Ritualist* to a noble animal. A regular Prior would of course never have done any such thing, and we are driven to the supposition that the Badminton Handicap is a race in which the winner comes in hindmost.

BOXIANA AND ROGUES.

THE Magistrates exhibit a laudable firmness in dealing with Prize-fighters. It is particularly to be hoped that they will enforce the law with rigour against all those dishonest small tradesmen who employ Light Weights.

MOTTO FOR CONFECTIONER'S FLIES.

"WHAT I-ces I sticks to!"

A GREAT PATRON OF THE TURF.—Old Scratch.



INSIDE OUR BATHING-MACHINE.

OWING TO THE HOLES IN THE ROOF, WE TAKE SOME TIME TO DRESS ON A WET MORNING.

THEATRICAL.

I HAVE seen many Theatrical advertisements which read strangely to us "the kind friends in front," but are not the following especially mysterious?—

THEATRE, KENDAL.

WANTED, to Open, on the 7th of September, a GENT, for Second, to Heavies, and Ladies and Gentlemen for Responsible. Address, &c.

"A Gent," not a gentleman. But this distinction is explicable if we read on, and find that "Gentlemen" are engaged to be "responsible." *Ergo*, the Gent is to be Irresponsible. In that case, who'll have any command over him? On the stage he'll just say and do what he pleases. I should like to see "*Hamlet*" by an Irresponsible Gent."

The next seems to me a little hard upon the Leading Man and Leading Lady:—

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENTRY.

WANTED (in consequence of a breach of faith), a LEADING MAN and a Leading Lady. Must dress well on and off the Stage.

On the stage to dress well is necessary; but "*off it*," who is to regulate the cut or pattern of the Leading Gentleman's trowsers, or the style of the Lady's morning and evening costume?

I shall not be accused of a wish to puff an institution of which I know nothing at all, if I draw attention to the fact, that we may now learn what has become of the tried friend and companion of MESSRS. PICKWICK, TUPMAN and WINKLE:—

LIVERPOOL.—QUEEN'S HALL, BOLD STREET.—(W. SNODGRASS, Sole Proprietor and Lessee.)

The name is so uncommon, it must be the identical gentleman.

Partridges and Sparrows.

BIRDS are scarce this year. Shooting is very bad. A battue is hardly to be thought of anywhere, except by bat-fowlers, whose sport is as good as usual, and much better than that of shooting half-domesticated game.

LETTER FROM A THIEF.

SIR, MR. PUNCH,

If as I have heerd property have Its rites, it stans to Reasin them wich wish to Get property has theres likewise, and I have heerd that you Stick up for fair Play all round, wich therefore I adress you these few lines, and hope you will make a Stand agin the harbitray Plan to put down Jewries. Sir, is a pore Thief wich I allow I am tho not worse nor some as would Punch eds if so turned to Have no chance wich you and all Noble Spotsmen give a beest of Pray. Sir, the Jewry wich I allow is a Stupid ass mostly is our only chance, now the Chaplings is growed cut and aint to be Done by a pore mouth and a im. We can hire that truly Noble gent a criminal barister and if he Can bother the Jewry we have one Chance more, wich ought not to be took away. If a Gudge had to try us out of his own ed not a pore Thief would get off and it is as good as a Play better than most to see the Gudge skowling at the Stupid Jewry wen they wont see what is as Plain to my lord as it is to me wot Done it that I am guilty and heer him say Despising them like, that I have had a Lucky escape. Wich ought to be aloud us and believe if you looked in the Crownation hoath you would find it there along of the Hirish churches. Stick up for the Thief's honly Friend the stupid British Jewry Sir and obldige

Yours truly,

Tiger Bay.

TOBY CRACKER.

An High Affair of Honour.

THE French code of honour obliges any gentleman insulted by another to challenge him, and allows that other the choice of weapons. It should also allow him the choice of place. Then a furiambulist, though less skilled than M. BLONDIN, would be enabled to assassinate anybody he pleased, by extorting a challenge from him, and then obliging him to fight upon the tight-rope.

ADVICE TO IDLE VAGABONDS.—Put your shoulder to the wheel—or put your feet.



RITUALISTIC. (A FACT.)

Cousin Emily. "YES, CHARLIE, THE HEATHEN SAY THEIR PRAYERS TO IDOLS LIKE THAT."

Little Protestant (shocked). "OH, DEAR, THEY MUST BE VERY, VERY HIGH CHURCH TO DO THAT!"

A NEED IN THE NURSERY.

WANTED by the generality of ladies, being mothers of families, and ranking amongst the richer classes, a nursery directress, who would undertake the supervision of the baby, or babies it may be, to see that their tiny clothing be well aired, kept in repair, even replenished by the help of her fingers, to arrange that they have their proper hours of rest, airing, suitable amusements to prevent fretful weariness—in short, to perform all the duties actually above a low menial's work. The words above quoted are taken from a letter in the *Times* signed "MARY HEATH, Lady Superintendent, Home and Foreign Governesses' Institution, 148, Brompton Road." This lady says that there are hundreds of women, who, "though hardly fitted for teaching," "would yet be treasures in the house" if engaged to attend to the needs of babies, such as she specifies. "With such a person," she observes, "the mother might depend on having in the nursery one who would not, as is too often the case, be giving mere eye-service, and whose own superior position would be sufficient security to her employers, that in their absence there would be no lengthy flirtations with the butler or coachman, no lounging for hours in the kitchen to the neglect and often pain of the poor little helpless ones in the nursery above." The nursery directress, in short, is wanted in the place of a parent, and in the stead of a servant-gal. Mothers who have duties to do in the drawing-room cannot perform them in the nursery, and the question is whether, in their absence, their children shall have the benefit of "lady-like manners and gentle firmness" on the part of their attendant, or be at the mercy of "vulgar coarseness and want of judgment in an ill-trained mind." Of these two alternatives the latter is the case at

HOMAGE TO LORD BUTE.

(In whose honour a parody on the National Anthem was sung at Cardiff.)

HOOBAY for young LORD BUTE,
Good luck to rich LORD BUTE,
Long live LORD BUTE.
Not like inglorious
Nobles, notorious,
Safe from censorious
Tongue be LORD BUTE.

May he turn out more wise
Than some that prey, like flies,
To spiders fall;
Choose work or politics,
Flee turfit's knavish tricks,
Free from the mud that sticks
To such men all.

Sound common sense in store
Keep him, for evermore,
From yielding loot
To knaves with hungry maws,
Deep heads, and stealthy paws,
Mayst thou escape their claws,
MARQUIS OF BUTE.

PENANCE FOR THE FRENCH PRESS.

OWING to a printers' strike, the journals of Marseilles were reduced the other day to publish nothing but blank sheets. What a precedent to be followed by the rest of the French press! Considering how very little news or useful information they are suffered to impart, it would be surely all the better if French newspapers in general were, ninety-nine days in a hundred, to appear *en blanc*, instead of coming out in their now usual black and white. *Faute de news*, their corners not uncommonly are filled with such indecencies as certainly no English editor would suffer to appear. These would clearly be prevented by the course which the Marseilles journals have recently pursued. For their delinquencies in this way, the majority of Paris papers should do penance once a week, to say the least, in a white sheet. Really a French journal would be readable throughout, if there were nothing to be read in it excepting just the title and the date of publication. Gagged as their Press is, our "lively neighbours" now-a-days produce the dullest newspapers; and to make their journals fit to lie on English tables, nine in ten of them at least should be issued in blank sheets.

present in the great majority of instances. And it is not a case of Hobson's choice.

What is the difficulty that can possibly deter children from being ruled and guided with ladylike manners and gentle firmness? Financial? Not so. "A home and small salary," we are told, would be a consideration sufficient to secure those advantages. The one thing needful is not pecuniary. "The position of nursery-directress would be a boon" to the numerous ladies qualified to take it, "could they but accept such without lowering themselves as ladies." That is all. "This could be arranged by mothers placing such a member of their household in so relative a position to themselves that none of good birth and gentle breeding need hesitate to accept." There is nothing to prevent this on the part of mothers but that stuckupishness in which there is really as much vulgar coarseness and want of judgment as any that the commonest nursemaid exhibits in her way. It is, indeed, as much servantalism in a mistress, as the corresponding disposition in a master is flunkeyism. Courtesy costs nothing; and it is for ladies to consider whether that is too great a price to pay for a nursery-directress. If they will not choose to afford it, they must be content to leave their children in the hands of a sort of person who is called a *bonne*, but would more correctly be termed a *mauvaise*.

Queer Taste.

WHAT strange ways foreigners have! A Congress (the latest variety) has just been held at Amsterdam, of "Low German authors"! Only one writer is mentioned by name as having had the *Conscience* to be present.



POPULAR MYTHOLOGY.

"Free and Enlightened," &c. "THAT'S 'ERCULES, HE'S 'AD A ROW WITH HIS MISSUS, AN'S A SHYIN' THE CROCKERY ABOUT!!"

OYSTERS.

OH no, we never lunch on 'em,
Their name is never heard;
Those natives we don't munch: on 'em
Remains untrimm'd the beard.

We hear their price is going down
Again to one-and-two;
Except for CROCUS half-a-crown
A dozen will not do.

"Tenpence a dozen" caught my eye,
And so I went and had one,
The first was good: the next, oh my!
Was such a jolly bad one.

To me the oyster man replied,
When I had called him Caitiff,
Under two shillings he defied
Me, now, to get a native.

And so, until the price goes down
To what it used to be,
On Oysters I'll not lunch in Town,
They won't go down with me.

THE TWELVE AT ROME.

ACCORDING to a telegram from Rome:—

"A subscription has been commenced by the Roman Legitimists to present the POPE with twelve four-pounder rifled cannon. The next Consistory will be held on the 27th inst."

Taken in the foregoing connection, His Holiness's Consistory might really be supposed to be a court for the administration of cannon-law and no mistake, and no pun. Perhaps a mystical significance was intended by the Roman Legitimists in the number of the guns which they presented to the occupant of the Apostolic See. The POPE will, possibly, evince his recognition of it by calling his twelve new rifled cannon the Twelve Apostles.

AD IMPERATOREM.—What the French Government ought to do with *La Lanterne*? Make light of it.

OUR FISH, FLESH, FOWL, AND NATURAL HISTORY COLUMN.

"DEAR SIR," writes MAJOR BULLY-TIN—"I've only got very light bags, and one brace on Tuesday. Upon my word, it's hardly any use going out."

[No use going out! Of course not, if you've only got light bags. Besides, one brace is not enough for any bags. A pair of braces, Major, would be more comfortable and correct. But you ought to know better. You've been to the North before, and must know how cold it is there. Get warmer bags, with proper braces (try elastic), and then go out. Send us all the best birds you get, for our advice.—*Sp. Ed.*]

Grandtully.—To His Highness the Maharajah DHULEEP SINGH. May your Highness's shadow never be less! Salaam. Hear, Massa Highness, you bagged 'llo brace of grouse in one day. Oh, golly! golly! Also, one snipe, a hare, and two plovers. If this meets your Highness's eye, it is to give notice that we can't believe it unless we have ten brace as specimens. They will receive the closest attention at our office. Do not let us have to address one of the birds, though (as we do you), as your Highness.

SIR.—Wouldn't it be a good notion to start a periodical to be devoted entirely to shooting matters, and call it the *Powder Magazine*?

Yours, A. GUNNY.

[Yes. Capital. BRAVO GROUSE! I'm the Editor for you at a merely nominal remuneration of two thousand a year.—*Sp. Ed.*]

Croquet.—In answer to MRS. CHILL we cannot say that playing croquet on damp grass is dangerous, inasmuch as it may produce hooping cough.

Flirt.—Yes. Spooning is not allowed, except with a very nice person.

Racing.—We are glad to learn that the EMPEROR has bestowed the Legion of Honour on several French turfites. Not much riband would be required in England for the turfites who might be named as worthy of the Legion of Honour.

Couldn't we institute an Order of Industry, and decorate the Welshers (during an Eisteddfod) as Chevaliers of that ancient title?

Hibernicus.—I am addicted to fishing, Sorr. Also, Sorr, I am not the boy to be taken in by any deludder. A fay-socshus gentleman advised me to try the Tay and its Thributaries: shuro, Sorr, that's nothin' bot the Tay itself and the milk, crame, and shugar. Amn't I right?

[Of course.—*Sp. Ed.*]

SIR,—Will a large fish take a fly?

Yours, Hook.

[It depends on the weather. If raining cats and dogs we have known some queer fishes take a cab, or even an omnibus.—*Sp. Ed.*]

Isn't there a fish called the Rudd?

IGNORAMUS.

[Yes, there is; and when he gets bigger, he's caught in a boat, and called a Rudder. Quite true.—*Sp. Ed.*]

Arrivals at our Office.—Contributors have sent the following articles, living, extinct, and un-extinkuished species:—

Three Newts (in a very advanced state); Four Scorpions (alive, and somewhere in the room); a Wasp's Nest, and several Tails of Dead Wasps (sting still in 'em: ought to be more careful); an Egyptian Donkey (alive and kicking); Box of Mosquitoes (not quite dead); a Six-Horned Antelope (quite unapproachable: butts in every direction at once); a Nootka Goose (very like the Egyptian Donkey—only fiercer); a Vulpine Philanger and American Opossum (fighting, thank goodness!); an Orang-Utan (now tearing up and eating all our MSS.; we can see him through the window); a Domesticated Chimpanzee (the fiercest beast we ever saw).

SIR RICHARD MAYNE has sent to say that we must muzzle the Chimpanzee, the Orang-Utan, tie the donkey's hind-legs, and also muzzle the Vulpine Philanger and Opossum. If he wants it, SIR RICHARD may come and do it himself. We can't.

[By the way, SIR RICHARD, oysters are getting on well. How do your muzzles look? Eh?—Yours, *Sp. Ed.*]

DOGBERRY AND THE DOGS.



R. PUNCH.—A policeman appeared as a witness the other day before one of the Magistrates, covered, as to both his hands, with black scars, the marks of dog-bites, cauterised. He had received these injuries in carrying out the orders of SIR RICHARD MAYNE to "comprehend all vagrom" dogs, unmuzzled.

MR. HOLMES COOTE, the eminent surgeon, writes to the *Times*, and says that, during an experience of above thirty years at St. Bartholomew's, he has only seen two cases of hydrophobia. It is, he adds, everywhere, a very uncommon disease.

There is no class of public servants more valuable than the police. They are worth quite as much as soldiers, to say the least; as useful at all times as soldiers are in war-time. In fact, they are soldiers who fight our daily battles with our native blackguards. Now that the hand which was intended to grasp the collar of a garrotter, or enforce the advancement of the populace with the ashen staff, should be liable to be disabled from performing those inestimable services by the fangs of curs, is a

thing "most tolerable and not to be endured." If hydrophobia were really likely to be contracted from dog-bites, we should tremble for the safety of our protectors, and that of our own persons and property, which depends upon the efficiency of their hands. No less than as many as 12,000 dogs have been apprehended by the police. How many of the gallant fellows must have been bitten! Under these circumstances, MR. COOTE's statement of the infrequency of hydrophobia is reassuring.

Thus much, however, we know, that, so long as policemen are employed in taking up dogs, they will, very many of them, be bitten at any rate. That is certain; whereas we are not sure that anybody would be bitten if the dogs were left alone. The only effect which SIR RICHARD MAYNE's ukase can possibly have is, that a certain number of policemen must necessarily be bitten, and so many must consequently incur whatever chance there is of hydrophobia.

With a view, therefore, to the prevention of hydrophobia, as well as to the protection of the public from thieves and ruffians, SIR RICHARD MAYNE will, perhaps, be pleased to recognise, if he can recognise anything, the expediency of directing the police to let dogs be, and devote their attention rather to interfering with street robberies.

Believe me
No MAIN-AC.

NEW NAMES FOR THE NAVY.

It seems generally admitted that the monstrous ships which lately have been added to the Navy are by no means worth the monstrous sums of money we have paid for them. Our big men-of-war in armour, which cost half-a-million each, are said to be as useless and unhandy in a sea-way as the obsolete old men-in-armour who adorn a Lord Mayor's Show. Yet still we go on building them, and naming them the *Hercules*, the *Irresistible*, and so forth; as if the use of strong words for their christening would suffice to prove their strength. Would it not be wiser to call a spade a spade, and to name our naval failures in a way that at a glance should designate their worth? When we launch the broadside iron-clads which now are in construction, instead of calling them by names such as the *Powerful*, the *Valiant*, the *Damnable*, or the *Thunderer*, let us christen them the *Wasteful*, the *Extravagant*, the *Useless*, or the *Blunderer*. There is small doubt that the Navy will be always dear to England; but that, pecuniarily speaking, it is dearer than it ought to be, the doubt is smaller still. Names such as we suggest might possibly awaken public notice to this fact, and by calling ships the *Costly*, the *Gander*, or the *Jackass*, we should identify them faithfully with blundering authorities, who sanction their construction, and leave us to pay their cost.

HAYDAY! HAYDOCK!—The Papists have long taunted us, quite unjustly, with a Nag's Head Consecration. But we fear we can't refute the taunt against a Pig's Head Ritualism. Was it a tithe-pig?

THE RAILWAY ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN.

WHEN clouds be white and skies be blue,
And fields both dry and browne,
It's merry riding in the railway-train
Going South out of Towne.

The Railways did their fares increase
Upon a certain day;
Itt was a fyttle of ROBIN HOOD
To make the public pay.

"Now, by my faye," said angry ROBIN,
"I owe the worlde a spite;
Ye Lordes have bearded ye Railwaymen:
We'll see who best can fight.

"The Bill of leave in league to bind
Our bandes, out they did throw:
If I be ROBIN alive, they'll be LAING'D;
I'll be wroken on them, though!"

"Foul fall the Peers!" said LITTLE JOHN,
"For throwing out that Bill,
But though men be cock-a-whoop to-night,
To-morrow they may fare ill."

"Now, there thou sayest," quoth ROBIN HOOD,
"Therein the truth dost speak;
And, by my troth, they shall fare so
In fares that we wyll take."

As rogues for true men breeden bale,
Soe counsel ROBIN and JOHN
Did take how folk, that go by rail,
They best mote put upon.

And soe on all that went by rail,
Whereon a holde they had,
The fares were raised by those two fellows;
Men swore itt was too bad.

And many took to going a-foote,
Far over stock and stone;
They had liefer that than that Railwaymen
Soe moche sholde stick it on.

A had shoote ROBIN shote, and JOHN,
With waste of might and mayne:
Men first-class carriages gave up fast,
And third to take were fayne.

Those shooters with their long bend-bowe
Their marke did overshoot;
Their gains do so fall off that now
They find they have missed their loote.

Woe worth, woe worth, the knaves who would
Fleece true men in such a degree,
And may they ever find all bale
That boote they hoped wold bee.

The A. P. U. C.

THE REV. F. G. LEE, who was once a most energetic advocate for the celibacy of the Anglican Clergy, but has some time since dropped the subject as one of minor importance (perhaps he will drop everything gradually for the same reason), gives a slap at the Haydock Ecclesiastics, and then gets up a ceremonial in his own Church on the anniversary of the A. P. U. C. Do these letters mean the Association for Promoting Useless Ceremonies?

NOT THIS TIME.

TRIMMINGHAM, the great Army Reformer, seeing an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, with the heading "Military Messes," was greatly disappointed at finding it was not an exposure of more Horse Guards Muddles.

WHERE TO GO FOR YOUR HOLIDAY.—Idleberg.



NONSENSE VERSES.

Laura (who has been reading aloud from Tupper's last for an hour). "WHY, I'D NO IDEA YOU LIKED POETRY!"
George. "YA—YAAS, I USED TO WITE A GOOD DEAL MYSELF WHEN I WAS AT SCHOOL!"

HAMLET AND OPHELIA.

HAMLET (*on the present occasion and by desire of several persons of quality*) . . . A REVISING BARRISTER.
 OPHELIA (*by her own desire*) . . . LADY CLAIMANT.

Ophelia. Good my lord,
 How does your honour for this many a day?
Hamlet. I humbly thank you, well. But, good my lady,
 Lord me no lords, at least this many a day.
 What is your will with me? You have a will.
 All women have their will, as I have heard.

Ophelia. My lord—
Hamlet. Again I tell you I'm no lord,
 Nor shall be one till I be made a judge,
 A thing that may or may not come to pass.
 But women never comprehend a case.

Ophelia. I am very sorry you should say that thing.
 For I've a case in which you must be judge.
Hamlet. I guess it well. You come to claim a vote;
 A vote which you would give at an election?

Ophelia. Nay, who's in error now? My vote is claimed,
 And in your hand the claim. I come to hear
 That you retain me on the register.

Hamlet. Register stoves and kitchen ranges, Miss,
 And all things culinary appertaining,
 Were more in what I beg to call your line.

Ophelia. That's your opinion. I stand here for law.

Hamlet. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Ophelia. My lord—I mean, Sir!

Hamlet. Are you fair?

Ophelia. What means your—Impudence?

Hamlet. That if you be honest and fair, you have no business in a
 contested election, where there is neither honesty nor fairness.

Ophelia. Women will introduce both.

Hamlet. Bosh! Get thee to a Nursery. Why would'st thou be a
 meddler in politics? I am myself indifferent honest—

Ophelia. I doubt not the indifference. Advocacy, regardless of right
 or wrong, perverts the heart and corrupts the understanding.

Hamlet. Get thee to a Nursery, I say. I am, I repeat, indifferent
 honest, yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better I had
 never eaten my terms. I am loquacious, reckless, hard-mouthed, and
 there is nothing I would not do for a Solicitor-Generalship. What do
 you want in a corrupt atmosphere? We are arrant knaves all. Keep
 away from us. Go thy ways to a Nursery. Where's your father?

Ophelia. At home, Sir.

Hamlet. Does he know that you are out?

Ophelia. Ay, my—your Impudence.

Hamlet. Go home and tell him to lock you up with the Cookery-
 book, that you may play the goose nowhere but in his own house. Get
 thee to a Nursery—Go! Farewell.

Ophelia. See if I don't tell Miss BECKER.

[Exit.]

Humming Bird without Hum.

THE *Leamington Chronicle* is informed by a lady "that she has re-
 cently seen the humming-bird in Staffordshire, Cheshire, and Warwick-
 shire. The plumage was a reddish-brown, speckled on the back with
 white." Very likely. Few things are more probable. Among those
 few, however, may be mentioned tigers, and also the wombat; a crea-
 ture which, there is reason to suppose, will perhaps be developed in the
 Midland Counties and some others, by natural selection, some fine day
 in the dead season.

HAYDOCK AND HARVEST.

THE Ritualists are to have special Harvest services, and a new
 edition of the *Directorium Anglicanum* will probably contain a special
 chapter on Harvests and Har-vestments.



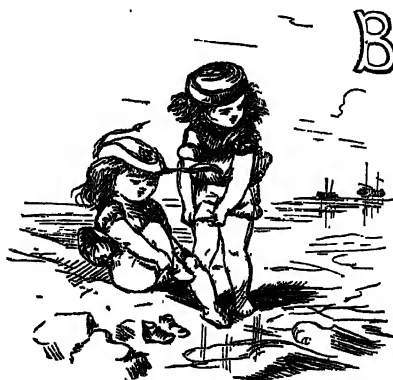
REVISED—AND CORRECTED.

REVISING BARRISTER (*Hamlet*.) "GET THEE TO A—NURSERY, GO!! FAREWELL!"

[SHAKESPEARE (*slightly altered*).]

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

BRIGHTON.



BRIGHTELMSTONE was originally a fishing village, and inhabited by fishermen, who were termed Jugs. These Jugs were getting on very comfortably, when some Flemish folk cast a longing eye at the natural advantages held out to followers of the gentle craft, and they came over and attempted to share in the silver plunder. The Jugs, however, soon found they couldn't get on very well with these Flanders bricks, and got very much broken up,

as must inevitably be the case with crockery under such circumstances. French vessels, too, were continually hovering around, and trying to trade with the Brightelmstone natives, who, however, invariably rejected French-ship's offering. The sea, too, in the seventeenth century began to make itself exceedingly unpleasant, and used to appear at awkward hours in the bed rooms of the inhabitants, which was hard lines for the Jugs, whom it would not perhaps be out of place to term Brightelmstony-uns.

By the advice, however, of DR. RUSSELL, the fashionable world commenced visiting the quondam fishing village for bathing, and one lucky day for Brighton the PRINCE OF WALES determined to settle there, and commenced the Pavilion, which in 1817 was very much altered, and eventually converted into that magnificent architectural nightmare which looks very like what a gigantic Vauxhall Firework Temple would do after spending the best years of its life in Wardour Street. The Pier was built, houses covered the downs (and the ups), and the railway direct to London ensures an inexhaustible supply of newspapers, fruit, fish, flowers, poultry and stockbrokers.

The Pavilion claims (and indeed secures) notice from the fact of its being the very ugliest building in the world. The contemptible meanness of the pepper-boxes in Trafalgar Square, the determined hideousness of King's Cross Railway Station, the sullen solidity of Newgate, all pale their ineffectual frightfulness before the Brighton Pavilion. NASH was supposed to be the architect (he should have built the Nashional Gallery too), but the real conceiver of the edifice was a Royal Prince. Architecture might have been his weakness, it certainly was not his strength.

The Chain Pier should not be missed by the visitor, as it would inevitably result in an immersion. This, with the West Pier and the Esplanade monopolises the fashionable promenaders of Brighton, not forgetting, however,

the Kemp Town, built by THOMAS KEMP, concerning whom the absurd story that his relations, proud of their family name and his achievement, exclaimed, "THOMAS A KEMP is," may be considered a fiction.

It contains a magnificent square and crescent, to say nothing of a tunnel leading to a private esplanade. Behind it stands the Sussex County Hospital and St. Mary's Hall, where clergymen's orphan daughters are brought up economically as governesses, poor dears, and Brighton College, which, having a back and front entrance, establishes its claim to be considered a good specimen of Two-door architecture. The visitor should patronise the British Drama at the Theatre, drink every variety of mineral water at the Royal German Spa, walk himself out of breath on the Downs, and by no means fail to take a bath at BRILL's and a bun at MURTON's.

HASTINGS AND St. LEONARDS.

That this delightful town takes its name from HASTEN (who eventually found what he was looking for we trust, the early chroniclers declaring he was always a sea-king) is proved to have been a mistake. The *ing* marks it as an early Saxon settlement. Early Saxon settlements, by the way, we hear the tradesmen of the period found exceedingly rare. The word takes its rise from the *Hæstingas*. Their descendants, in the shape of Male Mosquitoes, have visited the coast this summer. It had at the time of the Confessor many ships and sailors—the latter being appropriately termed *but-se-Karls*. The town sunk to a mere fishing village, however, in the course of years, but DR. BAILLIE (what do the inhabitants, to say nothing of the patients, owe these doctors!) recommended it to invalids, who came in such quantities that MR. BURTON, the architect, and his son DECIMUS, commenced another town, and now two miles of terrace stretch out to the London and

Brighton Railway Station, and will eventually, no doubt, catch the train. From the East Cliff the visitor can see the old town "at a glance," and on a fine day he can descry Picardy; if, however, it isn't clear weather, it isn't clear whether it is the coast of France or not, but tradition states that in the summer of 1797, by a curious atmospherical phenomenon, the people on the opposite coasts could almost distinguish each other, though one short-sighted Irishman declared he found it "by no means hazy." A strong sea-wall once ran from Castle Hill to East Cliff, but the effort was too much for it, and it completely broke down.

There is an interesting remnant of the old Castle to be seen, and—well, that's about all. To speak the truth, Hastings and St. Leonards are in themselves dreadfully dull. LORD BYRON found it dull here, CAMPBELL found it dull, CHARLES LAMB found it *very* dull, and longed for smugglers. The only person, in fact, who ever found it lively was WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

But though the town itself is uninteresting, we can highly recommend

The Neighbourhood, which is rich in rare spots of beauty. A ramble to Ecclesbourne, returning by the shore when the sea is out, may be considered a very tidy walk, whilst Fairlight Glen and the Lover's Seat present peculiar attractions—the latter especially to any one who is tired. The legend states that the Captain of a revenue-cutter selected this somewhat exposed, and certainly slightly uncomfortable position, for stolen interviews with his ladye love, the only person to whom he cared to pay his duty. It was certainly a dangerous choice, as in the event of the Sussex maiden feeling disposed to throw him over, the gallant Captain could never have recovered himself. Near here is a famous waterfall, called *Old Roar*. This, however, is perhaps the driest waterfall out, in consequence of the continual absence of the roar material in the shape of water. In fact, so silent is this venerable swindle, that it may be said to suggest far less the liquid than the mute.

TERMINUS MORALS.

SCENE—A Railway Terminus. MR. and MRS. WRANGELTOP have returned, tired and cross, after a long tour, and desire nothing so much as getting home, and losing the sound of each other's tongue. But all the Cabs are gone.

Mrs. Wrangeltop. Of course you have let the last cab go. You are as helpless as a child.

Mr. Wrangeltop. My fault, of course.

Mrs. W. Who's else's? Is a woman to put luggage on a cab?

Mr. W. You would have been half way to Brompton by this time, if you had let me manage my own way.

Mrs. W. What, bribe a porter to do the work he is paid to do? I oppose it upon a principle.

Mr. W. And so have to sit upon a box. Ha, ha! You had better have sat upon the principle, and got to Brompton in good time.

Mrs. W. Wretched joking! But it is easier to make bad jokes at your wife than to exert yourself like a man for her comfort. I recollect when we came up with MAJOR BOUNCE, we had no such trouble. He commanded a cab, and was instantly obeyed. No porter dared slink away from him.

Mr. W. He is a great man, no doubt.

Mrs. W. He is the sort of man a woman likes when she is in need. He does not fawn on a servant, and beg him, if he pleases, to get a cab, but orders him to do his duty.

Mr. W. With a wink of his eye, and a shilling between his fingers.

Mrs. W. I don't believe it. MAJOR BOUNCE knows how to get on in the world. Are we to sit here all night?

Mr. W. (doggedly). The porters say we shall get no more cabs.

Mrs. B. Then I shall walk to Brompton, and you may see to the luggage at your leisure.

[Walks. So soon as she turns her back, MR. W. speaks in his own way to a porter, and that intelligent being suddenly sees a Cab going by. In a few minutes they are riding home as comfortably as is consistent with a renewal of the quarrel. The moral is—Tip the porter, and don't let your wife see you do it.]

La Lanterne.

M. HENRI ROCHEFORT is obliged to fly from France to Prussia, Prussia to Amsterdam, Amsterdam to Geneva, and many other places before the number appears, dodging about like a *Feu Follet*, or as we should call it in English, a Jack o' Lantern.

THE MINIMUM OF INDUSTRY.

LOLLIUS is not the idle fellow his enemies and tradespeople assert. The other day his "features worked."



LITTLE ACCIDENT IN A HIGH WIND.

Shrimp Girl. "MY GOODNESS! IF THAT LADY'S 'HEAD AIN'T BLOWED CLEAN OFF!"

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITHOUT A HEAD ON HIS SHOULDERS.

(CONTINUED.)

We arrive at Blatchford—the Headless Man and I.

That he has lost his ticket *cela va sans dire*: that, while looking for his purse, to pay his fare over again, he finds it, is also a matter of course.

A season-ticket is too great a responsibility for a Headless Man. He tells me that the possession of one of these billets had gone near to bring on a violent fever.

"Sometimes," says he, "they ask for it, sometimes they don't. If they don't, you are afraid they are going to, and you search for it in every pocket, you prepare an explanation to account for its loss, but the Guard appears, and knowing you, says, 'All right, Sir,' and passes on, when you have the satisfaction of explaining to a fellow-traveller, that it was lucky he didn't ask to see it, as you hadn't got it. If there comes an official who knows not JOSEPH, then JOSEPH has to show his ticket, and if he can't, he has to accompany the Guard (which looks as if you'd been picking pockets in the carriage, or card-sharpping) to the Inspector's office, and then you have to take your oath, and sign a paper, and write to a secretary, and promise you'll never do it again, and be good in future on pain of various penalties, when you are dismissed. Perhaps, on your return home you can't find the season-ticket after all your affidavits, or you *do* find it, and forget to put it in your pocket on the very next day, when the same ceremonies will take place, unless a gratuity for secret service is bestowed upon the Guard; but this, if repeated often, when added to the original cost of your season-ticket comes to a considerable sum in the end, not that I ever *did* add it up," says my Headless Man, who I find is not happy at figures, though he prides himself upon being most exact and correct in his accounts *when he keeps them*, "but of course it would mount up, you know."

MILLER (odd that his name should be JOSEPH, as may be seen from the foregoing paragraph) tells me this at the station while the porter is getting our luggage.

I ask him how far it is to his house.

"By Jove!" exclaims the Headless Man, smacking his hands together sharply.

The thought strikes me that his house is full and no bed for me, or his wife is ill, or no one at home, or the painters and plumbers there, or any other little pleasantries which would render my visit abortive.

"What is it?" I ask, anxiously.

"I've forgotten," he says, "to tell the trap to come for us."

"Is that all?" I return. "We can walk, and send for the luggage."

He had never thought of this. "Of course we can," says he, "and I know a short cut."

I am delighted to hear this, as a short cut across the fields on a fine day, in the midst of a lovely country, is a real treat to a Londoner.

But as I knew my friend by this time (this is an after-consideration as I write) why did I trust his head for remembering a short cut, even when that short cut was to take him to his own home? Because I did not know enough of my headless friend—but this is a warning to all who have headless men, or women, among their acquaintance.

[I have just said Headless Women. I do not intend to say a word on that subject. Let me merely observe that it would be too painful; for of all the irritating, obstinate, wearying, perverse—Woa! I have got into a *cul-de-sac* of a parenthesis, so gently round, PEGGY, (familiar for Pegasus: gender not so much an object as absurdity), and back again into the main road.]

We leave the Station.

"The house is about three-quarters of a mile from here," he informs me.

"Nothing," I answer, with the true air of a Londoner when he first arrives in the country, ready to do everything and anything athletically.

"Let me see," says he, pausing to consider. "Is it this stile, or the next?"

I cannot help him over either stile. He decides upon its being this, not the next.

This decision, be it remembered, is that of a Headless Man: he fixes upon what is before him: it is easiest of settlement: it is to hand: and, above all, it makes him congratulate himself upon not being a fellow who shilly-shallies.

So we climb over the stile, and take the field.

"I thought so," he exclaims; "here's a path." He is delighted with his own sagacity.

How came it that I didn't notice this extraordinary pleasure at what was, evidently, a discovery? No, I didn't. If I had, I should have insisted upon going by the highway.

I ask him what those distant hills are.

"Those hills are—dear me—they're—um—I forgot the name." I don't believe he had ever noticed them before.

"What county is that, then, eh?" is my next question.

"Eh? County? Eh? Oh, that"—He hesitates. Up to this moment the fact of there being a county near at hand never seems to have struck him.

"I suppose," I say, "it's Hertfordshire."

He appears relieved by this supposition, and dismisses the matter.

We cross another field. The path in this commences fairly enough, but gradually loses itself in the grass.

"We must bear to the right," observes the Headless MILLER. At that moment I began to distrust, slightly, his topographical knowledge. I know no such vague direction as being advised to bear to the right: it gives you a bias like that of a ball at Bowls, and you don't walk comfortably.

However, we bear to the right, which is fast bringing us up against an impenetrable hedge, when I perceive a gate on the left.

"Ah! yes," says MILLER, "that's it: I'd forgotten it for a moment: we bear to the right *after* the gate." There is no sign of a pathway in the next field, so I ask him if he is sure we are going in the right direction for his house.

"Oh, yes," he replies, "my house *ought* to lie out there"—he points to the north, and then corrects himself by directing his finger to the north-east—"No, *there*. So, if we walk on, we must come to it at last."

"But," I remind him, "you said it was only three-quarters of a mile by road, and we've been nearly that distance already."

"It is three-quarters by the road," he returns. "I've often walked it: *but this is the short cut*."

"Well, then," I object; "it oughtn't to be more than half a mile this way."

"No more it is," he says, "if you know the way. But," he adds, slowly, looking about, "*I'm not quite sure of it*."

Suddenly joy beams from his countenance.

"There it is!" he exclaims; "there's my house!" I see in the south-west direction a roof rising above the trees: more than a mile off, certainly. However, there it is, and we make for it, until we come to a field where there are two flocks of sheep, two sheep-dogs, and no shepherds. We sit on the gate: both dogs dash towards us; and we are back again, with the bars between us and the two fierce beasts, in no time.

We have to make a *détour*, and, while skirting the field, we catch sight of a road at the end of the turnip-field.

Partridges get up.

"We'd better get out of this as quickly as possible," says MILLER, taking to his heels. I protest I can't run in this hot September, but fancying I hear a shout behind me, I do. In fact, as MILLER is running, it would be unsocial in me not to join him. We are in the road.

"Now," says the Headless Man, looking round and about him, "hang me if I can see my house anywhere."

"But you know where you are," I say to him. No, he doesn't—not a bit. But where does this lane go to? He hasn't the slightest idea.

But that was his house of which we saw the roof just now? "Oh, yes," he answers, heartily—"Oh, yes; at least *I think so: it was very like it*."

This situation is most trying.

"We shall never get to your house by stopping here," I remark, axiomatically.

"No," he answers, "but—*which way shall we go?*"

Now, on my word and honour, this is too absurd. A man takes me down "to spend," as the advertisements say of Rosherville, "a happy day" at his own house, in his own place, and he doesn't know where he lives, or if he does, as he says he does, "*when he gets there*," hasn't the slightest idea how to get there. Upon my word, I really haven't patience with a—

"Stop!" I say to myself, "remember it is your own fault; you chose as your companion a Headless Man."

We reach his house after a hot, dusty walk. It isn't the one we saw through the trees: nothing like it, and in quite a different direction.

MRS. MILLER is there, and MRS. MILLER has got a head on her shoulders. Our luggage is sent for at once, my room is ready for me immediately, and the *petits désagréments* of getting there are quickly forgotten.

The Headless Man in his household is (theoretically) most strict and punctual. He will tell you that everything in his house is done by beat of drum. Breakfast is to the minute, he warns you. A short experience will teach you that you won't see him at table for half-an-hour after the commencement of the meal, if then.

He has no excuse, except business: the Headless Man is always busy, and every piece of business, whatever it is, interferes with every other piece of business, and there are no results.

He is great, as I have before hinted, on the subject of keeping accounts. Although he puts them down occasionally, he can never be said to *keep* them, as he loses account-book after account-book; or, if he does retain one in use for a longer time than usual, he will turn it upside down, and commence funny sketches for the garden at the other end, or scratch unfinished portraits of nobodies, or he will put a fresh marker in the very centre of the book, and then commence a diary, with a vast amount of flourish as to particulars of time, date, and place. I would dismiss the Headless Man at once, were it not for his pocket-books, which, during my stay, we found in rummaging and clearing out his room. These will be found worthy of the reader's examination in a separate chapter; and, before I come to this end of the present one, let me note this down for the general benefit: Never have any pecuniary dealings with Headless Men.

Better to lend a large than a small sum to a Headless Man.

The Headless Man never possesses stamps (*Headless*, you see, in this sense, some one will say—only I've said it now—Ah!) for his letters. It is wonderful to what an extent a Headless Man may mulct his friends in this small way.

He never has any coppers. This reminds me that my Headless Man is, above all men, most charitable. He cannot pass a beggar in the street, specially a child beggar, a snivelling Arab, without putting his hand in his pocket, and, not finding anything there, getting his companion to give it for him.

He will cross Waterloo Bridge, and any other where payment is demanded, at his friend's expense. If a smoker, he never has cigars nor lights. He is not stingy: not a bit: he is simply Headless. Take him into a shop instead of giving him a cigar, and make him buy one, or force him to get change for his shilling, sovereign, or whatever it may be, and you'll do him a real service.

The Headless Man's pocket-books are such curiosities that I must let you see them, and then dismiss our species to the limbo of the other genera of Odd Men Out.

FRENCH SOLDIERS AND SIRLOINS.

TREMBLE, JOHN BULL, if you ever did or ever will. The EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH feeds his army upon beef. Four hundred thousand soldiers of France consume 108,405 oxen a-year. Their ordinary ration of beef is two pounds a-day. These figures are quoted by the *Gazette de France* with reference to a meeting "lately held" by the butchers of Paris, "to consider the dearthness of meat"—and how to maintain it? No, BLUEGOWN and STEEL, dear friends—to "devise means of remedying that evil." The dearthness of beef, they found, was caused by the enormous consumption of the French Army. What shall we do now that beef has come to be the diet of the French soldier? Will it be any longer possible, as the rule, for one Englishman of the average type to beat three Frenchmen? During the great war with BONAPARTE the Good and True, an anonymous British bard put into the mouth of a Mounseer, as our predecessors used to call a Frenchman, a song wherein he is made to tell MR. BULL:—

"You say dat your beef make you not fear de gun;
But remember, Shon Engleesh, we make you to run
After us at Busaco and Barossa battle,
Where de guns zey did roxar and ze cannons did rattle."

There will be no more singing in this strain, we shall have to sing small. Beef, now that French soldiers are kept upon it, will make them not fear the gun, albeit the Armstrong gun or the Whitworth. "Give them great meals of beef" and "they will eat like wolves," too, and doubtless also "fight like devils." Who knows but what we shall make them run after us, if ever, unhappily, we have to cross bayonets with them? But there is probably an end of hand-to-hand fighting. The battles of the future will most likely be fought out with artillery and breech-loaders. Our neighbours will pot their adversaries with Chassepots, and we shall pepper ours with Sniders. It will not much matter on what meat men are bred to make food for powder. This consideration may somewhat console the patriots who lament that the British Grenadier must cease to be incomparable when the gallant heroes across the Channel, nurtured upon beef, shall have acquired their due proportions. Perhaps, if "*O, the Roast Beef of Old England!*" were ever sung now, it would soon require to be sung in a minor with a rueful emphasis on the interjection. O, the old English Roast Beef, indeed! It is in danger of being put out of joint by the Roast Beef of La France. That must not happen; and the business of the War Office now will be to take care that our Army shall be provided with the very best of beef, and, whilst at least as well armed as that of France, shall be so fed as to excel it in one thing, and maintain the ancient superiority of British troops over French in that at any rate.



“OH, I DARE SAY!”

Helen (19). “OH, I SAY, COUSIN GEORGE, IF IT WASN'T FOR 'MA SITTING THERE, WOULDN'T THIS BE LIKE THAT BEAUTIFUL CAVE IN CHARLES READE'S 'FOUL PLAY,' WHERE YOU KNOW——”
[Cousin George (ditto) was just going to say that the same idea had struck him, &c., when 'Ma rose, and called out it was time to go home to tea!]

A SLANG CATECHISM.

- Q. WHAT is an Aristocrat?
 A. A Swell, a Nob.
 Q. Is there a distinction between a Swell and a Nob?
 A. Rayther so. All Nobs are Swells, but a Swell ain't necessarily a Nob.
 Q. Give an example.
 A. The MARKIS O' ASTINGS, he's a Nob and he's a Swell; Mr. AUGUSTUS SMITH, in some Government hoffice or other, as goes about with Markisses and dresses no end—he's a Swell, but he ain't a Nob.
 Q. Whence do you derive the appellation Nob?
 A. From a door-handle. As there's always a'most a knob to a handle, so in society it's the handle to the name as makes the Nob.
 Q. Into what classes do you divide Society?
 A. Into Nobs, which includes regular Nobs: Swells, which includes Tiptoppers, Regular Swells, Cheap Swells, Gents, Snobs, and Cockywaxes.
 Q. What is a Regular Nob?
 A. As aforesaid. Handle to name, tin, togs, and all complete.
 Q. What is a Tip-top Swell?
 A. Mostly Coves in four-in-'ands. From twenty to thirty-five.
 Q. A Regular Swell?
 A. He is a older cove—from thirty-five to fifty. He rayther runs to fat, but there ain't a speck on him anywhere, and his boots and tile are out-and-out.
 Q. The terms Cheap Swell, Gent, and Snob require no explanation. What, then, is a Cockywax?
 A. It's a term of endearment, and may include any of the above, or may be a class by itself, without a swell or nob in it. Cockywaxes are any age. If addressing a Cockywax you qualify it by prefixing “old” or “young.”
 Q. You mention Togs, whence is this word derived?
 A. Undoubtedly from the Latin *Toga*. “Togs” means dress.
 Q. When was the word *Cove* first used?

A. It was imported by the Romans, and was first used in an abbreviated form by the British whenever they saw a *Covinarus*, i.e., a soldier in a war-chariot.

Q. Explain and give derivations of the words *Trump*, *Brick*, *Chap*, *Guffin*, and *Blake*. Also in each case give your reference.

A. I will. *Walker!* [Exit Answerer.]

N.B. AND M.B.

THE *Dispatch* announces that:—

“The curate of a Ritualistic church in the neighbourhood of Warwick, with the vicar's two daughters, have just gone over to Rome.”

So this is the way that Ritualistic curates now elope with their masters' daughters! The misfortune of the vicar in the neighbourhood of Warwick should be a caution to clergymen and fathers. In the old time, when curates ran away with vicars' daughters, they went over to Gretna Green merely, and that with only one. Now the Ritualist abductor is off to Rome with two at a time. In advertising for a curate, beneficed clergymen may as well in future append to their announcements:—“N.B. No wearer of an M.B. waistcoat need apply.”

Wanted.

WHO'S to be the new Secretary for Ireland in the room of LORD MAYO? MR. DISRAELI, with his usual conscientious desire to get the very best man he can for an important appointment, and the one who above all others has proved himself most fitted for its duties, is understood to have his eye on the Master of the Buckhounds, and to be also favourable to the pretensions of the Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard.

ROUNDS—OF APPLAUSE.

Blow for Blow, at the Holborn Theatre, ought to be a great hit. But why was it not reserved for Boxing Night?



"DISTANCE LENDS (NO) ENCHANTMENT TO THE VIEW."

EDWIN ARRANGES TO MEET HIS ANGELINA AT THE PIER-HEAD. HE ARRIVES AT THE SOUTH END, SHE AT THE NORTH. IT IS THREE MILES ROUND TO PIER!

THE FISHERMAN A FREEMASON.

At Rome, if the *Post* we can place on
Reliance, with no fib its face on,

A tale is related,
Wherein it is stated
The Pope once was made a Freemason.

'Twas when, a young gallant and gay man,
No priest he was yet, but a layman,
And so far no meeter
To sit for St. Peter,
Than BARCLAY and PERKINS's Drayman.

A lodge-book, so goes the narration,
Has turned up, his initiation
Within it recorded,
The Church him awarded
Of course, then, excommunication!

It may all my eye be, and Betty
Martino, but there down he's set, he
Himself and no other,
Admitted as Brother,
GIOVANNI MASTAI FERRETTI.

As PIUS appeared when they made him
A Freemason, Art has portrayed him
An apron as wearing;
Insignia bearing;
That trick has Photography played him.

Instead of cross-keys, the old Trump has
Square, trowel, triangle, and compass,
O rare exhibition!
And Rome's Inquisition
About it, of course, makes no rumpus.

His craft he will bring no disgrace on,
His steps if his path he retrace on,
And crown the top-storey
Of Italy's glory,
Her free and accepted POPE-MASON.

AN UGLY BARGAIN.—A Cheap Bull-dog.

THE CIVIC BULL-RING AND BEAR-GARDEN.

MR. PUNCH,

THE Bears of the Stock Exchange have been hitherto supposed to be merely a certain class of stockjobbers, whose game in business consisted in trying, by means more or less rascally, to depreciate stocks and shares; those pursuing an opposite policy being called Bulls.

It now appears—to those who didn't know before—that when a stranger finds his way by chance into the room wherein these Bulls and Bears transact their business, instead of being civilly informed that it is private, and being shown out by an attendant, he is immediately set upon by the society which he has fallen amongst, bonneted, hustled, and forcibly extruded. This is much the sort of way in which anyone would be treated if he were to tumble into a real bear-pit; only that there the bears would tear him to pieces, which the members of the Stock Exchange are of course restrained from doing by the fear of CALGRAFT. Their maltreatment of strangers evinces a rudeness and ferocity remarkably characteristic indeed of bears, but not of bulls only. Bulls, for example, can exhibit just the same qualities; and the Bulls of the Stock Exchange show themselves equally savage with the Bears. It is not, therefore, by the "Bears of the Stock Exchange," in particular, that strangers are attacked, but by both the Bears and Bulls in conjunction; in a word, by the Brutes of the Stock Exchange.

Were you aware, *Mr. Punch*, that the City, of which you are the boast, contains such brutes as those same Bulls of Basan, and Bears? If so, surely, for all your objection to old English sports attended with suffering to animals, you would ere this have diverted the British Public with a little Bull-baiting and Bear-baiting. At least you might have produced a pictorial exhibition of certain Bulls tethered and "pinned," and Bears muzzled and undergoing the punishment of being worried by dogs, or forced to dance, in a shameful and ridiculous manner.

It is not, however, only the Stock Exchange, of all places in the City of London, which is tenanted by ferocious creatures. Brutes equally savage infest the neighbourhood of Lombard Street, where, the other Friday afternoon, they collected in a pack, like wolves or hyenas, howled at, pelted, and otherwise assailed the congregation issuing from

the church of St. Edmund the King, wherein they had been listening to a sermon preached by FATHER IGNATIUS. They had heard that, in one of his previous discourses delivered there, IGNATIUS had compared London to Jericho, had called their class worshippers of the golden calf, and money-makers in general thieves. If real hyenas and wolves could understand human speech, no doubt they likewise would have flown, tooth and nail, at anybody whom they understood to have said that they were greedy, bloodthirsty, and cruel.

FATHER IGNATIUS, while he was playing the monk, shaved his head. Thereby, perhaps, he did himself good. He has now taken to boots again, is decently clothed, and seems to be in his right mind, at least in as far as he preaches home truths. But even if he continued to preach Popery, mock or real, to beset, and fall upon, and pitch into him and his adherents, is to behave not only like the wolf and the hyena, but also, saving the impatience which such violence betrays, like the jackass. It promotes a laughing-stock to the dignity of a confessor; and increases his following. Besides—and this is what the cudgel in your hands might beat into the heads of Protestant multitudes—it reduces them to a level with those frantic Papists who show what they think of the damage which MURPHY'S abuse of their religion does it, by rioting, and, in its defence against words, resorting to blows.

A short time since, a very good band was accustomed to perform in the open space west of the Mansion House every Saturday. This was a good institution for the City. "Music hath charms," &c. I suppose that Orpheus did really soothe the savage breast, and got credit for soothing the savage beast. Shouldn't you like to see what effect JOACHIM would produce by walking into the Stock Exchange, and playing the fiddle? He might safely do it in Lombard Street, at any rate; and then FATHER IGNATIUS would be left alone—the best thing that could happen. Wanted a PEABODY to remunerate the musician—I had nearly made the mistake of saying, pay the piper. Who is the successor to VAN AMBURGH? Some Brute Tamer, anyhow, is sadly wanted in the City.

Wishing my position enabled me to stir in the matter,

I am, Sir, respectfully yours,

Guildhall, Goose Day, 1868.

Gog.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

LEAMINGTON.



NE MR. BENJAMIN SATCHWELL, a shoemaker, in the year 1784, who, not content with improving the soles of his fellow men, was desirous of renovating their bodies also, discovered a very remarkable saline spring. He was probably an ancestor of the more modern follower of the same craft who invented side-springs. A friend of SATCHWELL's, one WILLIAM ABBOTS, a worthy licensed victualler, and landlord of "The Dog," established some baths, and Leamington is really indebted for its present popularity to these enterprising bath chaps. The young watering-place was also "written up" by the *Morning Chronicle*, who proved a friend to its parent, for it published flattering articles on the infant's spa. DR. LAMBE, of Warwick, wrote a treatise on the waters, which

was very clever of him, and several other springs were discovered, culminating in one great spring into popularity, which flowed on successfully until the present time, and will no doubt continue to do so whilst there are so many who believe in its

Mineral Waters.—These are twelve in number, and of the usual sort—Chalybeate, involuntarily recalling WELLSER Junior's "warm flat-iron" comparison; sulphureous, suggestive of a decoction of lucifer-matches, and saline, which are simply nasty. It is as well, they say, to consult one of the resident medical men (who by long habit have almost induced themselves to believe that the waters have some effect on their patients) before indulging to any great extent in this most unpleasant beverage. People who have chronic biliousness through ceaseless spirit-imbibing will derive benefit from occasional draughts of the Leamington water. It is in two senses salutary for "hard livers." It is said that the proper period wherein to test the efficacy of the waters is a month. Lodging-house keepers say two, but we mistrust their motives. Lazy people should jump at them, and they should be, if possible, drunk at the spring. This, however, requires practice. More than two good-sized pailfuls at a draught would be injudicious on a first attempt. The dose, however, may be increased, and if the patient lives he should go in for

Bathing.—This is a healthful pursuit at all times, and even at home, in connection with soap and a rough towel, may be safely indulged in by the most timid. Shower, tepid, sulphureous, vapour, and cold baths may be all obtained in perfection at Leamington. More than three of each sort daily are not recommended to nervous patients *at first*. They are not expensive, and stout people will find that in the case of hot baths there is "a considerable reduction in taking a quantity." Should they make the patient ill, he may rely upon it they disagree with him.

Analysis of the Waters.—Without descending to decimal fractions, we are given to understand that an imperial pint contains as follows:—

Sulphate of Somethingorother	35 grains.
Chloride of What'd'ycallit	30 "
Bicarbonate of Kafcozleum	2 "

We confess at this juncture to having lost the paper on which this highly interesting analysis was elaborately given. We believe we dropped it somewhere between Brunswick Street and Lillington Place; or on second thoughts, it may have been in Jephson's Gardens, or possibly on the Rugby Road. The visitor should not miss the Royal Assembly Rooms or the Royal Music Hall, the Jephson Gardens, or the Tennis Court (of which place a poor demented player once remarked, that for one ball missed, *ten is caught*, but he was at once seen to by his friends); and last, but not least, in all seriousness,

The Warneford Hospital, called after the worthy rector of Burton-on-the-Hill, Gloucestershire. This supplies baths and medicines to the poor. *Verb. Sap.* "The smallest donations thankfully received."

SCARBOROUGH.

Nobody knows anything about its foundation, but as it has stood so many years, there can be no doubt that the foundation is pretty strong. The name is Saxon, and was originally Skardaborgar, and a very pretty name too. HAROLD HARBRADA,

who ought to have known better, destroyed it in 1066; and though accustomed to stormy gales, the town was some time in recovering from this tremendous blow. This is scarcely to be wondered at, after being utterly demolished it *does* take some little time to recover oneself. We have all felt that, and why shouldn't Scarborough.

It has frequently been sieged. PIERS GAVESTON, Earl of Cornwall, fled here, but was forced to surrender. Other Piers have given way at watering-places since his time. In 1536 ROBERT ASKE, leader of the Pilgrims of Grace (*grace*, indeed!) tried to take the Castle, but he failed, and in his case it was by no means a case of "aske and have." Some chroniclers state that the Castle was taken once by a son of LORD STAFFORD. Other historians, however, say it was taken by Stratagem. Our time is too valuable to waste any of it in deciding which was in the right. The Castle was besieged twice by the Parliamentarians, and the garrison held out for twelve months on the first occasion, until at starvation point, then having no more provisions to give out, it was naturally obliged to give in.

The Spa.—The reputation of Scarborough resembles a gig, and mainly rests upon two springs. They were found out by a lady, who discovered perpetual spring, if she didn't everlasting youth. A slight earthquake, in 1737, buried the springs, but a hardy and adventurous person nerved himself to the task, and after looking about for some days, eventually found them hiding artfully in a corner. The visitor should by no means miss the

Spa Saloon.—A Spa-cious building, in which entertainments of all kinds are given. The term "given" must not of course be taken in its literal sense; a sum is charged for admission. Music from the soul-stirring strains of a MOZART, down to the modern effusions of a MACKNEY, may be heard during the season at this popular establishment. Gentlemen who dive under desks, and re-appear with another name and another wig, sombre minstrels of the plantation, with a tendency to harmonise everything they sing, and always possessing one big black fellow with a maddening falsetto, ladies from La Scala, and gentlemen from the Royal Ritolderol Music Hall with an overwhelming weakness for unlimited Chorus, conjurers, lecturers, concert parties and Shakspearian readers, all patronise the Spa Saloon, and its influence is therefore antagonistic to

The Theatre, which is a very well-conducted little place, and where you may often see London Stars in a popular Comedy.

How to Take the Waters.—One reliable authority states, "those who are in health may drink the water *ad libitum*." *Punch's* advice is, "add something else."

A PLEA FOR THE PILLORY.

THE good old times! The rare old times! One cannot well help sighing for them when one reads a bit like this:—

"In 1311 a baker was imprisoned for offering putrid bread for sale; and in 1316 two bakers were drawn on hurdles through the streets of the metropolis and pilloried for using false weights. In 1319 WILLIAM SPELYNG was fixed in the pillory, whilst the putrid carcasses of two bullocks found in his shop were burnt under his nose; and in 1348 two similar punishments for similar crimes are recorded against delinquent butchers."

Cruel? Well, yes, possibly. But are not bakers cruel, when they cheat poor half-fed people by giving them short weight? Small tradesmen often are big rogues: of this at every Sessions there is offered ample proof; and the worst are they who cheat the poor in food and drink. These small tradesmen make large profits, and can easily afford to snap their fingers at the fines, which are nowadays imposed on them for swindling in their shops. It would be a fine thing for the poor if fines were no more suffered, and a fine sight it would be to see a baker in the pillory, or whipped at his shop door for having sold short weight. Cheating such as this is virtually stealing, and deserves a harsher punishment than payment of a fine, an item which is simply classed among the trade expenses, and paid out of the profits of the next half-score of thefts. If we merely fine a shop-keeper for robbing by false weights, we ought merely to fine a burglar or a pickpocket, and we ought to shut our prisons against every sort of thief.

THE JUDGE'S DREAM.

THE Court in which I did preside
Was close, and I myself was tried
By heat, and want of air,
Whence ventilation's needful gale
Cleared not the fumes which crowds exhale,
In courts of justice that prevail,
And soap and water spare.

The case was like to last a week.
Night came; I smoked cigars: to seek
My pillow then was vain.
And, as I lay reclined in bed,
I had a vision of the head,
It may be of tobacco bred;
I was in Court again.

Methought that on their verdict, late,
The Jury, to deliberate,
Had, for some hours, retired;
And there I sat upon the Bench,
And tried, with gin-and-watery drench,
In vain the raging thirst to quench
Wherewith my throat was fired.

The Foreman entered, and, said he,
"My Lord, the jury can't agree;
No chance they will to-night."
I said, "I'm sorry, Gentlemen,
For your predicament, but then,
Together, in exclusive pen,
You must await the light.

"The officer, no doubt, to make
You comfortable all, will take
Such measures as he can.
But must, by law ordained of old,
Permit you, shut within that fold,
Communication none to hold
With any other man."

"My Lord," the Sheriff said, "and you
Apart I must imprison too,
Until this trial's o'er.
In strictest custody confined,
As the new Act—need I remind
Your Lordship?—me perforce both bind."
I cried, "Oh, what a bore!"

Lock up the Judge too! On my word
That locking up is most absurd;
Such hardship might provoke
A very saint to curse and swear,
And stamp, and dance, and rend his hair.
Hang it! 'Tis more than I can bear."
I swore, and I awoke.

But oh, if 'twere a bad time spent
By one alone in durance pent,
How dire would be his case;
All night—it struck me ne'er before—
Styed with eleven persons more,
Who, very likely, always snore,
And wash but hands and face!

Woman and Her Mr.

MISS BECKER—for so we must call her, although she is probably ashamed of being obliged to be a woman—the lady who read a paper before the British Association, which bore on the Two Sexes of Man, is doubtlessly highly gratified at the superior rank to which the *Times* has promoted her. That paper, in its account of what passed before the Revising Barrister at Manchester, with excellent irony stated that "MR. BECKER, who, with several other ladies, had been present since the opening of the Court, applied, on behalf of the women claimants in Choriton-upon-Medlock, for a case of appeal."

SO NICE OF HER.

It was the remark of young MRS. DULCIMOORE, on seeing an advertisement headed, "*Household Music*," that she knew none equal to her baby's voice.

LIVERY OF SEIZIN'.—JOHN THOMAS'S annual suit.

ELECTION ADDRESSES.

IV.—THOROUGHLY TEETOTAL.

To the Electors of Coldstream.

GENTLEMEN,

You know me as an ardent spirit, as a man with but one idea and aim—the idea that all our national ailments would yield to the water cure, the aim to advocate and extend the power of the Pump. You will, therefore, not be surprised if in this address I am a total abstainer from every topic but Teetotalism. In my eyes Parliamentary Reform is insignificant in comparison with Public-House Reform; in my eyes Compulsory Sobriety is more important than Compulsory Education, and the evils of the Irish Church far less than those of Irish Whiskey. In the minds of many there is alarm lest our Institutions should be overthrown by the men whom they denounce as Republicans: I am bent on defeating a still more dangerous enemy—the Publicans.

Some election addresses are so spirited as to make one suspect that they were written under the influence of alcohol: mine will not be of that character; not extravagant, but temperate, indeed more than temperate—teetotal. Others are so mild as to deserve the term milk-and-water: mine will escape that reproach, for it will be all water.

I have never required pumping about my intentions, should you send me to Parliament as your representative. My ambition is to form a great water-party at Westminster, and deluge every Government with motions, questions, petitions, remonstrances, and objections, all flowing to the same point—National Teetotalism. I expect to have cold water thrown on my projects—cold water will only brace and invigorate me for renewed exertions. To ridicule I am indifferent: I dread applause much more, lest I should be intoxicated by it.

One of the first things I shall do in the House will be to object to that item in the Navy Estimates which deals in rum. I shall move to substitute the word "cocoa," with "chocolate" for the officers. This will expose me to intemperate language: I care not, if I can only save our gallant sailors from being half-seas over. If I stand alone, as I am proud to say I have been able to do through life, I will propose the imposition of the heaviest taxes on wine, spirits, and tobacco; for a pipe of tobacco and a pipe of wine are equally obnoxious to me. I shall broach the subject of the erection of drinking-fountains out of the public (house) money in every inhabited spot in the British dominions. No half-and-half measures will go down with me. Stricter licensing regulations and the closing of public-houses on Sunday may content some: such sipping legislation will not satisfy my thirst. I would close the public-houses altogether: they have been allowed too much licence already. I would prohibit the sale of all intoxicating liquors, except for medicinal purposes, and I hope the time is near when an enlightened profession will label brandy as *eau-de-mort* instead of *eau-de-vie*. The manufacture of beer I would attack with bitter hostility; the cultivation of barley (except for barley-water) should be made a penal offence; I would suffer no more malt-kilns to be built; hop-yards should be converted into strawberry beds, and I would compel the owners of orchards in the cider counties to make a declaration that the fruit had been used solely for cooking purposes and desserts. Why should not our public dinners be conducted on the toast-and-water principle? Why should not wine-parties at our Universities be followed by rustication? Why should not the Legislature set a bright example, by interdicting the sale of all stimulants (including currant and other home-made wines) in their own Refreshment Rooms? I would limit the Clubs to the consumption of the stocks now in their cellars. I would have inspectors of wedding-breakfasts and superintendents of evening parties appointed. I would only permit pic-nics in the grounds attached to temperance hotels; and I would have all convivial songs licensed by the Lord Chamberlain before publication.

I hope to live to see the day when dictionaries will no longer explain Gin as "a trap or snare;" I hope to welcome the hour when only the antiquary and philologist will understand such expressions as rum shrub, old Tom, gin-sling, brandy-cocktail, sherry-cobbler, Kinahan's L.L., toddy, XXX, and London stout. Soda I would restrict to washing purposes, and the sober orange should never be contaminated by association with the dissolute bitters.

I know what my opponents are saying of me; that I am suffering from water on the brain, that my speech on the hustings will be a water-spout, that I have not three grains of sense in my head (this by the brewing interest), and that I shall be the butt (this by the wine-merchants) of the House, when I enter it. Let them pour out their long bottled-up rage; I heed it not, provided you take the water-side.

It is almost superfluous to add that mine will be a dry election; those disgraceful scenes of violence in which eyes have more than once been bunged up will cease to occur, when barrels of beer cease to flow. I will tap nothing but the shoulder. My head-quarters and Committee Room are at the Temperance Hotel, where I hope to address you on Monday next after an early tea.

Your faithful Servant,

Pump Court, Sept. 26, 1868.

C. FOUNTAINE WATERMORE.



"FACILIS AS-CENSUS."

(Brown (of the Alpine Club, on his return home from Geneva, buys an Alpenstock). "KEL NOM!! WELL, YOU MUST KNOW THE NAMES O' YOUR OWN MOUNTAINS BETTER THAN I DO! PUT DOWN THE REGULAR LOT, YOU KNOW—MONG BLONG AND THE REST O' 'EM!")

A SONG FOR A HARVEST HOME.

Dedicated, without Permission, to the High Churchmen of Haydock.

Now haavest be over, 'stead o' taakun his glaass,
Let every bold faarmer taake his part in a faarce;
'Stead o' gieun his lab'ers a skinnfull o' beer,
Let un spend on bad acting the price o' good cheer.

See, paarson bedizzened in Papishes' clothes,
Paraadun the filds o' bold faarmers he goes:
Wi' lads in their nightgowns a-singun o' psalms,
And a-bearun o' banners and flags in their arms.

Behind un fine ladies and gemmen are seen,
Nigh smothered wi' flowers, like Jacks i' the Green:
Wi' roses and lilies an' larkspurs so blue,
Wi' daylias and daaisies an' hollyhocks too.

There be others wi' turmuts an' tatars likewise,
An' carruts an' pumpkins, amaazun in size:
And melons an' peaches, and apples an' pears,
As big as be eaten by Kings an' Lord Mares!

There be GARGE an' GILES SCROGGINS a-blazin in red,
Wi' skull-caps o' scaarlet a top of their head;
Stinkun stuff they call incense they're flingun about,
Smellun like taller candles when sudden blown out.

By way o' fine-nawly a pig's head be there,
Bedecked wi' pink ribbons, like maais at a fair:
But tho' pig's head in ribbons be pretty to see,
Drest nicely for dinner 'twould better please me.

Then arter paraadun the filds as I say,
They all goes to Chutch for to sing an' to pray:
An' if 'stead o' singun, the boys only hums,
'Tis because their mouths water for th' peaches an' plums.

Now, when haavest be over, an' crops in, d' ye mind,
For to sing "O be joyful!" I'se always inclined;
But at Haydock next haavest you want catch me there,
For I dunno' like mixun play-acting an' prayer!

MERRIMAN ON MUMMERY.

(To the Haydock Ritualists.)

REVEREND GENTLEMEN,—On the occasion of the late total eclipse of the Sun, according to the Calcutta Correspondent of the *Times* :—

"Tuesday was a general holiday, and the natives signalled the swallowing of the sun by a demon by the usual drumming, shrieking, and blowing of shells, with offerings of rice."

Benighted heathen, were they not? Rice is so pagan an offering. There would have been some sense, now, in wheatsheaves, especially with the addition of a basket of eggs, a pat of butter, and a pig's head. Wouldn't there? I think so. But then, I am only, A CLOWN.

P.S. Have you got a vacancy for a Crucifer? Address, Drury Lane.

"Sham Sample Swindle."

AN anonymous writer in a *Mask*, charges MR. CHARLES READE with receiving stolen Literary Goods, knowing them to be stolen. This MR. CHARLES READE flatly denies, and threatens his accuser with an action. *Pendente Lite*, an unprejudiced observer, can only say that, at all events, MR. CHARLES READE has brought the subject to a direct issue, and has not defended his share in *Foul Play* by a *Poultry Evasion*.

GOOD "PIECE" OF FURNITURE FOR THEATRICAL MANAGERS.—A Chest of "Drawers."

GOOD KNIFE FOR FRUIT.—"Le Sabre de mon Pear."



VOTE FOR PUNCH.

MR. BUTT. "ECONOMY, INDEED! WHY YOUR ACCOUNT, BENJAMIN, IS THREE MILLIONS MORE THAN WILLIAMS! AND WHAT AM I THE BETTER FOR IT? I SHALL JUST HAND THE WHOLE THING OVER TO MY GOOD FRIEND AND ADVISER HERE, MR. PUNCH."

MRS. PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HER DAUGHTER.



EAR DAUGHTER,—

If it is advisable for ladies to think twice before making a speech, my advice to those ladies about to publish a book is—think three times, and then don't do it. Ah! little did I imagine what I was bringing upon myself when, out of the fulness of my maternal affection and patriotic solicitude for the Improvement of the Sex, I committed myself to print in a public journal. For, though I set out on my literary career with the intention of confining myself to domestic politics and Par-
lour, instead of Political Economy,

I am driven, *volens volens*, which means, hurried, scurried, and flurried, into the current of public affairs, and where I shall be driven to, if indeed I shall ever be driven anywhere, I don't know. For only think of it, my dear JUDIANA, here in this quiet little Suffolk watering-place, my sins—i.e., my authorship—has found me out. As I walk along in the humblest manner, wearing, as does HER MAJESTY on her travels, a broad-brimmed straw hat, I hear impertinent little boys cry after me, with rude boyish gestures—“There goes Mrs. Punch, who writes letters to her daughter!”

What lady's feelings would not be hurt by such conduct? but that is not the worst. What with the Elections, the speech of Miss BECKER at the Social Science Meeting, and other inflammatory matters, the ladies in the country who know very little about the real state of things, are beside themselves with excitement: so what must they do but get up deputations to me, taking it for granted that Mrs. Punch would place herself at the head of the female Liberal Party and take by storm, one after the other, every remaining stronghold of Masculine Tyranny. Now, though both Mr. Punch and your mother think that too much cannot be done in the way of making women happier and more useful by giving them plenty of education and occupation, and do honour to the wise and temperate crusaders against follies, we are always anxious to check the zeal of the over-hot and inconsiderate.

Having gone out of the way to make this explanation, I will now relate to you what has happened to disturb my mind from its quiet contemplations of Seaside Studies, such as Sand-hoppers, Engaged Couples, Sea-weeds, fast young ladies, and so on.

As I was settling my weekly accounts then, with our good landlady Mrs. Mealmouth, we heard a tramping sound as of a file of soldiers marching. We both gave a little scream, thinking Mr. BEALES or the Fenians might have something to do with it, but on looking up, beheld an army of ladies, who drew up round the door, and by the mouth of their spokeswomen clamoured to see Mrs. Punch. Oh! what an awful moment was that, and what a lesson for ladies with literary and philanthropic aspirations.

The first deputation consisted of *Girls of the Period*, who, after a good deal of giggling, tittering and whispering, were so far silent as to allow their spokeswoman, Miss FITZ SWELL, to deliver the following speech:—

Honoured Madam,—We, the highly misused and agitated *Girls of the Period*, shall be very glad to enrol our names on the voting lists, always provided those mischievous old things, the revising barristers, will let us; but we wish you to consider our difficulty regarding a Candidate, and to advise us, if possible. What we want is a representative under thirty years of age, with a handsome beard and black eyes—

Here the speaker was interrupted by a voice that said,

“Not black eyes, please, ANNIE; blue is my favourite colour.”

The speaker cried out, “For shame, GRACIE,” and went on—

“He must be the most gentlemanly of beings, and able, both in speaking and writing, to cut up our adversaries and detractors into mincemeat; we mean those horribly critical creatures who find fault with us, and want us to leave off chignons and Sensational novels, and

all that sort of thing. Things are coming to such a pass that we are growing quite alarmed, and expect one of these days to be pounced upon by the Social Science people, and carried off to some elegant reformatory for so many months—not of penal servitude—but of mental improvement. We should not so much object to go to Cambridge, as a Lady proposed in *Macmillan's Magazine*, and study in the house of an M.A., provided some nice young men would help us to learn our lessons; but we object on principle to having our minds improved.

Now, Mrs. Punch, if you can recommend us a Candidate who will fulfil the following qualifications, we will give him our support, and persuade Papa to do the same:—

He must be handsome, and at least five feet ten inches in height.

He must waltz to perfection, and be able to read poetry aloud.

He must be of High Church principles, and amiable disposition.

He must strictly oppose all the tendencies of the age towards improving Ladies' minds, and be ready to fight a duel with any one impertinent enough to hint that they need it.

He must not be over-clever or fond of politics, except as they immediately concern the welfare of the *Girls of the Period*.

I said that I would see what could be done for them, and the Deputation then retired. One young lady ran back two minutes afterwards to say, “FLORENCE sent her love, and forgot to say that she thought they could do more with a Curate than anybody, if Mrs. Punch would be so good as to recommend one.”

The next Deputation consisted of ladies who had formed themselves into a body called *The Anti-Domestic-Liberty-League*. Some members of the Deputation were single or widows, and all householders, thus fulfilling the qualification for the franchise. The speaker, Mrs. REV. DRIVER, laid down their grievances as follows:—

The spirit of independence among domestic servants was growing so intolerable, that nothing but parliamentary measures of the severest kind could put a curb upon it. The undersigned ladies were prepared to support any Candidate for their Borough who should pledge himself to introduce the following Bills:—

1st. A Bill to make it illegal and punishable, by fine, for any young woman in domestic service to wear chignons, curls, crinolines, or dresses of any kind, except such as meet the sanction of her mistress.

2nd. A Bill to make sound Church principles compulsory on all servants whatever, and the offence of attending a Methodist Chapel amenable to the law.

3rd. A Bill to put a stop to sweethearts, valentines, love-letters and light literature, restricting the kitchen library to tracts and works of an improving nature.

4. A Bill to render warnings invalid, except on the side of the mistress.

Puzzled as I had been by the first Deputation, I felt still more turned mentally topsy-turvy by this, and the Ladies' severe looks only added to my agitation. I contrived to say that I was much obliged to them, or that they were very welcome, or something equally incoherent, when the Speaker of the Third Deputation began:—

Respected Mrs. Punch,—We, the undersigned, Members of the *Aggrieved-Authors-Artist-and-Philanthropic-League*, all entitled to vote, either as householders or lodgers, beg to offer our support to any Member who will bring our case before Parliament.

We say it with all modesty, we are proper aspirants for the emoluments of the Civil List, and our ungrateful country refuses to acknowledge our claims. One of us, for the present we omit names out of delicacy, worked like a slave in the cause of the Emancipation of the Shoshones Squaws; another sent out a mission to establish the Legal Equality of the Sexes amongst the Cannibal Tribes on the Gold Coast; a third wrote a book proving that all men are monsters; a fourth established a Convalescent Home for Cats; a fifth established Classes for instructing Destitute Children in *Aesthetics* and the Love of the Beautiful, gratis; a sixth offered a Prize of Fifty Pounds to the lady who should write the best treatise on the “Connection of Transcendental Mathematics, Lucifer Matches, and the Political Position of Women,” which Prize has not yet been drawn. We would humbly suggest our claims to any gentleman desirous of our support, and beg to add that tea and such humble hospitalities will be offered to his canvassers—provided he possesses the most unmitigatedly liberal opinions.

The ladies then withdrew.

Oh! my JUDIANA, imagine the feelings, and sympathise with the embarrassment of your perplexed, and would-be Un-political, Mother,

MRS. PUNCH.

A Cynic on the Supplement to the Times.

THE Births I don't regard a jot;
The Marriages concern me not;
The Deaths I need no longer see:
I shall have nothing more left me.

TURNED OFF FROM THE MAYNE.—A Discharged Policeman.



POOR CREATURE!

Nurse. "WELL, MR. CHARLES, HOW DO YOU GET ON IN THE COUNTRY?"

Mr. Charles. "WHY, HEMMA, I SHAN'T BE SORRY WHEN WE RETURNS TO TOWN. I AIN'T A SPORTIN' MAN, YOU KNOW; AND THERE'S NO SOCIETY HERE BUT FISHIN' AND SHOOTIN'!"

CONVERSION SOCIETIES.

(Suggested by "VIGILANS.")

THERE are lots of benevolent Societies,
And some sort of good they have done,
Of objects they've endless varieties,
And the main object is Number One.

They've thousands of Christian subscribers
Whose money's to Christianise Jews;
But their Missioners can't be good bribers
As the Jews prefer staying Hebrews.

They've tracts upon tracts against Popery,
Abusing the incense and cope;
But in spite of hard words or soft soapery,
They don't gain a soul from the POPE.

Subscribers to every Society,
Not grudging the largest amount,
Begin not to question their piety,
But to call for the strictest account.

We have crowds of poor naked and starving,
There is plenty for money to do;
We'd relieve a few hundreds by halving
The price of converting one Jew.

Political Persuasion and Force.

It is said that intimidation is the besetting sin of the Conservatives, and bribery of the Liberals. Perhaps that is the case. Then the Conservative wallops, so to speak, or threatens to wallop the British Elector, and the Liberal gives him oats, as it were, and cries gee wo!

A POSE FOR A PICTURE.

Does any artist, desirous of distinguishing himself, want a subject of which he may make a picture for the next Exhibition of the Royal Academy? Then here is one for him, in an extract from the *Moniteur* relative to the Spanish Insurrection:—

"The frigate *Victoria*, which had appeared before Corunna, retired in consequence of the attitude assumed by the Captain-General."

What scope this announcement affords for the conception of a grand historical picture! In the whole range of profane history there is only one instance at all nearly parallel to the wonderful fact which it proclaims. That occurred at the last siege of Acre, where the garrison immediately laid down their arms on the appearance of ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES NAPIER in the breach, when he raised his walking-stick. This, however, was too simple a gesture to be suitable for pictorial illustration. But if there is any British Artist sufficiently endowed with that sense of grandeur which is characteristic of Continental genius, he can embody it in a portrait of the Captain-General of Corunna, as he appeared in the attitude in consequence of which the *Victoria* retired.

Tried and Trusted.

THE *Post* announces the—

"MARRIAGE OF RISK ALLAH BEY.—On Saturday this gentleman, so well known through the recent trials in London, was married at the Greek Eastern Church, London Wall, to Mrs. WOSAU, of Great Malvern."

Let us hope that now, at last, MR. RISK ALLAH BEY has seen the end of his trials.

HOW TO ENSURE YOUR SON'S SUCCESS IN THE RACE FOR KNOWLEDGE.—When he's going to School, give him a good "tip."

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITHOUT A HEAD ON HIS SHOULDERS.

(CONTINUED.)

No one but a Headless Man would put an ordinary friend in possession of his pocket-books, note-books, and diaries for many years past. But a Headless Man foresees nothing, and has no memory unless suddenly jogged, when it shoots up brilliantly for a few seconds, and then, just as you think it is about to illumine the darkness for some time to come, it sputters, gutters, and goes out, on that particular subject at least. Did you ever burn red fire during the representation of the *Miller and his Men* (SKELT's scenes and characters, so much plain and so much more coloured) on the stage of your nursery theatre? If so, you will remember sprinkling an extra pinch of the powder on the expiring sparks still twinkling in the pan; up it flamed, bright and red as ever, and then down again, leaving nothing behind except a hot pan which burnt your fingers, and disappointment, which ended in a difference with your nurse on the subject of bed-time. So with my Headless Man's memory: it flares up, and throws a warm light upon the past: suddenly it is almost extinguished: scatter a few grains of memoranda over it, and it is again enlivened for a short time, and there's an end.

It was while I was staying with MILLER (not the one with "the men" just alluded to, but the Headless MILLER, my friend of former chapters), that it suddenly occurred to him to tidy his room.

This is a peculiarity of Headless Men: they pride themselves on extreme neatness.

MILLER says to me, "My dear fellow, I know where every book, every pipe, everything, anything, is in my room. I can put my hand upon it as well in the dark as in the light."

This assertion I find is literally true: he *can* put his hand upon it, whatever it is, equally as well in the dark as in the light, and a nice mess he makes of the attempt at any time.

"Here," he says, indicating a small drawer, "I keep my gloves. Say I want my riding gloves: well, I open this drawer, and—"

He opens it, and we find packets of new paper, envelopes, and pens.

"By Jove!" he exclaims, forgetting all about his gloves and his admirable arrangements, "I've been looking for these things for the last three weeks. Now that's very odd."

I remind him that he had expected his gloves to be there.

"Gloves," he says, slowly considering the subject, and eyeing the papers and envelopes with the pleasure of a true discoverer. "Yes—gloves. Yes, yes. Gloves *ought* to be here. But," he continues, cheerfully turning to me, and extracting as it were a moral of praise for his own carefulness, "You see this just bears me out. I knew I'd put these packets away carefully—because I always have a drawer for everything—and," he adds, triumphantly, "here they are."

He is quite satisfied with this proof of his forethought and care: "here they are." He shuts the drawer up, and on my asking where then he keeps his gloves, he dismisses the subject as one of not the slightest importance in comparison with having found these papers. "Oh," he says, "the gloves are down-stairs, in the hall somewhere. It's all right. I know where to find them when I want 'em," from which I may infer that, as he doesn't want them at that moment, he doesn't at that moment know where to find them. In fact, he takes very much the sort of devil-may-care view of the matter which the adviser of Little Bopeep did when counselling her to leave her sheep to their own devices, as the probability was that they'd return, following their noses.

Now this is how we came to "tidy" his room.

After the episode of the gloves and the papers, he sits at his writing-table and observes, thoughtfully, "What have I got to do to-day—let me see?"

In order to let him see clearly, I go on with the perusal of my newspaper, and say nothing; but I watch him.

He searches for a pen everywhere, then he rings the bell, then he walks to the window and looks out. The servant answers the bell.

"Did you ring, Sir?" asks the maiden.

"Yes," MILLER replies slowly, looking first at MARY and then at me, as if I had had something to do with it (which is objectionable in a strange house, where you can imagine the servants saying, "What's he want here, coming ringing the bells, and a-giving us hextra trouble?" because they don't know what they're going to get when you leave).

"Yes," says he, deliberately, "I rang."

This, though a plain answer to a plain question, is of course not enough, because no man in his senses would ring a bell merely for the sake of telling the servant who came up that he had rung. I suggest, seeing MARY uncomfortable, that he wanted something.

"Yes, I did," he returns, as if choosing out of a number of things one that he really *did* require.

"You wanted a pen? didn't you?" I ask, diffidently, being somewhat afraid of offending him.

Offend him! not in the least. He is delighted. Yes, that's it—a pen: will MARY get him some pens?

She will; and instead of stepping out of the room, steps into it, and from a basket, on MILLER's writing-table, under MILLER's nose, produces a bundle.

I think the Headless MILLER is a little ashamed of himself for a second or so.

"I never saw that," he says to me, apologetically. MARY smiles, and wants to know if there is anything more he wants.

"No," he answers, promptly; then, as she is closing the door, he repeats hesitatingly,

"No: I—I think not." She is gone.

"There *was* something else," I hear him saying to himself when she has left; "but I can't remember what it was."

Then follows a search for writing-paper, then for a blotting-pad, which he says he only bought the other day, and where the servants put these things he tells me, puzzles him. I stop him from ringing the bell, and easily find everything he wants for him. Indeed, they are all before him, which circumstance he points out to me, as I find them, in proof of his own care and arrangement.

An hour goes in this way, before he sits down fairly to consider his plans for the day.

The Headless Man's formula of expression invariably implies the result of a sudden discovery of a line of duty, commencing generally with an adjuration addressed either to Jove, or to that deity of modern mythology, Jingo.

The formula is, "By Jove! I ought"—to whatever it may be. On this present occasion he commences saying in a quiet manner, which is even more startling than his other way of rapping out his discoveries,

"By Jingo! I ought to see about those taxes to-day."

Taxes are an endless trouble to a Headless Man. He never will attend to them, or rates either, under the last penalties of an execution in the house, when he writes an indignant letter and most probably forgets to inclose the cheque.

"Yes," he continues, "I must see about those taxes." Here he notes down on a slip of paper, "taxes." And then I ought to write to that man about the drains, and the wine,"—notes down "drains," "wine."

"I ought to go and see about the hedges being mended in that field; and, ah! I know I've got some letters to answer,"—notes down "answer letters." "I wonder where the deuce"—here follows a rummaging for the letters he has got to answer, an accumulation of, it is impossible to say, how many weeks, including some unopened, which we find are *not* bills, as he had supposed, but on matters of more or less importance, generally in a social way.

At this moment a knock at the door interrupts his search. It is Mrs. MILLER, who wants to know whether he called at the Glass Warehouse yesterday in town, and also whether he brought down the oil and vinegar from the Italian shop in the Haymarket, and ordered the fish and ice at the fishmonger's by the Station.

"You know, JOSEPH," she says, with an air of sorrowful reproach, "I wrote them all down for you."

"By Jove!" exclaims the unfortunate MILLER, "so you did." And here he commences patting his chest and sides, which is his way of feeling his pockets, when he suddenly remembers that this wasn't the coat he had on yesterday.

"But," remonstrates Mrs. MILLER, sensibly, "you haven't got the oil and the things in that."

No, of course he hasn't, but he wants to assure himself of having the list still about him.

"Yes," she continues pertinaciously; "but did you do what I wanted you?"

No, he is obliged to own he had not: but, if he hadn't the list with him, it will be clearly shown *why* he didn't. The list, however, is found in his breast-pocket, carefully folded up, and enclosed in an undirected envelope. "I knew I'd taken great care of it," he says, and is almost as much pleased as if he had executed all the orders.

Mrs. MILLER is annoyed. MILLER is ready for the emergency. "Telegraph," says he. Mrs. MILLER objects that this costs money, and that as he really had nothing to think of in town yesterday except what she had given him to do, he might have attended to her commissions.

So the scene ends.

(To be Continued.)

Nothing New Under the Sun.

THE Blue-coat Boy must have been in existence in CICERO's time, for of whom else can he be speaking when he says, "*Nullo imbre, nullo frigore adduci ut capite aperto sit*"?

THE NEW CHIEF SECRETARY.

IRELAND has had many clogs upon her; but now, for an agreeable change, she has got a PATTEN, and one very likely to fit her.



A CHANGE IN THE WEATHER.

Paterfamilias (with a sigh: his family have been to Boulogne for the holidays). "IT'S ALL UP!"

Bachelor Friend (who has enjoyed these little Dinners). "WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

Paterfamilias. "TELEGRAM! SHE SAYS THEY'VE ARRIVED SAFE AT FOLKESTONE, AND WILL BE HOME ABOUT 10-30!"

THE METROPOLITAN RAILWAY MONITOR.

If you want to go from the City to Hammersmith, and are near the Moorgate Station, whence the trains start regularly every twenty minutes, go by rail. Otherwise, get into a 'bus. It is practically the quicker way. Unless you carry a time-table in your head, and know exactly when your train is due, you may be a little too late, and have to wait for the next. If you don't keep a sharp look-out, you will miss that.

When you do travel by the Metropolitan Railway, mind these directions. Take a third-class ticket. Anyhow, never take a first. The second and third class carriages are obvious; the first you may have to run up or down for. At intermediate stations the train sometimes stops only a few seconds; and, if you don't jump in at once, will be off without you.

As you will find no one on the platform who can or will give you any information, always get into the first train that arrives. Hold the carriage door open until the Guard comes to shut it, and then shout out your destination. If you are right for it, he will most likely tell you; if you are not, you can get out again.

In like manner, if you are bound for any other station than the terminus, open the door at every one you come to, and ask which it is. You will thus probably succeed in getting an answer.

Unless you are so familiar with the line as to be able to recognise every station at a glance, you will scarcely ever know which is which. The porters still continue to shout "Oosh! Oosh!" for Shepherd's Bush, and "Nil! Nil!" (which of course is nothing) for Notting Hill; never articulating the name of any station. The *Gaulois*, the other day, stated that the town of Gerond had made a *pronunciamento*. Unhappily, that is never done by the attendants of the Metropolitan Railway.

This indistinctness is all the more remarkable from its contrast with the particularly clear voices of the newsboys. "*Times, Pall Mall Gazette, Daily Telegraph, Standard, Star, Punch!*" you hear these youths sing

out as loud and plain as any cathedral canon could possibly intone the service. Of course. They are paid to sell the papers. They are interested in making themselves heard.

As you can seldom hear, so neither can you hardly ever see, on the Metropolitan line, the name of the station which your train has stopped at. It is posted up on a single board, so that the chances against your catching a sight of it are numerous.

Once, again, then, take care to open the door every time your train stops, and keep hawling, "Hoy! What station is this?" till you are told.

However, the Metropolitan Railway is, as *Iago* says of wine, "A good familiar creature, if it be well used." At any rate, it is an institution commendable in one respect, as being eminently calculated to foster habits of vigilance, activity, and self-help.

Our Old Friend.

MRS. MALAPROP is full of the Elections. Her opinions, she says, with some confusion in her mind between plums and politics, are Preservative, and she is for the Irish Church, having a cousin who is an Archdeacon's Apparition. She is certain something dreadful will happen to that GLADSTONE, who, she hears, has crossed the Rubicund, and is perspiring with BRIGHT and the Radicals. She has no patience with women wanting to have votes, and is delighted that the Reviving Banisters refused them the Frances. MRS. M. reads the foreign news, as you may be sure when you hear that she talks about the Bonbons being driven out of Spain.

"LAND RATS AND WATER RATS."

Boy in the Surrey Gallery. "I'VE have your rats!"

GLASSES ROUND.—Those worn in the eye.

A FIRM CONVICTION.—Transportation for Life.



"EXCHANGE IS NO ROBBERY."

Mistress (who will be constantly in the kitchen). "WHY, COOK, I'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE FOR YOU DOWNSTAIRS. HOW DARE YOU BE SITTING THERE?"

Cook. "WELL, YOU SEE, MUM, AS YOU PREFERS A TAKING MY PLACE IN THE KITCHEN, I'VE TAKEN YOURS 'ERE."

TOO MUCH CLARET.

CONCERNING the poor ex-QUEEN OF SPAIN, the *Times* truly remarks:—

"She is a fugitive in a country where one of her own subjects reigns: one whom a fortnight ago she might have met on equal terms."

Yes. The sometime subject of ISABELLA THE SECOND does reign. Does she not also govern? Is that not the reason why French troops occupy Rome? Would the Elect of the French People prevent the Roman People from electing their own Sovereign if he were not himself under petticoat government? In a sense, to be sure, it may be denied that he is under the government so called. We know what garments ISABELLA, the other day, expressed a wish to wear. It may be said that ISABELLA's subject, that was, has renounced crinoline, and actually does wear the garments which ISABELLA named. Do we not know that she has set ladies the fashion of wearing Hessian boots? Considering boots as Hessian boots, one naturally associates boots with nether garments other than petticoats. When the wife wears those other garments, of course the husband is not under petticoat government. No: he is under a government which ought to be petticoat, but isn't. What, however, if in that case, she herself is under a government of petticoats, that is to say, a government of priests? What if a great nation is governed by its Elect, and he is governed by his consort, and she by the Jesuits and Ultramontane clergy? This, perhaps. ISABELLA THE SECOND is now an awful example to Continental Sovereigns. She is suffering from the consequences of too much CLARET. The same kind of excess—not in Lafitte, look you, or Château Margaux—in France may affect another in the same way. There is a lady, once ISABELLA's subject, whom, as the *Times* says, a fortnight ago she might have met on equal terms. If French policy continues to be swayed by Ultramontane dictation, who knows but that Ex-QUEEN ISABELLA and that other lady with her husband, may very shortly meet on equal terms once more?

TEMPESTUOUS.

A SHORT time ago the papers had articles about "Spain and the Tornado." Such a heading would be particularly appropriate now when the storm has burst.

THE MAIDSERVANT'S NIGHTMARE.

O, MARY, I've 'ad sitch a dream,
I feel I don't know 'ow.
I'm sure you must 'ave 'eard me scream
Wen I awoke just now.
I dreamt I married that young man
Wot comes 'ere arter me.
And sure as hever my name's ANN
A wision 'twas I see.

I thought we 'ad a little flat,
'Twas in a new-built 'ouse;
No room, scarce, for to swing a cat,
Or her to catch a mouse.
With bed, the furnitur was all
A table and a chair,
One small framed print upon the wall;
The floor was 'oly bare.

There lay'd a baby on that bed,
Like them tramps takes and begs,
Thing like a frog, with great big 'ead,
And little arms and legs.
And this was in a subub, which
Who lives in leads short lives,
Wherein the pawnbroker grows rich,
And undertakers thrives.

There little funerals is a sight
As every day you meet,
With palls and 'atbands black and white,
Afoot, along the street.
Cheap shoe-and-boot-shops strikes the eye,
Small grocers, and low tea;
And every third 'ouse, pretty nigh,
A public seems to be.

A mendin' of my 'usband's clothes
It seem as I had bin.
The door flew open, and, I s'pose,
I sor 'im stagger in.
Down on the bed his self he flung,
As surly as a bear,
I spoke, wen he cried, "Hold yer tongue!"
Then 'gan to cuss and swear.

Quite like a madman he be'aved:
I 'low'd 'im to go on,
Sat quiet wile 'e stormed and raved,
And waited till 'e 'd done.
And then I, tryin' to appear
As pleasant as I might,
Said, "WILLIAM, where's the wages, dear,"
As you was paid to-night.

And then he up—and oh, of all
The looks I ever see!
That face—I don't know what to call—
Them eyes as glared on me!
He clinched his fist, his hand he raised,
And down as come the blow,
Good gracious Evins, which be praised,
I woke a cryin' "Oh!"

'Ot suppers, possible, it may
'Ave bin, disturbed my rest.
Rump steaks and inions sometimes lay
Too 'evvy on the chest.
However, from my dream I 'll take
A warnin' all the same;
And, only for a 'usband's sake,
Mind 'ow I change my name.

Catch me, now seein' wot's the case
Wen want with marriage comes,
Leavin' a comfortable place
For lodgins in the slums!
Well settled in well-paid employ,
Or in a bisnis way,
Get first; till then no, no, my boy:
Where I'm well off I 'll stay.

HOW TO PREVENT A CONSPIRACY FROM LEAKING OUT.
—Let the plot thicken.



A CASE FOR SIR RICHARD.

Intellectual Creature. "No, it's utterly impossible for a fellow to stand this disgusting weather. I feel as if all my bowels were going to the dogs."
Lady. "Dear, dear! Poor Dogs!"

NO HOLIDAYS FOR HIM.

"The PRIME MINISTER has declined invitations to the dinners of the Buckinghamshire Agricultural Associations this year, and has intimated that it is not his intention to take part in any public demonstrations for the present. The Right Hon. Gentleman has not yet issued any address to his constituents."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

THE victorious Buckinghamshire grazier, whose mind is always dwelling on the beauties of the Irish Church; the deserving farm labourer who in his daily walk of eight miles weighs the arguments for and against the endowment of Maynooth; the Constitutional Squire, in whose eyes MR. BRIGHT is almost as bad as a vulpicide; and the stately Rector who "responds" for the Bishop and Clergy of the diocese, with a full belief in their perpetuity, may be downcast, but cannot be surprised at the absence of MR. DISRAELI from the Agricultural Dinners and Harvest Homes of his county, if they think of a few of the things he has to do during the holidays.

He has to give private instruction to his Class (not expected to be so large as before when it re-assembles after the vacation), that the pupils may be tolerably perfect in their lesson, when the time comes for declaring that they and their Tutor have from the first been convinced that the Irish Church is immoral, impolitic, and imbecile, and must be disendowed, disestablished, and Disraelised. He has to study that gloomy column of political disasters in the daily papers headed Election Intelligence, and to note how often candidates are ready to take what may almost be called the Oath of Allegiance to King WILLIAM GLADSTONE. He has to coach LORD MAYO in the politics and policy of India, and to train him in three months to be the competent successor of DALHOUSIE, CANNING, ELGIN, and LAWRENCE. He has to give COLONEL WILSON PATTEN a few hints, on his transfer from the soft cushion of the Duchy of Lancaster to the thorny seat of the Chief Secretary for Ireland. He has to find some industrious supporter willing to undertake the heavy duties of the deserted Duchy. He has

NEW AND OLD.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, writing from Rome, says, speaking of two new Cardinals, "To-morrow their Eminences will receive the hat in a public consistory, which will be succeeded by a secret one, for the performance of the ceremony of opening and shutting the mouth." How is this to be understood? If by "opening the mouth" is meant being allowed to say what you really think, the ceremony—if it is anything more than a ceremony—must be as agreeable as it is unusual at Rome, and perhaps it is as well for the Papal power that it is a secret one: "shutting the mouth" in Rome, as in all other capitals where men's lips are sealed, must be rather too much of an open and constant reality to be treated as a secret and occasional ceremony.

The Puppies of the Church.

CONSIDERING how dandified they are in the matter of their vestments, the Ritualists may be regarded as the puppies of the Church-fold, rather than the sheep-dogs. Certainly as safeguards against the Romish wolves, they are hardly to be trusted; and if we may not call out "*Cave Canem*" in regard to them, we at least may give the caution "*Cave Directorium Anglicanum!*"

POETRY AND PROSE.

FREDERICK and AMY were watching the effect of the setting sun upon the spire of Shanklin Church. "How beautiful," was the fair girl's remark, "to see it tipped with gold!" "Yes, darling," said FREDERICK, "like a gamekeeper."

Converted Muskets.

THE Roman Correspondent of the *Post* says that the Papal infantry is badly armed, some of the Pope's men having "old muskets transformed at the Vatican arsenal into breech-loaders." Converted muskets, then, are among the converts to Popery. Did St. Peter ever contemplate this kind of conversions?

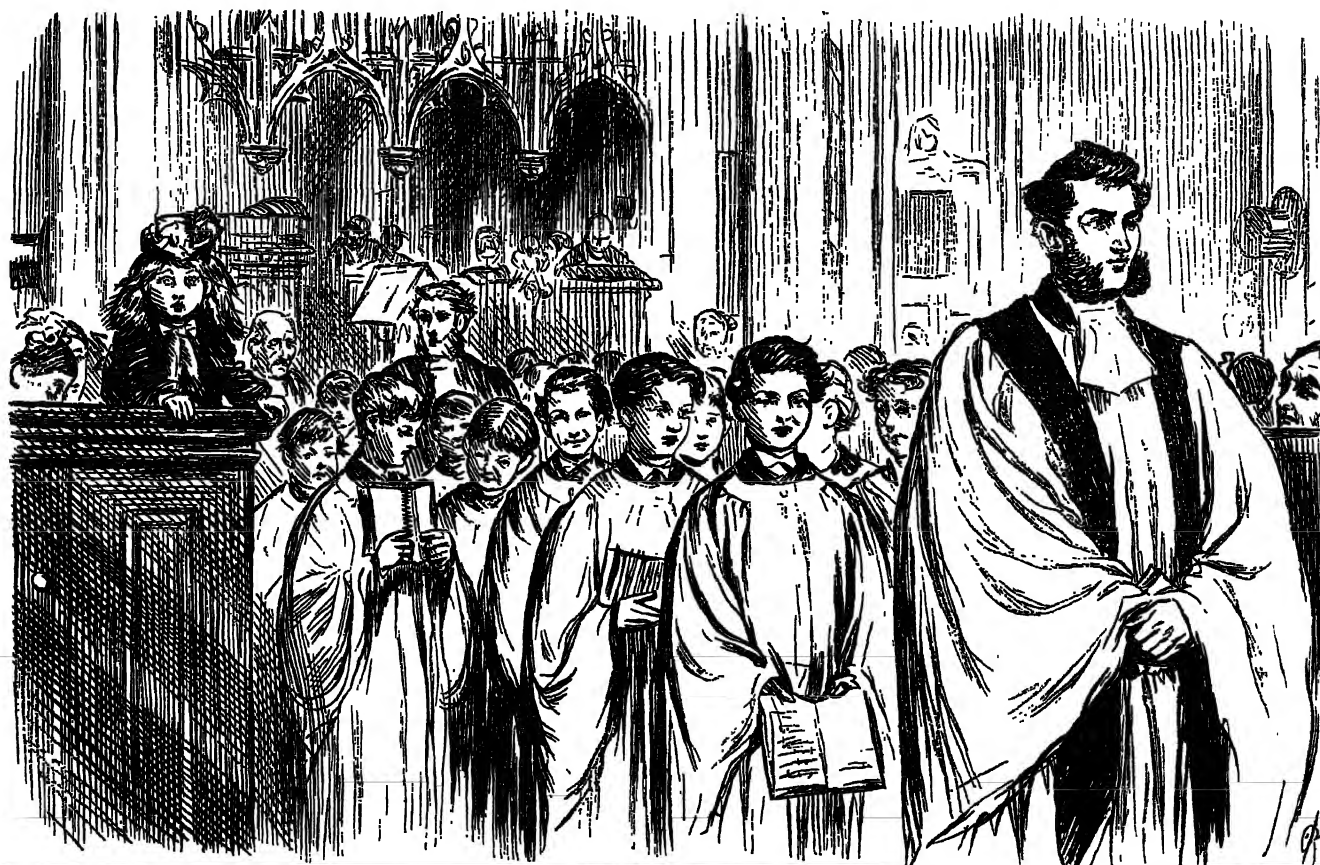
to decide which of a hundred candidates shall preside over the diocese of Peterborough and MR. WHALLEY; and (no wonder he has not time to make speeches to ploughboys and shepherds), he has had to prepare that specious and subtle Election Address to the County of Bucks and the County of England, which his vassals expect will compel BRIGHT to emigrate, and determine GLADSTONE to retire into private life.

AGRICULTURAL ECONOMY.

THE sages of the British Association for the Advancement of Science appear to have overlooked a subject which they may have been expected to discuss. In the Economical Science Section no lecture was delivered by anyone on skinning a flint. Yet the assembly that might have listened to such an address perhaps comprised a good many Poor Law Guardians. It doubtless did contain numerous squires and farmers who were enraged by CANON GIRDLESTONE's exposure of the condition of the agricultural labourer. Both they and the Bumbles would have taken much interest in a discourse on divesting silex of integument, although they may little need any instruction in that process.

Adulation Rewarded.

"PEACE will be lasting, because Europe needs it, and the EMPEROR desires it." These words of M. MAGNE, the Minister of Finance, spoken the other day at Dordogne, are said to have received a suitable recognition. We are told that M. MAGNE lately appeared at a State ball, dancing earnestly in a costume which included a brilliant sky-blue coat with a yellow *neud d'épaule*, and *culotte* of thunder and lightning, with continuations of white silk, and shining buckled shoes. These decorations are understood to be the reward of enthusiastic devotion in the Imperial service. France now sees what MAGNE has got by magnifying his master.



THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

Effie (our Parson's little daughter : her first experience of "Church." Aloud—with intense surprise). "PA AND ALL THE DEAR LITTLE BOYS, IN THEIR NIGHTGOWNS, GOING TO BYE-BYE !!"

THE PRICE OF AN M.P.

It is calculated that the expense of the next General Election will fall very little short of Three Millions of Pounds sterling. So the privilege of adding M.P. to their names will cost Members on an average Four Thousand Pounds apiece. Really, people ought to bear in mind this fact when they are trying to wade through a tedious debate. Englishmen are ever prone to test the value of a thing by a mere monetary standard, and orators who pay four thousand pounds to obtain the right of speaking, must surely think it worth their while to do their very utmost to say something worth the money. By the bye, four thousand pounds is what they pay upon the average, and, inasmuch as many of them pay a great deal more, we think their words should have the weight of the heavy price at which the power of utterance is purchased. We would suggest that our friend DOD, in his correct list of the Commons should specify each Member's weight—in the gold his seat has cost him, as well as making mention of his pedigree, his names, his age, and his political colours. The public thus might learn to read with proper reverence the speeches of an orator whom, intrinsically viewed, they might regard as a great bore, but in a money point might class among the great guns of the House, if his election costs had ranked him as a seven thousand pounder.

A Trifle from Pau.

SIR GEORGE BOWYER considers that in declaring Sister PATROCINTO and Father CLARET to be awfully pious, and utterly ignorant of politics, he has disproved the charge that they have been advisers of the EX-QUEEN OF SPAIN. But as ISABELLA has been awfully pious, and has lost her throne, our deduction from SIR GEORGE'S premisses is exactly the reverse of his.

We see an incessant advertisement, "CHURCH BEFORE PARTY." Of course. Quite right. Church in the morning, Party in the evening. What need of such iteration?

ZAMIEL WITH A CHIGNON.

AMONG the autumn novelties in female attire is announced the "chapeau Freischütz." It is made, we are told, "of gray felt. The crown is rather high, with a narrow brim, trimmed with a wreath of ostrich feathers the same shade as the hat." To this ornament is added "a large bow of satin or velvet ribbon, with a little bird nearly concealed in it." An owl peeping out of an ivy bush would seem to be the ornithological decoration most suitable to a hat in imagination associated with *Der Freischütz*. If the owl were objectionable as being too big, then perhaps a bat would be near enough to a bird to serve in the place of one, and would be highly appropriate. Some skeletons of rats and mice and such small deer might be added to the wreath of feathers on the crown, so as to represent the spectral hunt which scuds athwart the sky in the incantation scene. The apparition of a girl with her head thus garnished, however, would perhaps evoke from some beholders an exclamation nearly resembling that uttered by *Caspar* (on the British stage): "Ha! A wild chase in the air. A fearful omen!" The cry which the wearer of skeletons in her "Freischütz hat" might occasion would be more probably "A fearful woman!"

Easily Alarmed.

SOME excessively Ultra-Liberal folks have been frightened because MR. DISRAELI has been staying with the QUEEN at Balmoral. Why should he not visit his Sovereign? He is notoriously a delightful conversationalist—almost as brilliant as *Mr. Punch*. But he has left, and DR. WATSON left at the same time, so that the QUEEN is out of danger.

A PROVERB ON TEST.

IF all proverbs were true, the civil war in Spain would afford grounds for the hope of being paid to Spanish bondholders. But it does not always happen that, when rogues fall out, honest men come by their own.

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITHOUT A HEAD ON HIS SHOULDERS.

(CONTINUED.)

WHEN MRS. MILLER is gone, her Headless husband has to look about everywhere for the notes which he has been previously making of what he is going to do to-day. He hasn't an idea where he put them. He opens a drawer, and comes upon a collection of pocket-books and diary-books large and small.

"By Jove!" he exclaims, all arrangements for the day going out of his head, "fancy finding these!" He takes one after the other up, and examines them separately. "I wish," he says, "I'd found these some time ago. It would be a very good plan to have a drawer regularly arranged for diaries, in order, according to the years. I think I'll begin one this year, and keep it regularly. Capital plan."

On this point I can't say I agree with him, not approving of diaries generally.

"These are amusing," he says to me, giving me diary books of many years ago. He tells me I can look over them, if I like, while he arranges his room, as he wants to catalogue the contents of his drawers and his books.

I wonder how often he has commenced this same catalogue. Is there nothing, I ask, he minds my seeing in his diaries? "Not a bit," he returns. So I commence.

No, he has no secrets; schemes he may have had in embryo; hints of designs never worked out; plans for the day, forgotten before the hour in which they were written down was over; memoranda of visits to be made, of letters to be answered, of things to be done, remaining memoranda to the end. Arrangements to go to different places at different times, dates fixed, trains settled, expenses calculated, and an entry in a diary some time after showing that all these had been forgotten as soon as made. His biographer using these note-books would not have to write the Life of the Headless Man as it actually was, but as it *might have been*. The Headless Man's ink is bottled off (as it were) for his own private use from the waters of Lethe.

There are, as will be seen by the diaries, certain points of resemblance between the Man without a Head on his Shoulders and a Procrastinating Man. But the two must not be confused. The Procrastinator has a head on his shoulders, and generally possesses a memory which is to him in the place of a conscience. The Headless Man is necessarily *in effect* a Procrastinator, but a Procrastinator need not be a Headless Man.

A Procrastinator has probably a stubborn will; a Headless Man has a weak will. The former is the donkey who won't go, and it is a question whether wallowing or blandishment is the better calculated for making him stir. The latter is the young retriever with your string to his collar. He may feel inclined to turn aside to salute a friend, or challenge a stranger of his own breed, or to dash at a cat in a London area, a rabbit or the sheep during your country walk, but chuck the cord towards you, and he sacrifices his impulse to make your will his. So, my friends, deal with a Headless Man. If you want him to do something manifestly for his own good or yours, make him do it there and then. Take him off, turn not to the right or left, take him to the Bank or Insurance Office, or the Doctor's, or the Dentist's, or the Solicitor's, or to see the elderly relatives upon whom his independence depends, and don't let him swerve from his course. This is my conclusion as to the treatment of the sort of patient; it will be, if it is not already, yours, when you have glanced at MILLER's notes, mems, and diaries.

For instance, in looking over, at hap-hazard, pocket-books and diaries, the one explaining the other, I find this entry perpetually occurring between the years 1855 and 1861:—

"Nov. 19. Must call on Aunt SARAH to-day. Most important, as my father told me I am her favourite nephew."

Then in another book.

"Nov. 21. Must keep memoranda of what I am going to do. In town to-day; must call on Aunt SARAH. Important."

The former pocket-book was evidently found again by MILLER in 1857, having been mislaid for a whole year.

"Jan. 1. Begin a new year in an old pocket-book. This will save buying a new one, as I can turn it upside down." [*Turn it upside down!* here the Headless Man unwittingly sketches himself with a master-stroke.] "To-day I really must call on Aunt SARAH; I haven't seen her for an age. To write also and accept MERKS's invitation. See ELIZA."

ELIZA, I find, referred to a young lady who at that time was to have been MRS. MILLER. By the way there is nothing of heartlessness in a Headless man, although he may get the credit for it, and his conduct in some cases may apparently justify the suspicion.

"April, 1857. Tried to explain to ELIZA why I hadn't been able to meet her in the Park. I didn't remember it till too late. I told her how I only thought of it just as I was starting to call on Aunt SARAH,

and immediately gave up Aunt SARAH for her. By the way, *must* call on Aunt SARAH to-morrow. I forgot when I went last, but I think it must have been two years ago. Dined with my father this evening, who was remarkably angry about it. I like her very much, but don't care about calling, merely for the sake of what I shall get. Must call, though. Will to-morrow. Make arrangements for to-morrow. Say: 1st. Get up in the morning. 2nd. Breakfast. 3rd. Write letters, one to ELIZA. 4th. Go and call on Aunt SARAH. 5th. Call at my father's, and tell him I've been to Aunt SARAH's; he'll be pleased. 6th. Ride or do something; billiards, perhaps. Dinner, &c. Capital plan keeping a diary; will do it regularly."

This carefully arranged plan was evidently mislaid with note book; or certainly not adhered to, as there are no more entries in that pocket book for that year, (the other pages being mostly blank, or taken up with calculations (generally wrong) in pounds, shillings and pence, headed vaguely "expenses;") and in another small metallic one I find:—

"April, 1857. Mustn't get out of the way of keeping a diary. Begin it fairly now."

"Say, to-morrow. 1st. Get up. 2nd. Breakfast. 3rd. Leave this open). After this, go out and call on Aunt SARAH. Must do this: have put it off for so long. Letter from ELIZA to-day: don't understand it."

The next entry in the Book, which I find by merely turning over the leaf, is—

"July, 1859. Just returned home." Two years after the above entry, you see. "Delicious trip! Dear ANNIE! She is still at Geneva. I must see my father about it at once. Found cards waiting for me from MR. and MRS. PLYNN. I'm glad of that. She said, in her letter to me when the match was broken off, she could never smile again. I suppose she smiles at PLYNN. Poor ELIZA! I dare say it's better as it is. Aunt SARAH, I hear, is at Dover for her health. I wish I'd known it: I might have called on her, as I came back that way. Must do so when she returns to town."

ANNIE, it turns out, is not the present Mrs. MILLER. MILLER laughs as I recall the name: he has got his coat off, and is arranging old newspapers. "Yes," he says, pausing for a minute, "I plunged into that affair rather recklessly. I was sorry for it when I got back to England. So was she, I suppose, because it came to an end very easily, and I think—I forget what became of her: I think some one told me something about her going to Turkey with a Consul, or a dragon; but I forget."

I pick up another pocket-book: the first mem I come across is:—

"Feb. 1860. Thursday. Must call on Aunt SARAH to-day."

In another pocket-book:—

"1861. My father very angry. Says I ought to have been more attentive to Aunt SARAH while she was alive. Everything to my cousins."

This is how MILLER lost some extra hundreds a year, if not more.

Mixed up with these are random writings, sometimes across the page lengthways, sometimes breadthways, sometimes from one corner to another. There are extracts from books, proverbs, poetry, good stories he has heard, riddles, appointments, addresses in alphabetical order up to E, and then in any sort of disorder.

Luncheon-bell rings, and I descend. He will, he says, be with us in a second. Being sent for twice, he appears an hour afterwards, and says he has been re-arranging his room, and that now he can find my book even in the dark. Wishing to refer in the evening to MILTON's *Paradise Lost*, he offers to get it without a candle. Listening on the stairs we hear him groping about, and coming in contact with the table, then kicking his boots, then stumbling over the waste-paper basket, then a heavy fall as of an inkstand or paper-weight, then other falls, as of smaller articles from a height, then the tumbling of a heavy metal candlestick, by which it is clear he is at the mantel-piece fumbling for the lucifer-box, and finally his bell rings violently, and then, before the servant can answer it, his voice is heard asking for the matches.

To write more of the *Man without a Head on his Shoulders* would be to give the life and adventures of my friend JOSEPH MILLER, the Headless Man, which is not within the scope of these papers. In all matters of real importance I found MRS. MILLER at his elbow as his guardian-angel. Had he been married to this excellent lady during the lifetime of Aunt SARAH, JOSEPH would neither have lost a little fortune, nor incurred his father's anger by his Headlessness.

The best course for the true friends of a Headless Man to pursue, is to pick out a sensible woman and marry him to her. Then there is some chance of his doing good in his generation; otherwise he is a boat without a steerer, the rudder being turned this way and that by every varying current of wind or water. Put the Pilot in Petticoats on board, and a prosperous voyage to the Headless Man.

The next specimen of the Odd Men Out I find is the Man with a Voice.

WHEN is a candle likely to be enraged? You say when it is *put out*. I should say rather when it's *lighted*.



VIVA LA LIBERTAD.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

In the spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of NANCY,
In the summer and the autumn he in Touring doth delight.
Whilst prosaic facts inditing,
Rhymes will run into our writing,
For the spirit of the poet permeates the Isle of Wight.

For mighty ALFRED TENNYSON
Lives at this island when he's on
A Poem that shall thrill us with its music and its power.
Alone that theme we'd better let,
Nor that this is a guide forget—
The flys at Ryde and Ventnor are a half-a-crown an hour.

The island's early history
Is not involved in mystery,
For VESPASIAN, under CLAUDIUS, swooped upon it "like a bird,"
And compelled the wretched folk to
Bend their necks the Roman yoke to,
Although they fought with fortitude. A.D. the forty-third.

Then GYNNIC, CERDIC, two men,
Without compunction slew men,
And left the place to relatives, one WIGHTGAR and one STUF;
But names just at this time about
Get difficult to rhyme about,
Of dates and archaeology a trifle is enough.

Then the island was invaded,
And the people speared and bladed
By French, and by one TOSTIG, and those dreadful chaps the Danes;
Till Earl Warwick (HENRY BEAUCHAMP)
Was set over 'em to teach 'em,
As you can read in FROUDE and BERN some morning when it rains.

But enough of musty chronicles,
And parties in canonicals,
And warriors and sieges, revolutionary rows;
For discoursing on the present
Seems to us so much more pleasant,
The chief town in the Isle of Wight decidedly is—

Cowes.—This is the best port in the island (except some they have at, we are afraid to say how much a bottle, at the Pier Hotel, Ryde) and is the Station of the Royal Yacht Squadron, many of whose vessels may be seen—as a Cockney gentleman once observed in our hearing—"in the harbour during the yot weather." Members of the Royal Yacht Club occupy West Cowes Castle, and under their auspices a Regatta takes place every August, when a plate (not to be confounded with the River Plate, mind) is sailed for, and people watch the boats go out and come in again with an amount of excitement that at times rises to fever heat. For our part we consider that, of all the dull and depressing ways of getting through a day, watching a Regatta is—well, everyone has his opinion, and *Punch's* opinion is that a Regatta is a delusion and a snare.

The *s* in Cowes is a modern innovation. East Cow and West Cow were the original names of the vaccine twins. There is a pleasant parade to walk on, and the Green which was presented to the town by MR. STEPHENSON for recreation, to which the inhabitants are so given, stretches to the So-lent. If you wish to thoroughly appreciate Cowes you must purchase a yacht, we believe, of not less than several tons, and if admitted a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron Club you will be privileged to carry the St. George's ensign, and you will be admitted into foreign ports free of dues. Think over it.

Osborne.—This charming Royal residence is situated close to Norris Castle, which is not very far from Slatwoods, where DR. ARNOLD, of Rugby was born (the family came, we believe, from Whippingham—good place for a schoolmaster to hail from), and is rather near to East Cowes Castle. The general public are never admitted to Osborne House; an exception is, of course, made in favour of *Punch*, who is taken in there weekly. Five miles from Cowes is

Newport.—A funny little place, which was completely destroyed by the French in 1377, and was even in the time of ELIZABETH described by her Commissioners as "not yet fullie builded." It has been represented in Parliament by LORD RAULAND, the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, and LORD PALMERSTON: so that, like a finely-formed person, it has every reason to be proud of its members. Within a mile of Newport is

Carisbrook Castle.—The entrance is through a famous old gateway, which was erected by LORD SCALDS (not as might be imagined one of the Finny tribe—another family altogether), and having passed it you come to that portion of the Castle wherein CHARLES THE FIRST was placed under the guardianship of COLONEL HAMMOND, and from whence he

endeavoured to escape. But the aperture was too small, and though he got through half he could not quite get through the hole, and he remained in an uncomfortable position a considerable time, being quite out of breath and half out of window. This coming to the ears of CROMWELL, he was removed to another apartment, from which he determined to make another effort for liberty, selecting COLONEL TITUS as an accomplice, which was certainly an unfortunate cognomen for a confederate, considering the King had been wedged in the window of his previous room. But the plot got out, though the King didn't, and the indignant guardian who had not favoured the Monarch, with many delicacies now gave his royal prisoner a taste of his Hammond Tongue. Here it was the COUNTESS OF PORTLAND came forward and told the assailants that she would herself fire a cannon at them, unless they went away, which has always struck us as having been somewhat absurd, as in case of a cannon being fired, the sex of the party who applies the braud would scarcely affect the destructive power of the projectile. We know nothing of gunnery, but that is our opinion. However, the Mayor of Newport retired from the siege, and the Countess may be said to have resembled money—she made the Mayor to go. There is here a remarkably deep well, said to be sunk nearly three hundred feet. Don't fall down it often; it is a great waste of time, and you have so much to see in the island.

Ryde.—Which was anciently called Rye, La Riche or La Rye, and the fact of the French burning it down in the reign of RICHARD THE SECOND (curious thing, you say, for it to be burnt during a reign; thank you, but unsuited to our column) put the inhabitants to some little inconvenience—not to say annoyance. In fact, the town was set alight, and the inhabitants put out simultaneously, a remarkable historical phenomenon which has hitherto apparently escaped the notice of the chroniclers. After this it was ordered that "a watch should be kept for the security of the island." The town has since thriven, and indeed now almost every grown-up inhabitant has a watch himself. Here the Victoria Yacht Club has its club-house, and of course, a Regatta. The town has one too for the boatmen's benefit. We have already expressed our sentiments regarding Regattas—the subject is a painful one, and if you don't mind, we'll drop it. Ryde is decidedly a jolly place, it contains capital hotels, and every variety of lodging, from the economical two pair back, with an unlimited view of over the way, to magnificent first floors, with a splendid blue look out upon the ocean. The neighbourhood is rich in attractions, and you will be all the better if you depend upon your legs rather than the fly drivers; for remember that exercise is half the battle, and that you really go to walk when you go to Ryde. A capital route is through Brading, an old-fashioned place at the foot of the chalk downs of Nunwell. Chalk Down the name on your mental slate, and don't forget it, for it's worth seeing, as is Bembridge, most interesting to the botanist, if you happen to be a botanist; if not, it hits the taste of the geologist; of course you're a geologist? Neither one or the other! No? Well then, it's a very good place to stay and have a glass of ale at. Will that suit you? It was somewhere near here that LEOH WILSON wrote *The Negro Servant*, probably after a visit to Black Gang Chine. Presently you will arrive at

Sandown.—A rising place, originally brought into notice by the writer of the *North Briton*. In fact, whilst it owes much of its popularity to lobsters, it is also largely indebted to WILKES. Here he occupied what he termed his "Villakin." No trace now remains of it, or indeed of Dinah. You can walk from here by the edge of the cliff to

Shanklin.—Which can be confidently recommended as possessing delightfully hard sands, when the tide is out, as exhibiting a remarkable *chine*, and as being an excellent rhyme to FRANKLIN. Passing on you get a fine view of Sandown Bay, Culver Cliffs, and the strange promontory termed *Dumrose*. Should you ask what this is called, and the answer should be "dun' know, Sir," you must not be surprised. Bournemouth is a beautiful place, and the visitor should climb to St. Boniface Down, the highest ground in the island. We should have thought St. Boniface *Up* would have been more appropriate, but this by the way. By continuing your walk at the edge of the down (don't step over, it is 783 feet above the level of the sea, and it might shake you a good deal) you will come to

Ventnor.—Which is just twelve miles from Ryde. SIR JAMES CLARKE was its inventor—we mean inventor, for he wrote about it in such a laudatory manner that it speedily became the favoured resort of those who require a particularly mild retreat for the winter. According to the Registrar-General's report, Ventnor is the healthiest spot in England. Nobody is ever taken ill there. There is an instance on record of an inhabitant having a slight headache, but we believe it was accounted for by natural causes. Much excitement prevailed here a few years back from a report that a cottager's child exhibited symptoms of a cold in its head, but on inquiry it was found to be without foundation.

The visitor must by no means miss the wonderful pair of bays, Scratchell and Alum: he must not fail to visit Yarmouth and Freshwater, Gore Cliff, Niton, Chale, and St. Lawrence; and, above all things, he must make a point of keeping his eye on the Needles.



LINGUA EAST ANGLIA.

*Suffolk Rustic (in the peculiar Eastern Counties tune, too subtle for notation).
 "WH'RIET' TH' HOLLBO' ! HINDERCOM'ADOW !"
 [This was worse than Greek to the young gentleman from London, to whom it was
 shouted, so we give a translation—"Get into the ditch, Bo'"] (Suffolk appel-
 lative), "There (yonder) comes a Wood-Pigeon !"*

ZADKIEL THE SAME AS EVER!

ZADKIEL is right as usual. His Voice of the Stars—October, 1868, announces that:—

"QUEEN ISABELLA, of Spain, will have Mars on the place of the Moon at her birthday, which excites her to strange acts of violence, and I fear that bloodshed is again seen in that hapless land. The position of Mars on the birthday of that Queen is in square to the Sun, very evil for the peace of her realm."

On the 30th of September QUEEN ISABELLA, of Spain, was deposed, and left St. Sebastian for Pau. She committed acts of violence in October as punctually as THEODORE fell in August. Before October she had ceased to be QUEEN OF SPAIN. What then? Of course she only anticipated her fate, predicted clearly by ZADKIEL.

Read On, Mr. Dean.

We applaud the ingenuity of the DEAN OF CORK in selecting for the text of his sermon in behalf of the Irish Church, the verse about a certain crew beckoning to their partners in the other ship to come and help them. But may we be allowed to remember that their distress arose from having a vast quantity of fishes, of which they would make no use, and which threatened to sink them, and that "the other ship" got into distress by helping. Some texts are double-edged.

SUGGESTION BY A SUFFERER.

Is the operator disposed to be too talkative when you sit down to have your hair cut? As he is sure to ask how you wish it done, you can easily give him a hint by telling him to cut it short.

"THE SOLDIER'S TIE."—At Brussels.

THE SONG OF THE SCOTCH TOURIST.

THOSE Scotch hotels! Those Scotch hotels
 Are fit for princes and for swells:
 But their high charges don't agree
 With humbler travellers like me.

Twelve shillings daily for my board
 Is more than I can well afford,
 For this includes nor ale nor wine,
 Whereof I drink some when I dine.

Bad sherry's charged at eight-and-six,
 A price that in my gizzard sticks:
 And if I want a pint of port,
 A crown is what I'm pilfer'd for't.

For service, too, I have to pay,
 Two shillings, as a rule, per day:
 Yet always, when I leave the door,
 The boots and waiter beg for more.

So, till a fortune I can spend,
 Abroad my autumn steps I'll bend;
 Far cheaper there, experience tells,
 Is living than at Scotch hotels!

UP IN BIOGRAPHY.

Examiner. How many CASAUBONS were there?

Candidate. Two.

Examiner. Very good. What were they?

Candidate. Students, Sir.

Examiner. Students? Well—yes. What were their Christian names?

Candidate. ROBERT and BENJAMIN.

Examiner. ROBERT and BENJAMIN, Sir! Whom do you mean?

Candidate. BOB SAWYER and BENJAMIN ALLEN.

What it Ends In.

You have been staying at a friend's house for a few days. You are on the point of going away, and find the servants all on the tiptoe of expectation. You must be deeply gratified by the great interest they take in you personally, extending as it does to the tips of your fingers.

A GREAT LORD MAYOR, INDEED.

ON the Election of LORD MAYOR, the other day in Common Hall, by the Liverymen of the City of London, MR. JOHN BENNETT, of the Common Council, proposed a vote of thanks to the outgoing Civic Monarch; in reference to whom he said:—

"What faults had he committed that were not common to all Lord Mayors? He was not 10 feet high."

No. If he had been the Corporation of London would have had three giants; one at the Mansion House, besides the two at Guildhall. The City Giants would then have been GOG, MAGOG, and ALLEN.

Probable Publications.

"Through Mud and Mire," a Novel by the Author of "Through Flood and Flame."

"Holiday Roses," a Treatise by the writer of "Workaday Briers."

"The Eccentric London Square," a Narrative by the Author of "The Regular Swiss Round."

"Tame as a Canary," a Romance by the Writer of "Wild as a Hawk."

"Candles, Basins, and Gongs," a Series of Lectures by the Author of "Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets."

A Word from an Old Woman.

"MRS. GRUNDY'S GRANDMOTHER" writes to us to say that she entirely disapproves of giving vails to servants. Why, deary me! the hussies nowadays all carry parasols, so dreadfully afraid are they of spoiling their complexions! And 'as for letting them wear vails, why, lawks! they'd next be wanting drags to take 'em to the Darby!



A HOLIDAY. (P)

Shooting Enthusiast (to rheumatic friend, wet through, and inclining homewards). "NOT A BIRD TO BE SEEN! O, NONSENSE! YOU TRY THAT GORSE AGAIN, AND GET OVER THE HILL INTO THE STUBBLE FIELD, AND THEN YOU 'LL HAVE TWO MILES OF FALLOW, AND AFTER THAT YOU CAN FOLLOW THE BEATERS."

POOH-POOHING AND SHAMPOOHING.

MR. PUNCH—SIR,

In my profession as a Perruquier, &c., &c., a great number of heads annually pass through my hands, and my knowledge of human nature, founded on craniological principles (so to speak), affords me advantages enjoyed by members of no other liberal profession, whether law, physic, or divinity. My insight into character is, consequently, at once extensive, accurate, and profound. I can therefore speak with authority upon many points which common Parliamentary people should approach with hesitation and distrust. Our noble PREMIER, however, is an Individual (if I may be permitted such an expression) who is gifted with a wonderful species of clairvoyance (so to speak). His penetrating vision can see into a blockhead, and trace the workings of the machinery within almost as clearly as my own. I might go further, and say without fear of contradiction, that he can see into the middle of next November, when I apprehend the forthcoming elections will transpire. He predicates that Constitutionalism will then achieve its most signal triumph, its Champions being men with chuckle-heads and beefy hands (so to speak). He owns, does our noble PREMIER, that he has but little faith in education and refinement. He pooh-poohs them (so to speak), and he is right in so doing. I shampoo them; and, although myself necessarily a man of (perhaps) over-refinement and education, I know by observation, as a Perfumer of twenty years' standing, that excess of those things does lead in many instances to a "perversity of opinion and an affectation of philosophy" that is (so to speak) perfectly disgusting. And, moreover, I candidly own, that were I in our noble PREMIER's position, looking about for staunch supporters in my Ministerial hour of peril, I should have, in mental accomplishments and polish of manners, no confidence whatever.

Truly yours,

ANTHONY CHARLES FLUID.

Odonto Villa, October 3.

P.S.—Allow me to say, in justice to myself, that I am perfectly independent of Party, and do equal justice to all, whether Liberals or

Illiberals, that honour me with their patronage. Not long ago, I had the honour of supplying our noble PREMIER with a small cake of Windsor, and am in daily expectation of his calling for a second ditto, as he has recently been bestowing on his friends (so to speak) rather a large amount of lather.

(I enclose my card, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of status, &c.)—A. C. F.

A Title to Catch a Tory.

MISS BRADDON's forthcoming work, *Run to Earth*, is advertised as "A Novel of Incident." Well, now, not knowing this, one might have supposed that *Run to Earth* was a historical and political novel, of which the hero was Fox.

CALLER OUT!

A NEWSPAPER paragraph states that there has been a pretty general fall of oyster spat in most of the grounds. This is good news. Let us hope the general fall of oyster spat will be followed by as general a fall of oysters.

Confectionery in Costume.

ONE of the dresses described in *Le Follet* of this month has a "body of chocolate foulard with maroon sleeves." A dress with a body of chocolate must be a sweet thing. It is one which may well be conceived to be what the French milliners call *confectionné*.

"CONFESSEDLY" A MISTAKE.

THE One Wine Company may do in England, but clearly will not do in Spain. The QUEEN has so given herself up to CLARET, that she has no Port left, and has been obliged to ask the EMPEROR for a little Hermitage.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.



is a long time since Theatrical attraction has been strong enough to induce me to spend a few Evenings from Home (my happy home at Stowe-in-the-Hole, in a land where no water is), as was my wont when there was anything worth seeing; but the King o' Scots has done it. The appearance of Mr. PHELPS, "last of a noble line" (I think I'm quoting from a newspaper criticism), tickled me under the gills. Pictures of Old London, by BEVERLEY, drew me out; and that the play was an adaptation of SIR WALTER'S

Nigel netted and landed me. "Gadso, and by my hills!" quoth I to myself. "By my *Halliday*! an' if I see not this play, dub me Samingo! Marry come up!" and I came up. I will give you my *Postscript* first, showing how gratified I was with the entertainment, and then in mine ancient fashion will give you the stage drama, mixed with the auditorium drama, which somewhat distracted my attention.

As to the play, let me observe that Mr. HALLIDAY has satisfactorily executed a difficult task; difficult because of the front scenes, required, not so much to give time for Mr. BEVERLEY'S "sets," as for Mr. PHELPS'S change first from *King Jamie* to *Trupbois*, the Miser, and then back again from *Trupbois*, the Miser, to *Jamie* the King.

Mr. PHELPS is admirable in *King James*; in fact, wherever there is comedy, there Mr. PHELPS is admirable. Miser *Trupbois* he represents so naturally, as to be positively repulsive; which I mean as a compliment. And next to Mr. PHELPS is Miss FANNY ADDISON, who plays a singularly unsympathetic part, in a necessarily painful and unpleasant scene, most artistically. There cannot be, I should say, a more difficult rôle for a young woman to undertake than that of the hard-grained *Martha Trupbois*; and, if ever artiste deserved recall, that artiste is Miss FANNY ADDISON. For the scenes, the two great ones are Fleet Street and Old London Bridge; the former being, in this, Mr. BEVERLEY'S *chef d'œuvre*. But, Mr. BEVERLEY, why will you not get rid of those unsightly old sky-borders? They imperil your London Bridge scene. Look to it. And why don't you, Mr. BEVERLEY, have a hand in the disposition of the colours of the costumes? in which costumes, by the way, there is nothing, I think, peculiarly characteristic of person or period.

Permit me, Mr. F. B. CHATTERTON, to congratulate you on your first venture this season, and to hope that this will go so well as to defer for some considerable time (for your sake, Sir) the production of *The Cat with Nine Lives*, from *Les Misérables*, or some such title, which is, I notice, already underlined in your attractive playbill.

SCENE—In the Stalls. The piece has commenced. Fleet Street has been seen, the Apprentices have risen, and the Act is ended.

Enter LATE GENTLEMAN with Stall-keeper.

Late Gentleman. Only a chair? Eh? what First Act over? How d'ye do (to Friend at the corner, who has been trying to place an umbrella in such a position that it shan't be knocked down, and shan't be left behind when he leaves.)

Umbrella Friend. Ah! How do? You ought to have seen the First Act.

Late Gentleman. Yes, bother it: I thought it began at eight.

Umbrella Friend (picking up umbrella that has fallen down, and replacing it). Hang the fellow!

Late Gentleman. I like a chair better than a stall. (Places it conveniently and knocks over Friend's umbrella.) Beg pardon. (Dives for umbrella. Both dive. Their heads meet. They both come up. Friend replaces umbrella.)

Late Gentleman (anxiously). What have I missed?

Umbrella Friend. Well, you've missed the best thing in the piece. There was Fleet Street, then the apprentices, then—(Enter Stall Persons belonging to the first and second rows, who have been out to refresh themselves. First Stall Person, stout, and pushing, and with his head up in the air, as if he were keeping his eye on the curtain, so that it shouldn't go up, and take him by surprise. He knocks down umbrella.)

Umbrella Friend (annoyed). I wish to goodness—(replaces it.)

Late Gentleman (reseatting himself). I do wish people wouldn't—(Tries to place his hat somewhere where it won't be kicked or dirtied. Enter more front row people, and a Polite Person uncertain as to the number of his stall.)

Polite Person (knocking down umbrella: bowing and smiling blandly). I beg your pardon: would you allow me? I think that stall—let me see—(Late Gentleman snatches up his hat and saves it. Passes Um-

brella Friend, and goes to a vacant stall, not quite clear as to his right. But thinks to himself.) I'm almost sure. However, if not, whoever it belongs to can take mine. (Sellses himself into it.)

Act commences. Umbrella is knocked down again by a Gallant Military Young Man with a large moustache.

Gallant Military (cagely to anyone, as he passes over Umbrella Friend's toes.) Pardon.

Umbrella Friend (angrily, but sotto voce). I wish to Goodness—(Picks up his Umbrella. Great applause.)

Elderly Playgoer. There's PHELPS. Applauds.

Mr. Phelps as King Jamie (intelligibly and with perfect command over the Scotch language). Mickle muckle dinna ken, soul-o'-ma-boddy, mon. (To JINGLING GEORDIE, or somebody else.) Solomon wa' a fause loon, ye ken, mon: and yer ain anainted Sovereign for a' that an' a' that, a mon's a muckle fash—, &c. [Great applause.]

Elderly Playgoer (delighted.) Capital! His Scotch is perfect.

His Friend (who can't catch it). What's he say?

Elderly Playgoer (taken aback). Eh? oh, he says—that he's JAMES, King of Scotland, and he's telling GEORDIE that—that—ssh—you'll hear. [Bucks out of the difficulty.]

Gallant Military (who has been angry with Polite Person in his stall). Ya-as it is—here's my ticket.

Nervous Lady. I was going to tell this gentleman, ALFRED—(to Military Gallant.)

Polite Person (uncomfortably). Oh, don't mention it—I've mistaken the—(Turns out, passes down the row, curses not loud but deep as he shuffles over their toes, and hides the pier of the stage. To everybody.) Beg pardon. (To Umbrella Friend, who is leaning forward with his hand to his ear and doesn't see him coming.) May I trouble you—(louder)—may I per-

Audience. S-s-s-h!

Polite Person (wishing that he could turn round and explain to audience that it isn't his fault, continues to Umbrella Friend, who has become interested in the piece). May I be—will you be so good as—

Umbrella Friend (suddenly). Eh—(turns and sees Polite Person, suddenly)—oh! (as much as to say)—oh, you again, confound you. [Makes way for him.]

Polite Person (passing). Thank you—sorry to—(Umbrella is knocked down for the sixth time)—I beg—I—I'm sure— [Passes on as quickly as possible.]

Umbrella Friend. Think he might have picked it up.

Late Gentleman (who has all the time been perpetually regretting not having seen the First Act) I wish I'd—(Sees Polite Person, just about to sit down comfortably on his hat)—Here, ah? (more quietly) My hat—thank you—(to himself) confound the stupid idiot!

Nervous Lady (to Alfred). Who is that? (Meaning Miss HEATH.)

Gallant Military. Hey? That's Miss HEATH—yes.

Nervous Lady (who can't follow the story, being always afraid that some one's going to fire a pistol). But what character does she take?

Gallant Military (a theatrical authority). She plays—(takes a hasty glance at the bill)—she plays *Alsatia*. Nervous Lady is satisfied.

Miss Heath (as Margaret Ramsey). I love the lark (looking up at the gallery) and the weathercock, &c.

[Continues her description of what she likes in the country.]

Elderly Playgoer (in answer to a question). What had *Hermione* to do with this story, eh? Why—let me see—there was a *Hermione* in SHAKESPEARE'S—*Twelfth Midsummer*—no—dear me—it's probably introduced here. No particular reason.

Nervous Lady. Oh, he's going to fire!

[Stops her ears in an agony. NIGEL fires.]

Military Gallant (smiling, as if he was accustomed to the cannon's roar). There, it's all over.

Clever Young Lady (to Military Man). Was gunpowder invented then, ALFRED?

Military Gallant. Eh—well er—(looks at the bill, but it's not down in the list of the characters.) It was in—let me see—it was in HENRY THE EIGHTH'S time—(wishes he hadn't committed himself so far, and adds) I think.

Clever Young Lady. Did LORD BYRON write before SIR WALTER SCOTT? (Apologetically) I forget my dates so.

Military Gallant (thinking what a bore a woman who reads poetry is). I fancy BYRON—at least, I—(thinks he must read these fellows.)

Clever Young Lady decides with herself not to ask him again.

LAST SCENE.

King James (to Audience). An' eef ye dinna fash yer ken ma ANDREW HALLIDAY. Yer ain anainted Sovereign, wha wrote the Counterblast agen Tobacco, the weed o' the De'il himsel', an' muckle Scots wha' wee for auld lang syne, and a bonnie lassie wi' a dounce carle, aiblins ye'll nae understand an unco word I gi'e ye wi' my slaver, it's no for a' that ye'll coom to STEENIE CHATTERTON'S Auld Drury to see the King o' Scots—that's mysel'.

TABLEAU.

[After which a Ballet, which many people stop to see under the impression that it's the last Act of "Nigel," with MR. PHELPS in another character. Red fire. Curtain. Exeunt Omnes.]



"NEVER SAY 'DIE.'"

Nephew. "SURE IT ISN'T GOUT, UNCLE!"

Uncle. "GOUT! SHUFF AN' NONSENSE! NOT A BIT OF IT! NO, FACT IS—PHEW—(winces) THESE CON-FOUNDED BOOTMAKERS—THEY MAKE YOUR BOOTS SO TIGHT!"

A PLAY-DREAM.

CAN you interpret dreams, *Mr. Punch*? Of course you can. Just as you could finish the Holborn Viaduct, or settle the Irish Question, or the Spanish Question, or What-bonnets-are-to-be-worn-next-winter Question, or any other Question which requires an immediate answer, comfortably for everybody. Expound to me then the meaning of my last night's vision.

I was in the midst of a great battle, with the Revising Barristers and RICHARDSON'S *Clarissa*, who was eating a Spanish onion, which FATHER PRIM had given her at one of DICKENS'S Readings on Bosworth Field, when a crooked-back gamekeeper handed me a dead letter, with MR. DISRAELI'S address, and POPE'S works, which I offered to MISS M. OLIVER, at that moment feeding her poultry in the Cromwell Road—I can hear her inviting "Chuck! Chuck! Chuck!" even now—in a pretty Tyrol-ese costume, all over Dicky birds, a present from the LORD MAYOR who carried us all to the Star and Garter at Richmond, where, amongst other good things, the *Pâté*, the Charlotte pudding, and the cheese, both York and Double Gloucester, were particularly liked. Just as we had commenced, who should enter but LORD STANLEY, in his Clarence from Spain. He told us it was all over there with Old Royalty—the Queen (and MISS COLLINSON) not having "One Little Soldier" left—and proposed that we should go to the New Royalty, to see MR. DANVERS as the (Grand) Duchess, when the butler announced the DEAN OF CORK, who was so taken aback that he could only exclaim, Soho! and—that instant I awoke.

How stupid I am! I never thought of it before. Pardon me for troubling you. That word "Soho" explains all. I had been to MISS OLIVER'S amusing theatre, the New Royalty.—I implore her to keep out all forgers, detectives, villains of the deepest dye, dark arches, and railway engines at full speed—to see and be greatly entertained with *Richard the Third*, by W. SHAKESPEARE, C. CUBBER, and F. C. BURNAND, and after a moderate supper, and before going to bed, had read the evening papers, and so infused into the brain the bewildering mixture of persons and places now recorded by one who is not

A SYBARITE.

WAGSTAFFE considers the railway close to his cottage an in-funnel nuisance.

HE WON'T BE A MASON.

"The PRINCE OF WALES has again declined to become a Free Mason."—*Daily Papers*.

AIR—"The Free and the Accepted Mason."

[N.B. It is manifestly not the fault of *Mr. Punch* that the donkey of other days, who wrote the doggerel which still excites the Lodges to frantic delight, laid his accent on the wrong syllable in accepted.]

We need not prepare,
For we can't get the Heir
To make us a Joyful Occasion,
He thinks it's all stuff
When we play blind man's buff
With a free and an Accepted Mason.

Great kings, dukes and lords
Have laid by their swords,
Our mystery to put a good face on,
And no doubt an old prig
In a full-bottomed wig,
Made a marvellous Accepted Mason.

The young PRINCE OF WALES
Doesn't care for our tales,
Of JACHIN, and BOAZ, and JASON,
(Like Magog and Gog)
The excuses for prog
With the free and the Accepted Mason.

He consulted the QUEEN,
Who responded, serene,
"I think I would answer them Nay, Son,"
And he thought of one Name
Which we never could claim
As that of an Accepted Mason.

A Knight of the Garter
Can hardly sigh arter
The trappings we lovingly gaze on
When decked out, like muffs,
In the collar and cuffs
Of the free and the Accepted Mason.

He does not imply
That our secret's my eye,
Or the brotherhood's motive a base 'un;
And we cannot deny
That the time has gone by
For the free and the Accepted Mason.

Shelve the spike-seated stool,
Let the gridiron cool,
And shut up the board that we trace on,
Let the thunder be dumb,
For the PRINCE will not come
As a free and Accepted Mason.

But when bumpers are tipped,
And our napkins are dipped
In the gilded old rose-water bason,
We'll drink to A. E.
Whom we still hope to see
Some day as an Accepted Mason.

On Passing the London Tavern.

As the Annual Dinner of the "United Cooks Pension Society" is to be served up this month, may we ask, without being suspected of quizzing, whether provision is not made for Single Cooks also? Another little singularity. The two first names on the list of Stewards are GAME and FILL. Game, of course, at a cook's feast, is highly desirable; but a Fill, a Dinner Pill—

EXPERIENCE TEACHES.

CARLTON SMITH, the great Election agent, seeing "Unredeemed Pledge Warehouse" painted over a shop-front, sighed to think of the number of Members who must have deposits there.

WHY are Curds like the Opposite House? Because they are over the Whey.

ELECTION ADDRESSES.

V.—LAUDABLY BRIEF.

To the Electors of Bishop's Buzzard.

ENTLEMEN,—You ask me to stand for Bishop's Buzzard. I will.

I am rich and liberal. My financial policy will be to make my election expenditure as lavish as I legitimately can. I shall subscribe largely to all your schools, dispensaries, benevolent societies, choral associations, cricket-clubs, drinking fountains, Foresters, Harriers, horticultural shows, libraries, mechanics' institutes, new peal of bells, Odd Fellows, penny readings, popular lectures,

rares and rifle corps. I can imagine nothing more important than the distribution of—game.

My voice is vigorous. I shall cheer my friends, and cough and crowl at my opponents.

You will find my name in the division lists whenever something or other is at stake; but as I am bound to take care of my own Constitution as well as the British, I shall avoid those long sittings and late hours by which so many Members impair their health.

I shall spend next week amongst you. On Monday evening I am to take the chair at a meeting of your Protestant Association. On Tuesday I shall officiate as one of the Stewards of the Hunt Ball. On Wednesday I am announced to preside at the Anniversary tea-party of your Teetotal Society. On Thursday I shall be the Mayor's guest at his annual dinner. On Friday the performances at the Theatre Royal will be under my patronage, and on Saturday I hope to lecture before your Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society on "The Life and Writings of the Poet Cowper." The Sunday question with me will be which of your four churches I shall attend.

Politics I reserve for the hustings: enough now to remind you that I belong to a family who have lived in your neighbourhood for two hundred and fifty years (inflicting burdens on land in the shape of two of the ugliest houses in the County) and been Cavaliers, Jacobites, Tories, Church-and-Statemen, Protestants, Protectionists, Portwine drinkers, Game Preservers, and Foxhunters, to the death.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your obliged and obedient Servant,

*Bonmithorpe Hall,
Oct. 10.*

MERRIMAN MERIVALE.

SCARLATINA ANGLICANA.

WITH reference to the Ritualistic vagaries practised at St. James's Chapel, Brighton, a Correspondent of the *Times* under the signature of "TESTIS," says:—

"SIR,—I find, on inquiry, that it was on account of his feeling ill at the moment that MR. PURCHAS sat in pronouncing the absolution on Sunday morning. But it is scarcely honest in him to plead illness for his other omissions in the service, as I am told by a member of St. James's that these omissions are customary and not exceptional."

The Reverend Gentleman, however, is not shamming for all that. Together with his associates in ceremonial extravagance, he is sadly afflicted with Scarlet Fever, attended, apparently, with delirium.

Mythology and Socks.

Now we know what killed Hercules. The shirt of Nessus was not imbued with the poisoned blood of the Centaur. Of course Deianeira, before she sent it to her husband, washed it out. No doubt that garment was one which had been dyed a brilliant red with chloroxy-nitric acid, dinitroaniline, or some one or other of those splendid but deleterious compounds of aniline which in coloured socks are blistering the feet and ankles of the British Public.

THE WEATHER IN GERMANY.

WE understand it has lately been so hot at the gambling places that a large number of people have burnt their fingers at the tables.

THE NEW COLWELL-HATCHNEY ADVERTISER.

(For the Use of Country Houses.)

SIR,

As the Professor of Arts and Sciences in the Colwell-Hatchney Academy, I write to you. Some years ago, Sir, you started a notion for Rhymes, generally commencing "There was an old woman," or there was a somebody or other "of"—then followed the name of some place. This was taken up all over England, and thousands of happy hours were rendered happier and merrier by—(I don't exactly recollect what I was going to say, but conclude the sentence yourself, and oblige yours truly.) Well, Sir. What then, Sir? This. I have hit upon something new for the coming winter months. Let the young ladies, who do not hunt or indulge in any other field sports in October, November, and December, make up an Album, to be called the *Colwell-Hatchney Advertiser*, containing extracts from all the advertisements in the *Times* or any other paper, well mixed up with the dressing of humour into a salad for the taste of the Nimrods (why *rod*, when he was a hunter, not an IZAAK WALTON?) who will return from the chase at night. I subjoin a few specimens, just to set the thing going. They all in their component parts are to be found in the *Times*, and, if the *Colwell-Hatchney Journal* hadn't fallen through, would have looked well in the advertising columns of that journal.

Yours,

PROFESSOR MAX MUDDLER.

IN-DOOR SERVANT in or out of HARNESS.—A Splendid BUTLER for Sale; height 30 ft. 11 in. Price £8. A Bargain.

LADY'S-MAID.—A respectable young double-horned Rhinoceros. Can get up Curtains.

A REMARKABLE OPPORTUNITY.—GARDENER, married; understands Fireworks.

WANTED, by an Invalid Gentleman, well known in all parts of the civilised world, THREE THOUSAND ENAMELLED SLATE LEGS, admitting the Purchaser to any part of Singapore, China, and Japan.

DEAFNESS AND NOISES IN THE EAR.—MR. SIMS REEVES will sing FOR EVER AND EVER, with high-pressure bib in the SHILLING PORTABLE KITCHEN.

NO MORE MEAT, with Plates, at the London Tavern, Fleet Street. Friends are requested to accept this intimation.

CHEAP FUNERALS in any quantity, by using the IONIC COAL SCOOP with SCREAMS OF LAUGHTER. Ladies and Gentlemen punctually waited upon.

DANCING.—The REVOLVING ADULTS, the best and handsomest in England, have the pleasure of announcing the recommencement of their Classes. TWO THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED WALTZ LESSONS for 21s.

THE PAINLESS CANDLE.—It exerts a cooling influence on tailors to the QUEEN and A Respectable Youth. It occupies an area of ground seventy-five feet, and may be viewed daily via Panama for KURRACHEE.

FIVE POUNDS REWARD.—Left in a Second-class Carriage, a Gentleman's Skin, Hair, and Nails, with Cases. No further reward.

THE BISHOP AND THE YOUNG LADIES.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Do say something in honour of the BISHOP OF OXFORD. What a dear he is, and how thoroughly he understands public questions! Did you read what he said at Dublin? Of course you did, but let me have the pleasure of writing it out for you.

"We are not to let our females retire into dark places. Give them a home in which they can work—a home with fellows of their own kind and rank."

That is exactly what I want, dear *Mr. Punch*. And I know a fellow—and a dear, good fellow he is—who wants me to have a home, and he shall obtain his wish, too, if he keeps good, before very long, and I will send you some cake. But do, *do* say something in praise of the kind Bishop.

Yours affectionately,

MARY MARGARET MERRYWEES.

A Hint.

"The PREMIER is understood to have a scheme for settling the Irish Church question."—*Daily Paper*.

ALL right. *Punch* can only give the Liberals *Dogberry's* counsel to the Watch. "Have a care that your Bills be not stolen."

"LARGEST CIRCULATION IN THE WORLD."—The Elephant's.

MR. JOHN THOMAS UPON THINGS IN GENERAL.

DEAR CHAWLES,

As you have gone abroad perhaps it may emuse
Hif I devote a hour or so to telling you the news :
For law ! them forrin newspapers theres reelly nothing in em,
Exceptinck of the Fulltongs as in general begin em ;
Tho any English editor hed deem it a disgrace
If a novel were hintruded in his Valuable Space.

But to matters more important—Hevery footman ort to know
That to give small fees to suvnts is in High life voted Low ;
Yet some mean and stingy fellers have been writing to the *Times*
(A jurnal whose apinions with my own they mostly chimes),
And ses they we Bloated Flunkies are well paid to do our work,
So fees should be forbid to us, as wine is to a Turk.
For ses they when out a visitin its hard lines on a swell
To have to pay a Fiver for our answering the bell.

Well, as to getting fivers that them Gamekeepers may do,
But its seldom as a fivers tipped to such as me and U.
Nor it isnt only swells as gives the most they can aford,
For youll often find a Mister pay more libral than a Lord :
And although to get a fiver every footman he is willing,
Ive known him in some cases condesoend to take a shiling !
But surely gents a visitin a trifle ort to pay,
When they gets wet thro in Unting or come late ome from the Play,
What with cutting them their Sangwiches or cleaning of their clocs
The hextry work they give us we pore Suvvnts only knows.
And Im sure theres not a Phootman now in England or in Wales
As would bear the Hills of service if it wasn't for the Vails !

Theres not much news a stirrin now as nobodys in town,
Excepting as the QUEEN of SPAIN have been and lost her Crown.
So now she has to ide her edd by living out of sight,
And the only comfort Left her is to feel it serves her Right.
And altho with Revolution all her subjax maynt agreee
Some change for their bad sovereign they must be glad to see.

You dont care much for Polly tix, else doubtless youd be busy
In bettin whos to win the game BILL GLADSTONE or BEN DIZZY.
BEN hes for Hirish Church and State which BILL he hopes to sever,
For he wants to see them Paddies as contented as theyre clever.
BEN DIZZY hes a downy Card and plays the parsons game,
For he knows that thro the country theyll set all the Squires in flame :
And spite of Hax of Parliament this Lektion time I fear,
Therell be a lot of Bribery which to voters it means Beer.
Still I hope the side of Justice it will in the end prevail,
Lay th Irish Church low on its Bier in spite high tories Ale.

But speakin of church subjax, whod have thought of our SUSANNE
A walkin in purcession and a bearing of a banner !
I dont wish to be ard on her, for ladies well I know
Is lible in religion to be smitten with mere show,
And mummeries and flummeries are likely to impose,
For people who like Inceance are led easy by the Nose !
I like to hear good singing and good sermons too no less,
But I doubt if a fine preacher need to put on a fine dress :
And all them gorgeous vestments and them crucifers and copes
They ain't for English parsons but for Papishes and Popes.
While as for Arvest Festivals which now is all the go,
To me a church it aint the place to hold a Flower Show ;
And when it comes to carryin of a Pigs Head thro a town,
Tis a going of the whole hog as in England won't go down !

Theres other news of hintrest that Im sorry not to tell,
But missus for five minutes shelve been ringin of her bell,
Which if it isnt ansered soon she'll make me cry Peccavy,
And so no more at present from

JOHN THOMAS of Belgravy.

HISTORY AND MORAL.

SEE the inconvenience of committing murder. Would that DR
QUINCEY were alive to improve the text.

In 1519 the Spaniards go to Mexico, and soon afterwards murder
MONTEZUMA.

In 1867 the Mexicans beat the Austrians, and soon afterwards
murder MAXIMILIAN.

Now the Spaniards want a King.

MAXIMILIAN would have fulfilled every required condition.

But the Mexicans have avenged MONTEZUMA, and the Crown of
Spain goes a begging.

MORAL. Seldom or never murder.

A DANGEROUS COLOUR.

Is it possible that the irritation which exists in Ireland can in any
measure be occasioned by orange socks ?

THE CRITERION OF FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

MR. PUNCH,

In several papers you have probably seen a paragraph stating
that at the Sittingbourne Revision Court, on Monday last week, MR.
J. D. CHAMBERS, Revising Barrister, allowed the names of forty-eight
females to be retained on the list of persons entitled to vote for East
Kent, in addition to thirty-three who had been previously allowed for
Ashford. A part, therefore, in the next election for East Kent, the
Court of Common Pleas not forbidding, will be taken by eighty-one
free and independent electresses.

Sir, the question of women's intellectual fitness to vote is not to be
dismissed with shallow levity. I do not consider the argument that,
whereas most ladies are taught music there are no female composers,
conclusive as to their inferiority to men in intellect. The education
necessary to the development of high musical genius requires much
personal experience of which no woman almost can have any except an
Indian squaw. To have roamed woods and forests, to have been out
in all weathers, thunder, lightning, hail, and rain, to have seen Nature
and to have seen life, is needful in order to become a great musician.
It is scarcely possible that we should have mistresses of music equal to
masters. But there is another point wherein women might reasonably
be expected to rival men, if their equals in capacity. The culinary art
is something quite in their way. They are actually employed in it very
generally ; in by far the greater number of families. Yet how very
few of them attain to any proficiency in that art ? Where do you find a
woman presiding over the staff of any considerable kitchen ? Did you
ever hear of any female filling the place of a *chef* ? Would you not
almost as little expect to hear of such a commanding officer as you
would to hear of a female general ? The truth is, that cookery is a
scientific art, and women do not seem capable of the grasp of principles
which applied science demands. They make very good cookmaids ;
but you must fall back upon the sterner sex for a cook.

I should like to know how Miss BECKER gets over the difficulty
which I have above pointed out. Let me advise her, since she wants
the franchise for her division of mankind, to exhort with all the
eloquence of which she is mistress, all women to apply their minds, if
they really have minds, to the study of cookery, and substantiate their
claim to the elective franchise by demonstrating their intelligence in
the production of dishes whose excellence shall be such as to show that
the hands which concocted them were governed by a head of necessity
belonging to a rational being. She may call me, if she like,

ELAGABALUS.

P.S. Man, you know, is a cooking animal. What Miss BECKER has
to show is that this definition is true of Man, not only as contradis-
tinguished from animals, but also from Woman.

MR. GLADSTONE ON RATS.

Not a few of those persons who entertain an aversion to ecclesiasti-
cal apes of the Haydock and Brighton breed, will have been agreeably
surprised at seeing, in the *Times* report of an Anti-Ritualistic meeting
at Manchester, the following remark recorded as part of a speech
delivered, *ex cathedra*, by MR. GLADSTONE :—

"When people had rats or thieves in their houses they set to work to get
rid of them and punish them according to law ; so should Churchmen deal
with Ritualists."

Of course, in saying that people should try to punish Ritualists
according to law, MR. GLADSTONE merely meant to say that they ought
to take steps to prosecute them in the Ecclesiastical Courts. It is not
for a moment to be supposed that he meant to advocate the persecution
of Ritualists. Nobody can fairly deny that he was perfectly justified
in comparing Ritualists to rats. They have undoubtedly ratted from
the principles of the Reformation ; and they are busily at work bur-
rowing as fast as they are able beneath the foundation of the Church
of England, and doing all they can to undermine it. By rats MR.
GLADSTONE perhaps meant the Ritualistic clergy ; and if they may pro-
perly be called Church rats, then perhaps we may call their lay dupes,
of whom there are a few, Church mice, to make a distinction between
the greater and the smaller vermin. However, the Ritualists, as a
body, will be considered by the majority of the British public to have
been very happily described as rats by MR. GLADSTONE.

It may be as well just to add that the chair, at the Manchester Anti-
Ritualist Conference, was filled by the MR. GLADSTONE who is Presi-
dent of the Manchester Diocesan Church Association. From that
chair the speech above quoted, wherein the Ritualists were called rats,
was made by MR. ROBERT GLADSTONE.

A SATISFACTORY TELEGRAM.

GENERAL PRIM has been received with acclamations.
GENERAL TRANQUILLITY reigns in Spain.



"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS," &c.

THEODORE FINDS A DEAR LITTLE SEQUESTERED SPOT BEHIND A CRANE ON AN UNFREQUENTED PIER, WHERE, SAFE FROM EV'RY EYE, HE CAN FLATTEN HIS FOND AND FOOLISH NOSE AGAINST HIS EMILY'S LILY WHITE HAND. [He forgets the revolving eye of the Camera Obscura, which has been fixed on him for the last ten minutes.]



BEN AND HIS BOGEY.

MRS. BULL. "I'LL TEACH YOU TO FRIGHTEN PEOPLE, MASTER BENJAMIN."

THE GOOD OF THE "GOLDEN ROSE."

HIS Holiness the POPE, only the other day, sent the "Golden Rose," which he is accustomed periodically to bless and confer on faithful Sovereigns, to the QUEEN OF SPAIN. It was the reward of devotion, if not of virtue. There are some who will remark that it appears to have proved auspicious.

Not quite a year ago, the *Naples Observer* published a list of sequences which in some nine or ten cases had ensued on the papal benediction. They were all signally calamitous, from the time when the Holy Father blessed Italy in 1848, just before Novara, to the last blessing he pronounced on Austria, followed by Sadowa. The rule seems to have been, that everybody who has been blessed by the POPE has presently come to grief. ISABELLA THE SECOND is at least no exception to it.

The Romans regard these sequences of the POPE's benediction as consequences. They believe him to be a *gettatore*, a person possessed, against, and indeed contrary to his will, of an "evil eye." This is all my eye and BETTY MARTIN, you will say, of course. But it is what those credulous people imagine, and, by the rule of *post hoc propter hoc*, facts might seem to prove it. PRO NOWO's blessing would appear to have an effect precisely the reverse of that which he intends.

Of course, an "old man's blessing" can do no one any harm, and no sensible person whom the POPE might bless would therefore expect to be blowed. But this is worth noting by those whom it may concern; that if his benediction does harm to nobody, it certainly, as far as we can see, does nobody good. At any rate, the EX-QUEEN OF SPAIN has derived no visible advantage from the "Golden Rose," which, elaborately consecrated, blessed, and perfumed, she received at his hands. So, then, whilst the notion that any amulet or charm of that kind might bring ill luck, is superstitious, the idea that any good could come of it, is unfounded.

If, indeed, the POPE were, as his subjects think, a *gettatore*, instead of having excommunicated VICTOR-EMMANUEL he could have given the KING OF ITALY his apostolical benediction, which would have infallibly done for him and his kingdom.

PENCRAFT AND PRIESTCRAFT.

At a meeting of the Irish Church Congress, the other day, ARCHDEACON LEE, of Dublin, read a paper on "The Church and the Periodical Literature of the Day," wherein he paid the public a compliment. The purpose of the Venerable Archdeacon's lecture was to urge the necessity of requiring that every article published in any newspaper or other periodical should be signed by its writer. He argued that articles often derive undue weight from the mere character of the paper in which they appear. This is as much as to say that the public are accustomed to pay that attention to an article which they presume to be written by a celebrity that they would withhold if they knew that its author was a man of no mark. What a truly discerning public the public would be if it were capable of letting its judgment be ruled by such a consideration as that! There are people whose intellects do not enable them to recognise excellence apart from "prestige," who can appreciate a good thing if they hear it said or see it written by somebody famous—otherwise not. But the public is not a mass of such boobies as those. If it were, then, certainly, the adoption of ARCHDEACON LEE's proposal, that all newspaper and other such articles should have to be signed, would be very advantageous for those exponents of the clerical and evasive mind who wish every argument or assertion they object to but cannot answer, to be ignored. "Who is BROWN?" That question would then constitute a short way of dealing with the irrefragable but obscure BROWN. Ecclesiastical and academical handles and spouts to names would then, too, have all the influence which they ought to have for the purpose of divines more anxious for the maintenance of opinions than for the investigation of truth.

The system of obliging writers to sign their articles would also to some extent have the advantage of rendering them punishable by the infliction, if expedient, of those social penalties which dogmatists have still a considerable power of invoking. But the public is not what MR. BUMBLE said the Law was, and what ARCHDEACON LEE appears to think JOHN BULL; *videlicet*, an ass.

The Right Voice in the Right Room.

A MEETING of one of the great Religious Societies was recently held in the Rotundo, Dublin, the Archbishop in the Chair. The names of several Clergymen and others who addressed the Meeting were given, but the account omitted to state that they all spoke *ore rotundo*.

GOOD RESIDENCE FOR TRUMPETERS.—A Cottage Horny.

THE LIBERTY OF COUNSEL.

THE freedom of forensic speech is in danger. LORD RANELAGH has addressed a letter to the South Middlesex Volunteers, denying, on his honour, that he had ever visited "Beautiful for Ever's" shop from any other motive than idle curiosity. It is but just that the noble lord's vindication of his fair fame should be accepted. MR. KNOX, at Marlborough Street, when first "Beautiful for Ever" was had up, stated that the name of LORD RANELAGH had been most improperly imported into the case touching that person. No doubt the suspicion which his Lordship incurred by not having carefully enough observed the copybook precept, "Avoid Bad Company," was groundless. Even if he had given any apparent ground for it, nobody would have, or have had, any right to insinuate that against him which could not be proved. Nobody, that is, out of Court—out of a wig and gown. In a long robe, however, and under cover of horsehair, unbounded liberty of insinuation is the privilege of a gentleman. In the interest of that noble institution, the Bar, therefore, every Englishman will feel bound to protest against the censure pronounced by LORD RANELAGH on counsel in saying:—

"But capital was made out of me, and the public received a bias. I would specially refer to the unwarrantable remarks of SERJEANT BALLANTINE at the Old Bailey, who, without a tittle of evidence to justify it, had the audacity to imply improper motives to me in my going into MADAME RACHEL'S shop."

What! Find fault with any aspersion, true or false, founded or unfounded, which a barrister, in pleading his cause, may think fit to cast on the character of a nobleman, or any other man? Suggest that calumny in the way of advocacy ought no more to be allowed than it is in any other way? Oh! Then there would be an end of everything that we have always been accustomed to. No restraint upon the barrister's tongue! At least let him be at liberty, in his vocation, to abuse everybody that he may choose, except, of course, our Sovereign Lady the QUEEN and my Lord Judge. But then, a word for the Press. Let every public writer be likewise at liberty to defame all and sundry, on condition only that he shall have duly received his fee, and been paid for doing so.

"INSPECT YOUR SILVER FORKS AND SPOONS."

DEAR PUNCH,

THE above advice is given by a writer in the *Times*. To him I reply, like the war-horse, "Aha!" or rather "Ha, ha!" I should like to see myself doing it. I mean that I should not. Do you, or does the writer in question, at least there's no question, but I mean the writer in the *Times*, think

1. That I would lock up my capital all my life in inconvertible metallics?
2. That I would tempt my servants to establish relations with a marine-store thief?
3. That I would live in such dread of burglars as to be unhappy if my plate-basket were not under my bed all night?
4. That I would have spoons and forks which I shouldn't like to lend to my friends when they give big parties?
5. That I would aid to restrict a circulating medium?
6. That I would prevent my admirers from presenting me with the testimonial which my virtues have long demanded, and which I live in hopes of receiving one of these fine days.

Sir, I have no silver forks or spoons, and that's my answer to the unsolicited advice of the writer in the *Times*.

I am, Sir,

Yours obediently,

Silver Street, Golden Square.

AN ELECTROTYPICAL COVE.

A Railway Cutting.

THE other day a man was brought before ALDERMAN SIR ROBERT CARDEN, at the Mansion House, charged with having wilfully broken a pane of glass. He said that he was in want, and had broken the glass "in order that he might get shelter." Whereupon:—

"SIR ROBERT CARDEN expressed his belief in the truth of the story told by the prisoner, and offered to send him to Coventry by railway."

That is certainly the shortest way of being sent to Coventry—and the pleasantest.

Literary.

Over Head and Ears—a good Novel with a good title. But is MR. DUTTON COOK prepared for all the imitations which such a capital heading is sure to suggest? For instance, *Up to the Eyes, Out at Elbows, Shoulder to Shoulder, From Top to Toe, At Arm's Length, Neck and Neck*, &c.



GREAT ASSURANCE.

Sister. "I SAY, BOB, THAT LOOKS LIKE A TAILOR'S BILL!"

Bob. "YES—JUST FANCY! I HAVE LET THAT FELLOW DRESS ME AS HE LIKES FOR THE LAST THREE YEARS, AND NOW HE HAS THE IMPUDENCE TO SEND ME HIS BILL!"

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITH A VOICE.

Of this genus there are two species, as there were of the Man with an Ear.

The first is the Man with a voice pure and simple, not necessarily to be qualified as a tenor, baritone, or bass voice, or even as a musical voice, but simply as A Voice.

I select TUPTON as an excellent specimen. I catch him alive, and pin him on to the board for your inspection. No one requires to see this species to be certain of his presence in the house: you will say, instinctively, "I know TUPTON's here: I heard his voice."

He is a sort of Invisible Prince in a household. You may recollect that young LEANDER (which was the Invisible Prince's name, I think) used to be heard and not seen, and his voice would be constantly saying all kinds of pretty things to the Princess, and ugly things to the wicked somebody else, and no one, for the life of them, could tell whence the sound came. So with JOHN TUPTON, the Man with a Voice. (Of the second species I will not now speak: suffice it, that it is necessarily musical, but not necessarily powerful.)

The Man with a Voice possesses little, if any, power of modulation. His voice may be marked on a sono-meter, as never standing at lower than Loud, and rising by tonic degrees up to Bawling point. TUPTON is somewhat above the average English height, but is not to be spoken of as a tall man. Some people would call him stout: some wouldn't: say, comfortable. He has a mode of his own for dress, which, by some happy instinct, is never strikingly fashionable, nor strikingly out of the fashion. You would say, after some consideration, that he is well-dressed. He is neither handsome nor ugly: so, in short, you would pass TUPTON in a crowd as you would have the Invisible Prince, if it wasn't for his Voice. That arrests you: you can't help it. You'll turn and ask who he is. There is only one way of expressing in print the loudness of TUPTON's voice, and that is by such a judicious use of Capitals, as the Irishman employed in his letter to his deaf mother.

After this preparation, enter TUPTON.

I am walking during the season in the Park, and talking to a lovely young lady, to whom I have been introduced the night before at Mrs. FILLIPS's At Home. The lovely young lady speaks with the slightest suspicion of a French accent, with the most ravishing little touches of French manner, and is ignorant, [why should I bother her with my domestic circumstances? and my wife couldn't go to Mrs. FILLIPS's, no matter why—she couldn't],—she is ignorant, I say, of my status in society as a married man.

The conversation has stopped at some interesting point just for a second, while she selects a seat and I search for twopence. It is impossible, I admit, for any casual observer to see that the lovely young lady and myself are together. She is sitting down; I am standing up, with my gloved-hand wedged in my trouser-pocket, struggling with twopence, and my hand, having gone in open, makes some difficulty about coming out again as a fist. Anyone who would not have addressed me when with a lovely young lady (unless he was a designing scoundrel who only did it for the sake of an introduction, and ultimately cutting me out; I hate such guile, but that is not to the point here) may certainly do so now. I am addressed; loudly.

"Hallo!" shouts a Voice, as if I were miles off

"Hallo! Old Boy!" it repeats, and here is TUPTON.

I say how d'ye do to him, and remark, for the sake of diverting his attention from the lovely young lady, between whom and TUPTON I carefully place myself, that it is so difficult to find coppers when you want them.

"Coppers!" shout TUPTON's voice. "Here you are. How many?"

People attracted by this confounded Voice turn to see how many coppers I am in want of; people passing slowly in their carriages lean out, and languidly draw one another's attention to the Voice, and the two people engaged in the copper transaction. I feel for the lovely young lady, it must be intensely annoying to her. She cuts herself off from me by a tilt of her little parasol, but her ear is not protected from the Voice.

I am about to explain to TUPTON that I am with a lady, preparatory

to sitting down, and continuing that pleasant flirtation gossip, which the chair has interrupted, when TURTON says, in a voice which seems to me louder than usual,

"And how's the Missus? Hey?"

It's his jocular way of mentioning any friend's wife, instead of giving her name and title fairly and plainly.

Loungers turn and smile. A quick side glance shows me a slight movement of my lovely young lady's parasol. She evidently considers herself deceived, and doesn't like it. TURTON must be answered quickly, and dismissed.

"Oh, she's very well," I answer, "at least," correcting myself, for when I *do* speak, it must be the whole truth, though one does consent now and then to a *suppression*, "she's getting on very well, indeed. I hope," I add by way of choking him off, and getting to my seat by the lovely young lady before any further mischief is done, "when she is well again you'll come and see us." And here I extend my hand.

"Thank ye!" he returns, and taking my hand, holds it affectionately. There is a stoppage in the drive, and the carriages closely packed together are at a standstill.

One shake of the hand, and I shall be clear of TURTON. He gives the shake, and says, (says! I mean bellows out for the information of the whole Park, confound him!)

"Remember me to your wife. Glad she's getting on so well." I nod and smile. "Saw it in the paper: usual column." Everybody is listening now: I am thinking how I should like to jump at him and put a plaster on his mouth, like BURKE and HARE used to do, when he roars out as he half turns to go, "IT WAS TWINS? eh?"

I can't restrain myself: I shout in reply, "No."

I can't help myself. I'll never speak to him again in a public place. I must calm myself. Fools are laughing and whispering about me. They don't (as it seems to me) laugh at TURTON. No: *he* escapes; they laugh at TWINS. And why? Why should they laugh at TWINS? I don't. His Voice has made me the butt of the whole Park. I turn to the lovely young lady: TWINS have settled it; she is talking to somebody else. Serve me right: what business have I—

Hats up! Here's ALBERT EDWARD, Prince of Wales, and all the Royal Family out for a drive, and under cover of this excitement I migrate.

So much for the Man with a Voice out-of-doors in London. He is a first-rate fellow to hail omnibuses and cabs, or in an emergency to call Police, though in this last case it would of course be a mere waste of breath.

The Man with a Voice is almost always inquisitive. At a dinner-party, or at any assemblage of people, one is perpetually saying "hush" to him.

TURTON at table confides to me his opinion of an elderly lady opposite, in what he supposes to be a whisper, but which can be heard distinctly at either end of the table.

"She looks," he says to me in one of his asides—"she looks as if she'd peppered herself with gunpowder before she came out: just look at her—" I frown at him, say "Ssh!" quietly, and attend to my plate.

He looks into my ear and says, "Who is she, eh?"

I tell him presently that it is MRS. EMPTWIZZLE, our host's aunt: and warn him to take care what he's saying.

TURTON lives at home with his mother, and an unmarried sister who is his senior by some years.

These two elderly ladies TURTON is always, as he expresses, "waking up."

I don't mean that he invariably returns home late without a latch-key, though that happens occasionally, and then all the neighbourhood is in an uproar.

They don't go out much, and TURTON does, so they depend upon him for reports of the exterior world, theatres, parties and concerts; and precious loud reports they are.

I have stopped at TURTON's, and a very pleasant house it is, only you can't be quiet, except in the absence of the master.

TURTON hasn't got much knowledge of music, but he is slightly acquainted with tunes, and bawls selections from popular songs about the place.

I take a book and retire to the library. I hear him in the passage bellowing out, "Not for Jo, Not for Jo, Not if he knows it, Oh dear no;" again, "Not for Jo," &c., *da capo*. There is a pause, and I fancy he has gone out. No. He is walking up-stairs with a tremendous power of voice on for "I dreamt that I dwe-elt in mar-ar-ble halls, lum doodle lum doodle dum diddy dum. And of all—" pause, apparently he is stopping on the staircase.

"Mother!" he shouts. "Mother! Mo-ther!"

Why doesn't she answer? She *must* hear him. Oh, thank goodness, some one has answered.

"Are you going out, POLLY?"

This is answered, and he shouts back in reply to a question, "VERY WELL. I WILL."

"Where's BLANQUE?" He is inquiring for me. I hope he won't get a satisfactory answer. He doesn't, for he goes on singing, still ascending the staircase, "Oh Where, and Oh WHERE, is my-y-

Highland Laddie gone?" then very boldly, *fortissimo*, on the landing, "HE'S GONE to fight the FRENCH for King GEORGE upon the—" Bang goes his bed-room door.

"What an infernal noise!" I say to myself, and recommence the interesting chapter. I shouldn't like, I think, to live in such a noise as this always; it would drive one mad. The possibility of its breaking out again at any moment keeps me in a constant state of alarm. However, at all events for the present—

"Come live with me," He is on the landing and singing again, "and be my Love;" then very high and straining his voice, "Come live with me, and be my Love," he changes the key, and roars out some song without words, tune unknown.

I fervently hope he may pass the library door, and go out into the garden, the woods, far away.

He passes the door with the march from *Faust*, sung by substituting *Ha Ha Ha Ha-ha-ha ha ha-HA!* and then *Ho Ho Ho ho-ho-ho ho-HA* for words of any sort, selecting the aspirate and an open vowel for the purpose of shouting louder.

I think he is now getting his hat, and has returned to "Come Live with me and be my Love."

Yes, with delight I trace his voice to the front door. A few bars of "Some love to roam o'er the dark sea foam" takes him quite out of the house, and on to the gravel path. Now for a few quiet chapters of BACON. * * *

"Hark follow, hark follow, TALLYHO, TALLYHO, TALLYHO," &c. He is at the window with the celebrated Chorus from *Der Freischütz*.

SWINE AND ACORNS.

(A Poem by a Porciculturist.)

WHAT thee canst do doan't leave undone,

As the wise man did remark.

Therefore I, when up in London,

Thought I'd goo zee Richmond Park.

In that pleasant situation

Oak trees mostly do abound;

And I sid, wi' lamentation,

Acorns kiver'n all the ground.

Want o' bread makes Christians riot,

Hogs, if hungry be their mood,

Can but grunt for want o' diet.

What a sinful waste o' food!

Herds o' swine, that Park all over,

Ought to be turned in to roam,

For to live like 'twere in clover,

In the Forest as at whoam.

Acorn-fed, both pork and bacon

Into wet, some says, do run.

Not unless pigs' lives is taken

'Fore their eddication's done.

With high art I be acquainted;

For my likenus once I sat,

And I zee a sign-board painted:

Just likewise a pig you fat.

Paint a pictur, then you lays un

Colour on, quoad arter quoad,

Last of all you takes and glaze un,

That's the way as I took note.

So wi' pigs: you gives 'um taters

Fust, and wash, and orts, and peel,

Acorns next, and last the craters

'Touches off wi' barley meal.

Something in the Lively Vein.

At the Closing Meeting of the Church Congress in Dublin, one of the Speakers is reported to have said, with reference to the sensational style of writing, that it "stirred the blood in an easy chair." Is there sensation even in our furniture? Where is such animated upholstery to be procured? We have seen tears in a perambulator, and laughter has been heard to proceed from a dining-table; and now it will not be surprising if we are told that MR. BUMPSHUSS's Election Address roused the bile in a sofa, or that MRS. DACRYON's affecting story touched the feelings in an ottoman.

AN UNKIND "OUT."

THE Italian Correspondents say that the POPE's Eye is an Evil Eye. We wish that they would hold their tongues. We shall never carve a leg of mutton again in comfort.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

CLIFTON.

CLIFTON is not only remarkable for its warm spring, but also celebrated for its mild winter. It is a very charming spot, and the waters are so good for several complaints that one seldom hears any complaints of the waters, their efficacy being taken on credit, which is more than they are themselves, having to be paid for by the drinker, who, however, feels that he is getting something for his money, there being a white sediment and a warmth about the draught that must be considered cheap at a penny, though for our part we prefer a bun at the neighbouring pastrycook's. The comprehensive manner in which toys, bathing, mineral ornaments, camera obscuras, and confectionery are included in the one corner of Clifton, shows a genius for concentration on the part of somebody which should, and no doubt does, reap an ample reward. Buns, baths, and Bristol diamonds are always ready at the Hotwells.

Those who do not favour superstition will receive somewhat of a shock in examining the annals of Clifton. Two remarkable dreams are inseparably associated with its history. The first was dreamt by one WILLIAM GAGG, a broker (broken slumbers, you observe—much obliged), who, in 1680, dreamt that he drank of the Clifton water, and that it agreed with him. He woke. He did drink the Clifton water—it did agree with him. Clifton was made from that moment. We entertain our own view of the case, but have no wish to disturb the equanimity of those confiding customers to the present proprietor's pump-room. This was one of the dreams. The other one occurred to MRS. WATTS, wife of WILLIAM WATTS. This person was a plumber, and it is not surprising that his wife's mind wandered on the leads. The metal took the form of shot, and it struck her (a notion—not the shot) that if molten lead were dropped into water, it would assume a round shape, and save any quantity of expense and labour. She must have been in a very heavy slumber, but she woke up before the morning light, and telling her husband the subject of her dream, he continued the conversation by dropping the subject; and though at first he questioned the experiment, he soon found it answer, and sold his wife's discovery for ten thousand pounds; so that fortune not only came to her in her sleep, but followed in her wake. We wish we could close the story at this point, leaving poor WATTS with money in lots because of his shots. Alas! he might have made a million (he started as a plumber), but he took a mania for building, and commenced a terrace, which turned the tables on its projector, and finished him. Such is the mutability of human affairs! He is now forgotten; but in searching the local archives we have come across the fact that, on acquiring his money through the shot discovery, with a laudable appreciation of the use to which that article is applied,

and a desire to link his cognomen with the invention, he selected as his crest a barrel of powder, supported by two musketeers, and surmounted by himself in the act of firing, and took for his motto the Shakspearian quotation, "WATTS in an aim."

BUXTON.

(To be read aloud in the manner of the Popular Comedian from whom it takes its name).—

Look here, you know, I don't exactly know why it's called Buxton you know, but it is called Buxton, and it's a sper-lendid place, I say it's a supple-entred per-lace. There's the new town down below, and there's the old town up above, and there's the crescent in the middle, and there's the old Market Cross in the market place, only it isn't a cross and it isn't a market place, because they've built a new Market Hall close by, and there's hot and cold baths and a pump-room, where you can make yourself well if you've got the rheumatism, and where you can make yourself ill if you haven't, and a beautiful terraced promenade, where the band plays in the middle, and the people walk up and down, when they're not doing the same in the Hall Gardens, where there's a river with fish in it, and a new Grand Hotel, like the Looover; I repeat for all the world like the Looover, and there's several others, expensive some of 'em, t'others more economical, as is usually the case, not forgetting Spring Gardens, which is a clean little street leading to some of the most magnificent scenery you ever clapt your eyes on, with a winding road leading to Bakewell, and hanging rocks on each side enough to make a fellow fall in love with that clever old gal Nature, who was very properly described by the immortal Squeers, I say the immortal SQUEERS, as a "run un," and a lot of other places in the neighbourhood, POOLE'S Hole, where a party by the name of POOLE, who was not related to the author of *Paul Pry*, or the swell tailor in Saville Row, but was another sort of individual—I say individual altogether—altogether—used to hide himself when he felt it wise to retire into the bosom of his family, and there's Solomon's Temple, on a lofty hill which I don't care about climbing myself, but have no desire to prevent you, and there's excursions to Haddon Hall, which is a fine sort of old tumbledown kind of shop, which wouldn't make a bad scene, and I shall suggest it to O'CONNOR, if I don't forget it, and Chatsworth, which is the sort of establishment which if everybody had his deserts, you ought to be possessed of at this moment, JOHN BALDWIN, because you would appreciate it, and there's the shops, and the billiard-room, and the ball-room, where they give entertainments; and there's the donkey-carriages, and the darlings in the latest fashions, and the doctors, and a—that's all.



MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Mamma (referring to Paterfamilias, who generally bathes about this time). "OH! LOOK, ALICE! I CAN SEE THE DEAR OLD BOY'S HEAD QUITE DISTINCTLY!"



PAPA IS A HEAVY MAN, IT IS TRUE; BUT STILL HIS HEAD IS HARDLY AS LARGE AS THIS.

scribed by the immortal Squeers, I say the immortal SQUEERS, as a "run un," and a lot of other places in the neighbourhood, POOLE'S Hole, where a party by the name of POOLE, who was not related to the author of *Paul Pry*, or the swell tailor in Saville Row, but was another sort of individual—I say individual altogether—altogether—used to hide himself when he felt it wise to retire into the bosom of his family, and there's Solomon's Temple, on a lofty hill which I don't care about climbing myself, but have no desire to prevent you, and there's excursions to Haddon Hall, which is a fine sort of old tumbledown kind of shop, which wouldn't make a bad scene, and I shall suggest it to O'CONNOR, if I don't forget it, and Chatsworth, which is the sort of establishment which if everybody had his deserts, you ought to be possessed of at this moment, JOHN BALDWIN, because you would appreciate it, and there's the shops, and the billiard-room, and the ball-room, where they give entertainments; and there's the donkey-carriages, and the darlings in the latest fashions, and the doctors, and a—that's all.

A TRUISM FOR THE TIMES.

The Ritualists ought to be Romanists by Rites.



THE MARCH OF SCIENCE.

Artist (as a hint to his Friend). "BLESS ME! FIVE O'CLOCK! I HAD NO IDEA IT WAS SO LATE. HOW QUICKLY TIME DOES FLY NOW!"

Yankee. "WHICH I CALO'LATE IT'S ALL OWIN' TO THE VAST IMPROVEMENTS EFFECTED IN CLOCKS BY OUR GREAT COUNTRY."

DONKEY DINNERS.

HORSE dinners were all the go a few months since, and donkey dinners, doubtless, will ere long be in fashion, at least if we put faith in the paragraph that follows:—

"Everybody who has eaten roast donkey has pronounced it excellent. In flavour it is said to resemble turkey, though the colour is considerably darker. The animal in question, is a very clean feeder, cheap, hardy, and subsists easily at little cost, and it seems within possibility that donkeys may be reared on the poorest commons, not only as beasts of burden for the use of the poor, but as a luxurious addition to the banquets of the rich."

If I had a donkey that wouldn't go, d'ye think I'd waste my whipcord in walloping him? O no! I'd send him to the butcher's, sure as I'm a living sinner, and eat him nicely roasted for my next Sunday dinner. Such may be the resolution of many a London costermonger, after reading the above; and strict utilitarians will probably applaud it. As novelty is charming, we may expect that ass-flesh shortly will be viewed as quite a luxury: and donkey-eaters will be giving delightful little dinners, whereat the *menu* will begin with delicious ass-tail soup, and after a few *entrées*, such as "oreilles des ânes farcies aux truffes," or "cotelettes de l'âne jeune à la financière," the banquet will conclude with a juicy haunch of donkey, to which no haunch of venison will be deemed worthy to compare. We might suggest, by way of *entremet*, a salad of fresh thistles, of which the donkey-eaters might appropriately partake. After the repast, we may look for a few songs in the praise of donkey-eating, in the manner of the following:—

Here's a health to all fat asses!
Theirs all other meat surpasses—
Let the donkey-steak go round.
He who'd have a novel pleasure,
Let him relish at his leisure.
The joys that in ass-meat abound.
Fill a bumper—'tis no thumper—
In Donkey sweetest flesh is found.

A CONFIDING PUBLIC.—The Tavern that Trusts.

THE EUPHONY OF COMMERCE.

MR. PUNCH.—SIR,

CALLING one day last week on my pickle-merchant, I was recommended by that Purveyor of sophisticated acids to purchase an original sauce which had given much satisfaction to his "client," SIR K—N—. "Are you a solicitor?" I inquired, somewhat startled by this strange synonym. "I am not admitted to be so," blandly replied the man of chillies, "though I am often consulted about family jars."

I may here observe that this citizen of Cheap, like many of our merchant princes, occasionally tempers business with badinage. Making fun of the Funds, by a timely *mot* he relieves the Reduced, and, with innocent levity, attenuates the Consolidated. He recently remarked—when touching lightly on certain Bank insecurities—that no Stock was such an unfailing source of interest as a laughing-Stock.

"You spoke of your client," said I, pointedly. "You mean, I suppose, your customer?"

The Purveyor, with a forgiving smile, softly corrected me. "We have no *customers*. Tradesmen have, but pickling is a profession."

The conference ended by my giving instructions for a bottle of capsicums; which, being handed to me, I, like a model client, paid my professional adviser his charges without wincing.

Now, Mr. Punch, I am sanguine enough to anticipate that the refinement of language adopted in South-East Cheap will be frequently imitated elsewhere. I rejoice to say that we have very few Farmers now, though we have many Agriculturists. Cotton-spinners are daily becoming *Millionnaires*, and a Milliner is a *Marchande des Modes* from Tyburnia to Timbuctoo. Even a Needle-maker—so I am gravely informed by my maiden sister—is now a manufacturer of Penelope and Uncotopic crochets. A Dentist of genius cannot draw a tooth without first extracting a Greek root from his Lexicon.

All this is very nice, but some old-fashioned titles are still retained,

however inapplicable to modern circumstances. A licensed carrier of flowers and parasols, and watcher of eyes, is frequently called by young ladies of good education a Lover. A Paymaster-General and a Husband are universally convertible terms. If we go to Parliament, we shall find doomed warriors defending a beleaguered Treasury against a rampant Majority, spoken of with touching tenderness as Ministers by an admiring little flock.

Here let me pause; but, before concluding, I would improve my present opportunity, and suggest that henceforth no ornate correspondent should seek to beguile a gentle Editor, and deface his Doric columns by subscribing himself, with wilful inaccuracy,

A CONSTANT READER.

A WORTHY MEMORIAL.

THEY who think that a Free Press is an advantage to a nation, should subscribe to the Memorial of a man who, in his time, fought many a brave battle for the freedom of the Press. LEIGH HUNT was sent to prison for publishing opinions which Mr. Punch in perfect safety may now put forth when he pleases; and the fact that Mr. Punch can say just what he likes without a fear of Newgate, is owing in great measure to the battles LEIGH HUNT fought. Gratefully and gracefully remembering this fact, Mr. Punch would say a word for the Memorial to LEIGH HUNT, and they who would be sorry to see Mr. Punch in Newgate (imagine the world living for a week without its Punch!), will freely give their guineas to perpetuate the memory of a writer who worked manfully to gain for England a Free Press.

A TRIFLE FROM BRIGHTON.—On the question of Purchase in the Army there may be doubts; but there can be none as to the necessity of abolishing PURCHAS in the Church.



"EXPERIENTIA DOCET."

Sisters. "WELL, FRED, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?"

Fred. "OH! AH! BEST THING I'VE SEEN FOR YEARS!"

ANOTHER KIND OF CAB-STRIKE WANTED.

In their late strike the cabmen made a striking fault. Instead of striking in a manner that but served to hit themselves, they should have rather aimed the blow at the pockets of their masters. It mainly is their owners' fault that cabs have a bad name, and that London is worse off for them than most provincial towns. That there are some good cabs in London we are willing to admit, but where else run we the risk of riding in a rumbling, rattling, ramshackle four-wheeler, which possibly has just conveyed a patient to a hospital, or has carried measly meat to the back-door of a pork-butcher? That many London cabmen can be civil we allow, but where else run we the risk of being bullied by the foul-mouthed driver of a night-cab, who is dirtier in language and appearance than a nightman? Such black sheep taint the flock, and are the cause why London cabmen have an evil reputation. People clearly would use cabs far more often than they do, if they were sure of finding civility and cleanliness. A cab is far too often a mere vehicle of abuse, and the chance of dirt or insult makes many a man prefer the safer course of walking. "None but the clean deserve the fare" should be the golden rule with cabmen. We don't expect a cab-driver to put on white kid gloves; or, when we give him half a sovereign, to hand us our right change in a sweetly-scented envelope; but we do expect clean cabs and civil spoken cabmen, and if the contraries of these were all struck off the streets, we feel certain that the strike would find great favour with the public.

Mus Ridiculus.

MAKE your Deacons three years older,
Make your Bishops rather bolder,
Those are all the cures I know
For Church evils. S. G. O.

A RICHMOND DINNER.—A Shouting Actor who Performs the Part.

SONG BY AN ELDEST SON.

A LITTLE, in December last,
Put out of joint I had my nose,
When PRUS, after what had passed,
Another sent the Golden Rose.

The wonders by my Chassepôts done
Upon the Holy Father's foes,
I reckoned, had his Eldest Son
Entitled to the Golden Rose.

It therefore did my feelings pain,
As you may readily suppose,
When ISABELLA, Queen of Spain
That then was, got the Golden Rose.

What had she done? I, who had fought
By proxy, backed my words with blows,
I, for MENTANA's service, thought
That I deserved the Golden Rose.

And now that Queen has lost her crown,
A circumstance which clearly shows
No blessing visibly brought down
By means of Popey's Golden Rose.

'Tis said with blessing ever blight
That he, with best intention, throws.
Whereof as one more proof some cite,
What last came of the Golden Rose.

There's Destiny, and there's a Star.
It may be some ill influence flows
From persons, and can strike afar,
Transmitted by the Golden Rose.

Coincidences do look queer,
The common mind is struck with those.
I hope his Holiness this year
Will not send me the Golden Rose.

Had I not best recall from Rome
My soldiers, ere December close,
And crown the edifice at home,
Lest I, too, get the Golden Rose?

TO BE SEEN ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE,

From 11 to 4 Every Day.

3 Kings, 1 Chancellor, 1 Chamberlain, 1 Marshall, 2 Knights, 1 Major, 2 Mayors, and 3 Sheriffs.
4 Chappells, 1 Temple, 2 Bishops, 1 Abbott, 2 Chaplins, and 8 Clarks.
6 Halls, 2 Lodges, and a Strawbridge.
2 Kitchens, 1 Cook, 2 Jacks, 3 Bakers, 2 Butlers, 1 Pott, Flower, Barley, Chalk, 3 Bones, 1 Crabb, 1 Whiting, 2 Peppercorns, Coles, Wood, and Sparkes.
2-Barbers, 1 Constable, 2 Dyers, 5 Gardiners, 1 Mason, 2 Millers, 1 Porter, 1 Skinner, 18 Smiths, 2 Coopers, 1 Chandler, 1 Cheesman, and 2 Taylors.
2 Fields, 4 Hills, 2 Lanes, 1 Poole, 2 Elms, 2 Greenfields, 3 Green-hills, 1 Greenwood, 2 Foxes, 1 Daw, 1 Drake, 2 Lyons, 1 Wolfe, 1 Bull, 2 Worms, 1 Partridge, 2 Starlings, 2 Swifts, Suckling, 4 Shep-pards, and a Hunter.
1 Ball, 1 Bell, 2 Cases, 1 Pulley, 1 Block, 1 Horne, 1 Key, 1 Cork, 1 Foot, 1 Moon, 2 Grays, 7 Brownes, 3 Graves, 5 Carrs, 1 Carter, 1 Vigne, 1 Branch, and 1 Bragg.
Rivers—Lea and Dee.
Places—Coventry, Linton, Hollond, Kent, and Sutton.
Hail, Snow, and a Gale.
Hope, Love, Vertue, and Paine.
Hopps, and a Thorne.
And to wind up, Yowgood a Medley.

The Electoral Adviser.

MR. MILL is doubtless a very valuable Member of Parliament; but, considering how he took it upon himself to direct the Kilmarnock electors whom to choose for their representative, we should say, setting his incorruptibility aside, that we should like to buy him at our price, and sell him at his own.



ALARMING.

Buttons (as he burst into his Master's room on the night of Wednesday, the 7th: he had just seen that wonderful shooting star). "OH, PLEASE, SIR, THEM METEORS IS A GOIN' OFF AG'IN !!"

Scientific Old Gent (startled out of his first sleep, and misunderstanding the intelligence). "OH !—EH !—WHAT !—TURN IT OFF AT THE MAIN !!"

WHALLEY IN SPAIN.

THE more we read of foreign intelligence the more we are convinced of our superiority to all other European nations in liberality, tolerance, and common sense. Here, now, is a statement in the letter of a contemporary's Special Correspondent at Barcelona:—

"The Junta have resolved to enforce the law, which had been allowed to fall into disuse, forbidding the residence of Jesuits in Spain. They have discovered that the Society was plotting a reactionary movement, and they have ordered the Members of it to leave the country. Nine were found plotting at Maressa, and went at midnight last night to the Italian Consul for passports."

By still more recent intelligence from Madrid, we are informed that actually—

"The Minister of Justice has issued a decree suppressing the Society of the Jesuits throughout Spain and the Spanish Islands, ordering that its colleges and institutions be closed within three days, and declaring its movable and immovable property sequestered to the State."

Such is the way in which a body of harmless ecclesiastics is dealt with by the Spanish Junta. And this is the Liberal Provisional Government of Spain! Nor are the innocent and guileless followers of IGNATIUS LOYOLA likely to be the only victims of its bigotry. It proposes, we are told, the extinction of all religious communities and associations which have been established since 1835. On what ground does it base this monstrous proposal? The notion that all such societies are "contrary to liberty," and that their suppression, with "the abolition of all their privileges," is "a measure urgently necessary for the safety of the State." Now, only suppose this sort of language had been quoted as that of any man in this country, whom would he have been concluded by the generality of instructed readers to be? MR. WHALLEY. Of course, everybody in this country but MR. WHALLEY laughs at the idea that the poor Jesuits are in any way capable of being mischievous, or that monastic institutions are at all inimical to liberty.

The suggestion that MR. WHALLEY himself is a Jesuit in disguise is a mere joke; of course the Jesuits are incapable of disguise, and, at least in enlightened England, their simplicity is known to all men, except the Member for Peterborough.

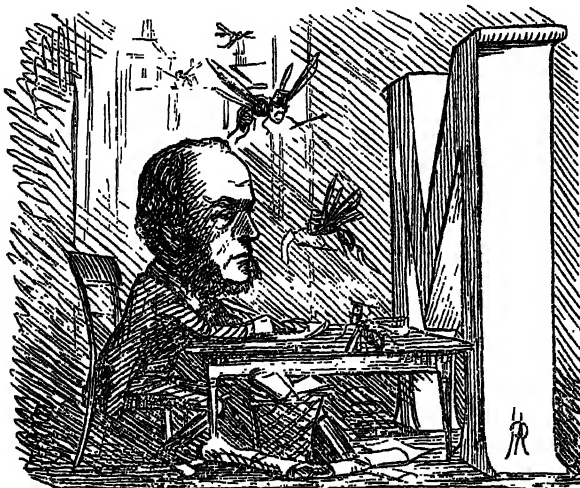
ELECTION AMENITIES.

SAYS MR. MILL to the Honourable MR. BOUVIERIE, "MR. CHADWICK is a very much better man than *you*, very. And you'd rear yourself a temple finer than that at Carnac, If you'd take yourself off, and let him come in for Kilmarnock; Constituencies should always, you know, for the very best men stir, And I'd put him in, if they'd have him, *vice* me, for Westminster." Says the Honourable MR. BOUVIERIE to MR. J. S. MILL, "You know nothing about it, and I will be jolly well blown if I will. He a shining light! He's only a candle with a bad wick, But whether he is or not, I shan't make way for MR. CHADWICK; And your law of selection is in my mind a very bad law, I suppose it was that made you recommend the blasphemous fellow, BRADLAUGH. Mind your own business, do (W. H. SMITH will give you a plateful), And don't go teaching constituencies to be pedantic and ungrateful."

A Slang Phrase.

"I'LL have your hat?" What, asks Thoughtful THEOPHILUS of us, is the origin of this slangism? We give him the answer. It came from Rome. When there was a probability of one of the Cardinals dying, an enemy of his who was expecting to be raised to the Cardinalate was so uncharitable as to allude to the probable event in the presence of the fast falling dignitary in these words: "I shall have your hat." The phrase has travelled northwards, and here it is.

THE REGISTRATIONS.



R. PUNCH has received a shoal of letters from disappointed claimants for the Franchise, principally lodgers, appealing to him as the great revising authority against the decisions of the Revising Barristers. As many of the cases detailed in these letters will probably amuse the Court of Common Pleas, Mr. Punch having taken his own counsel's opinion, feels that he can do no more than print, without note or comment, a few of the most remarkable instances of

rejected claims, just hinting that it might be as well to make the process of obtaining a vote a little easier than proving a pedigree:—

SIR,—I reside in a boarding-house in a fashionable quarter of town, where I occupy an elegantly furnished bedroom, and join the ladies in an evening in the drawing-room with my concertina, I believe to our mutual satisfaction. I filled in a paper which I obtained from an obliging baker, and sent in my claim for the lodger franchise. Being a Conservative, and devotedly attached to "Our Dear Old Church of England," which Miss DUCIE TILTON says I sing with great expression and feeling, I was of course opposed by that dangerous party which is seeking to Republicanise all our institutions, and my name struck off the Register for the Borough of Pimlico, because—you will hardly credit it—I could not prove an uninterrupted use of the backgammon board for a period of twelvemonths, ending the last day of July. Can there be a greater absurdity? But I have the sympathy of Miss TILTON and all the other ladies at No. 40, who declare that if I were to offer myself as a Member of Parliament, and they had votes, as they ought to have, they would poll for me to a woman.

Yours indignantly,

ASTLEY DREWRY HOLBOURNE.

40, Upper Superior Place, W.

PUNCH,—I tell you I will appeal to every Court in Westminster against the decision of a hireling lawyer dressed in a wig and gown and a little brief authority which, it is well known at our Debating Club, the "Stentorian Spouters," he owes entirely to the circumstance of his having an agreeable tenor voice, and occasionally taking part in a gloe with Mr. JUSTICE JUMBLEBY's daughters. I am an unfurnished lodger, a radical corn-extractor, and therefore objected to by a sycophant of a Tory agent, and deprived of a Briton's birthright, because I could not produce my latch-key; and the Barrister, who had only been sitting eight hours, refused to adjourn until I could go to Great Cromwell Street and fetch it. And so, after all the processions I have walked in, and the meetings I have talked in, and the petitions I have signed, and the agents, overseers, vestry-clerks, Home Secretaries, Statesmen, and parish beadies I have had interviews with about my right to vote, I am still a political outcast, robbed of that which the "Spouters" have often heard me allude to as the Pharmacoopia for all our ills. Was there ever such tyranny? (I suppose next we shall be required to show that we have had all the disorders of infancy, and are always in bed by ten o'clock, and never enter a public house, and don't owe anybody a shilling.) But smaller causes than this have undermined thrones before now, and brought a haughty aristocracy down to the dust. We shall see, we shall see. As the poet says,

"And Freedom shriek'd, as Kosciusko fell."

Great Cromwell Street.

MARCUS SLATTERTHWAITE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I appeal to your courtesy, your chivalry. I am a single woman, and with 77 more single and 33 widow women have been refused the Electoral Franchise by the Revising Barrister—I will be more generous than he was, and not disclose his name, lest he should never be able to hold up his wig again—all of us dismissed by him, as though we had been a flock of geese, without a moment's reflection, without going back as far as HENRY THE SIXTH in the calm retirement of his own chambers, without refreshing his memory with the names and deeds of those deathless females who decorate the pages of our history, from BOADICEA to BECKEN. Shame on him and his profession (always excepting those gallant gentlemen who did go back as far as HENRY THE SIXTH, and made the Register glow with Woman's name) and his sex, who are jealous of us, of us women, who will yet in the emancipated future soar above all Acts of Parliament, and Barristers, and Conventionalisms, and plant the oriflamme of progress on the citadel of freedom—man's equal, man's master! Until that day

dawns, I will no more register my name, but my vow to avenge the wrongs of my trampled sex.

Yours now trodden down, but then triumphant,

CORDELLA STANGER SMETHWICK.

P.S. Scorn on the wittlings who say that woman's proper place is the fireside—the Register Stove!

MR. PUNCH,—Is there anything about kitchen fire in the Reform Act? any allusion to the use of plate and linen and the back parlour for breakfast on Sunday morning, and a fixed charge for dinner on that day? any reference to the vexed question of boot-cleaning? any mention of that delicate point, attendance? I can find none in my edition; and yet I am disqualified, because, after a learned argument, an hour and a half long, by my lawyer, and a reply of equal length and learning by his opponent, and an elaborate judgment by the presiding Barrister, who reserved his decision till the next morning, and then told us he had passed the whole of the previous evening (in the New Royalty Theatre, it was openly said in Court) searching for a precedent in the reign of RICHARD THE THIRD, it was determined that as all the luxuries I have enumerated at the beginning of this letter were charged to me as extras, reducing the weekly rent for my apartment to 3s. 9½d., it did not amount in the year to ten pounds, the minimum fixed by the Act. An Act of injustice, I say.

Your obedient Servant,

EMILIUS PEGRAM.

9, Abyssinian Road.

MR. PUNCH,—I am done. I, the industrious, sober, saying, studious carver and gilder, ambitious of a share in the government of my native land, am not to have the distinction of voting for BUNCOMB, the advanced Candidate for Thousandstreets. I suffered an inquisitive lawyer to extract from me the admission that to oblige Mrs. PARLEY (my landlady), I turned out of my room for a few nights, and slept in a folding bedstead in the kitchen, to accommodate her niece from the country; and a very nice girl LOUISA turned out to be, and we are now engaged, and going to be married at Christmas. And so Mr. LAWLEY SWAVITER decided that I had not occupied the same room for twelve months uninterruptedly, and struck me off the Register. I think there is room for improvement in these Registration Courts. Don't you? I offered to prove that Mrs. PARLEY had had the uninterrupted use of my tea-caddy for twelve months or more, (LOUISA knows nothing of this) but that wouldn't do, they said.

Yours,

17, Magdala Terrace.

CHARLES GOULD LEAF.

SIR,—I have lost my vote entirely through the stupidity of the Packbury overseers and the formal mind of the Packbury Barrister. My name, as you will observe, is JOHN, but I invariably sign it JNO., and so subscribed my claim, forgetting, I admit, the servile subjugation of lawyers to forms. The overseers omitted to alter it, and Mr. ELDON STOWELL GLEBBY ruled that as I had not fulfilled the letter of the law, I must be struck off. A great blow to me, I assure you. But he granted me a case for appeal. So look out for me in the papers in November.

Yours faithfully,

Nupier Street, Packbury.

JNO. DUGWEED.

There may be wisdom in the wig, but not always under it. Eh?

FROM AN OVER-NOURISHED CONTRIBUTOR.

DEAR PUNCH,—I observe placarded about,

HOMER for Hackney!

Hooray, I remark, and in the same spirit add—

VIRGIL for Westminster!

CATULLUS for Chelsea!

STATIUS for Southwark!

And anybody else you like—say VALERIUS MAXIMUS for Vest Middlesex. But what does it all mean, and why HOMER for Hackney? Since he wrote the Battle of the Frogs and Mice he has never stooped so low. LORD DERBY ought to see to it. Yours respectfully,

MOPS AND BROOMS.

THE RITUALIST REBUKED.

SCENE—Before St. James's Chapel, Brighton. RITUALIST PARSON and JOHN BULL.

John Bull. Now, you young Sir! What is that outlandish gilt and braided frock of yours, and what are those petticoats you have on, and all that lace?

Ritualist. Vestments, Sir? The vestments proper for this day's feast.

J. Bull. Feast! Why Goose Day's past, and All Fools' is to come. And what do you do with that smoke-pot that you are swinging about there?

Rit. Celebrate mass, Sir.

J. Bull. Mass! Why who are you? What do you call yourself?

Rit. A priest, Sir, of the Catholic Church.

J. Bull. Catholic Church! I should say Catholic Chapel. But you, as a Roman Catholic priest—what business have you with that Oxford hood, I should like to know?

Rit. Oh, Sir! I am a Catholic priest; but not, you see, a Roman Catholic.

J. Bull. I see no such thing. If you are not one, why do you dress like one? Vestments for this day's feast, indeed! One would think this day was Guy Fawkes' day. You a priest? Does your Mother know you're out?

Rit. I really can't say, Sir.

J. Bull. (*mimicking him*). Can't say, Sir! She ought to know you are out, for she ought to have turned you out by this time, if your Mother Church is the Church of England. Ecclesiastically speaking—Who's your Father?

Rit. Well, Sir, really that is—a—a—question—which—

J. Bull. A pretty fellow you are, not to be able to answer! Is it the Holy Father—the POPE? Does he own you?

Rit. Um—Why, Sir, unfortunately, the fact is—

J. Bull. That you are a parson, and the POPE disowns you, and says you are none of his. Who's your Bishop? Dr. What's-his-name, BISHOP OF SOUTHWARD, or whatever he calls himself—or the BISHOP OF CHICHESTER?

Rit. CHICHESTER at present.

J. Bull. You may well say, at present. Does the BISHOP OF CHICHESTER, then, allow you to wear those things? Does he sanction your celebration of your Mass? Eh?

Rit. N-n-n-no, Sir.

J. Bull. No, Sir? I should think not, Sir. Has he not inhibited you from officiating at all?

Rit. Ye-e-s, Sir.

J. Bull. And of course you will obey him?

Rit. (*sulkily*). No; I won't.

J. Bull. You won't? And you say this, do you? Why who but you, and such as you, have been always preaching up the duty of submission to Bishops? That is what you have all along been hammering at—all very well for the opposite party; but the moment your Bishop forbids Ritualistic mummeries, you fly in his face. Go along with you!

Rit. Where to, Sir?

J. Bull. Rome, Sir; where every honest man of your whole lot, except a few fools, has already gone. The POPE has invited you. But mind, he has invited you as a stranger, as a Protestant, as a heretic. You a priest? You pretend to call yourself a priest? You make believe to say Mass, and hear confessions, and give absolution? Do you? And all this while you are eating the bread of the Church you undermine—mischievous rat! No; it's not falling, or you'd leave it fast enough. You'll stay, while there are any loaves and fishes—will you? Not if I can help it—you humbug, you impostor. Be off!

[*Flourishing cudgel about RITUALIST'S ears, drives him out.*]

CRUELTY TO BACHELORS.

A FRENCH journal relates that, as a provocative to marriage on the part of selfish bachelors, at a *fête* held at Montreuil—

“On a décidé que les concours de tir au pistolet et à la carabine seraient rigoureusement réservés aux hommes mariés.”

A novel method this to drive a man to marry! Fancy a B.A., or any other British bachelor, imagining himself forced to go and get a wife, for the reason that without one he could never shoot at Wimbledon! We can't help thinking that the ladies of Montreuil would have had a better chance if the authorities had set on foot a bachelors' ball for the benefit of those who were denied the use of bullets. In this case the young fellows who were not allowed to shoot, might have been exposed to the risk of being shot at; for there is no doubt that, if husbands are there in such demand, the bachelors at a ball would have each become a target for some of Cupid's arrows.

BELLS ON BEER.

Of an eve, homeward bound, from a walk rather long,
As I passed through a village, out rang the Church bells;
And they sang me the chorus, methought, of a song:
How bells sing, the old story of WHITTINGTON tells.
Plain as ever were words spoke by MAG or by POLY,
Did those village Church bells resound Tol de rol lol,
Tol de rol tippledy,
Tol de rol tippledy,
Tol de rol tippledy,
Ri fol de rol.

I had nowise exceeded for some time before,
Had a perfect teetotaler been all the day,
But I meant to have one glass of beer and no more,
At a house I was going to pass on my way.
It is one of the few where you get the old stuff—
Beer of which, as a rule, half-a-pint is enough.
Tol de rol tippledy, &c.

Oh, 'tis woeful to think how deplorably few
Are the places where good beer is still to be sold.
For most brewers have now ceased such stingo to brew
As we used to imbibe in our young days of old.
In its stead there's your flat, heavy, dull Burton ale,
Or a dreary dead level of bitter and pale.
Tol de rol tippledy, &c.

When the beer-engine came in place of the tap,
From that time it was never in England good beer;
For that base machine spoils any brewed worth a rap,
'Tis increased population, the truth if you'll hear,
Which the publican needs must draw fast to supply;
And the reason malt liquor is ruined—that's why.
Tol de rol tippledy, &c.

What a thought that we're sunk and degraded so low,
That, what sort of a thing decent swipes ought to be,
We have beer from Vienna sent over to show!
Who would ever have feared such debasement to see?
Us the foreigner even in beer now excels:
'Twas his triumph I seemed to hear rung by Church bells.
Tol de rol tippledy, &c.

A GOOD FRENCH FELLOW.

THE French have a reputation, not unmerited, for saying smart things. Their witticisms, however, analysed, for the most part resolve themselves into utterances, offensive or defensive, of restless vanity. But there are exceptions to this rule, and here is one of them, thanks to the *Pall Mall Gazette*—

“M. HENRI ROCHEFORT, in a recent number of *La Lanterne*, alluding to the supposed determination of the EMPEROR to make war if the elections went against him, asks what would be thought of a man rushing into the street and stabbing an inoffensive person because his landlord had raised his rent.”

This is an apt and manly illustration. Its manliness is quite peculiar. The love of approbation which, in an irritable state, is the basis of most French wit, men have in common with animals. You may note it exceedingly active, for instance, in the cur and the monkey. If these creatures could speak, they would be always saying something piquant either to flatter or to wound one another's self-conceit. In the parallel, put as above by M. HENRI ROCHEFORT, there is evident, besides reason, the distinctly human faculty of conscientiousness, or the moral sense. Welcome to a Frenchman thus saying a really, in every sense of the word, good thing.

NO PARTY QUESTION.

“I do not,” says the KNIGHT OF KERRY, in a sensible letter to the *Times* on the Irish Church, “presume to say whether MR. DISRAELI should have approached MR. GLADSTONE, or MR. GLADSTONE MR. DISRAELI; but undoubtedly they ought to have met.” If they had, he thinks that a measure might have been passed which “must have commanded the respect of the country.” “I believe,” concludes the honourable gentleman, “that all that was needed on the part of the leaders for such a happy consummation was the possession of two qualities most rare indeed among eminent statesmen—common sense and common honesty.” Just so; and if the Leader of the Liberal Party and the Conservative Premier had met together, there would have been a conjunction of Common Honesty with Common Sense. Which would have been which?



HAPPY THOUGHT!

INGENIOUS JONES SITS FOR HIS PORTRAIT TO A PERIPATETIC PHOTOGRAPHER, AND CUNNINGLY PLACES HIMSELF EXACTLY BETWEEN THE APPARATUS AND THE UNCONSCIOUS ORIANA, WHOM HE WORSHIPS AT A RESPECTFUL DISTANCE, AND WHOSE LIKENESS HE WOULD FAIN POSSESS.

[If the reader will turn to page 178, he will find, all framed and glazed, for 8s. 6d. complete, Ingenious Jones's Happy Thought's result.]



THE CHICHESTER EXTINGUISHER.

BISHOP OF CHICHESTER. "GO! GO! YOU INSOLENT, REBELLIOUS BOY. WHAT WITH YOUR NONSENSE AND INCENSE AND CANDLES YOU'LL BE SETTING THE CHURCH ON FIRE."

MASTER P-CH-S. "JUST WHAT I'D LIKE TO DO. THERE!"

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITH A VOICE.—SECOND SPECIES OF THE GENUS.

THE Second Species is divided thus: 1. The Big Man with a Small Voice; 2. The Small Man with a Big Voice. Both are musical; the former being, generally, a man with considerable knowledge of the art, and a studious cultivator of the twopenn'orth of talent in his possession. The latter also knows music, superficially, and trusts to his strong voice to pull him through all difficulties. We will look at Number Two first, being the noisier, and then return to the Big Man with his pretty little voice, who will be found a pleasant companion in a drawing-room entertainment, or "An Excellent Substitute" (as the advertisements say) for MARIO in the evening.

SILFORD—BILLY SILFORD—is my Little Man with a Big Voice.

SILFORD's is a most convenient voice. You begin with it downstairs—so to speak—in the cellar, as *basso*, almost *profondo* (an attempt at *profondo* being sufficiently uncomfortable to make his friends advise him not to try it too much); then he mounts to the ground-floor appearing here as a baritone; then another flight takes him into the first-floor as a tenor, with his voice in his nose; the next step being a jump up into the attics, where his eyes and ears help him, both moving up with his voice, which seems to have forced itself violently through his palate, and out at the top of his head.

SILFORD, therefore, is a very useful fellow in choirs and places where they sing, and where followeth the anthem, and nothing delights him more than being asked to take his place as a chorister in his own parish church, or to join in a madrigal, quartette, or any other sort of *fette* in a private party, or at an amateur concert. SILFORD will sing about the house, up-stairs and down-stairs, and in anybody's chamber, as much as our friend TURTON, and as loudly; only SILFORD will be musical. He sings snatches of tunes correctly, generally preferring himself in well-known bass songs of a nautical or roving character; or if he has any concert on hand, you will hear nothing from him but his "part," some turn in which he generally "can't get" till the very day of the concert itself, when he secures the passage correctly at the morning rehearsal, practises it all day, and finally loses it at night.

"Come down," says he to me, "for a week; we've got a festival on. We call it the Festival of the Three Choirs, because we've got a very decent lot out of the two parish churches a few miles from us, and our own. It's a great thing to encourage a musical taste," says he, "and I think you'll like it."

I accept, and ask if he takes a part.

"Take a part? Of course—several." Then he adds, "Do you know the bass part in the old glee 'The Little Birds Warble?'"

I do not, unfortunately.

"Ah, then," says he, taking the opportunity for practising, "this is how it goes."

From his specimen I want to know why this sort of music was ever called a "Glee?" Good heavens! if SILFORD (who is singing away from a thick volume of very ancient-looking music, while I am regarding him thoughtfully) is correct, it is melancholy enough to hear *one* perform this sort of thing, without troubling the fifteen voices for whom it is arranged. Can I find some excuse for deferring my visit? I think, but I only say, smiling with apparently awakened interest, "That sounds rather"—he probably thinks I am going to say "pretty," but I don't, and I won't.

"Yes," says SILFORD, stopping in the middle of a sort of a wandering bravura of several pages on the one word "little." "There are six bassi with me."

"All singing the same?" I ask.

"Yes," he answers, "all the same," and off he goes again. "When the Li-e-e-e-e-e-e-e (working upwards) e-e-e-e (down again) e-e-e (round and round in a circle of five notes I should say, until I wonder the singer doesn't become giddy) e-e, &c., &c., much the same over again, until he perches on "it-tle," which concludes the variations on the word *Little*.

"Now," says SILFORD, apologetically, "I can't always get the next bit quite right."

As, at all events, he begins by getting the next little bit all wrong, I tell him pleasantly, that I will leave him to practise it alone, and then he gives me a programme of the amusements, which I see includes the performance of several pieces without bass parts, also some old ballads, great favourites of mine, and so I accept his invitation.

A Day with the Little Man with a Big Voice.

He has been very quiet the night before, owing to a slight cold, which depressed him so much that he retired early, and sat in boiling water, drank hot drinks, and slept under a weight of extra blankets and coverlets. All he could do was to play his bass parts on the piano, as he was afraid of forgetting 'em.

Before bidding him "Good Night," he warns me that he takes his morning bath early, and always sings in it; so that if I *do* hear a noise, I mustn't be alarmed.

But I am alarmed: for such a row by one voice, in a musical way, as his makes in his bath, I never heard.

He takes cold water all through the year—as cold as he can get it. "Strengthens your throat, my boy," says he, knowingly: "capital thing for the voice. So's going on a hill, and singing against a fresh breeze—that's a first-rate thing; or out in the open air, anywhere, is an excellent practice." And, accordingly, there isn't a part of the garden where you can be free from him, whenever he's got a "bass part to get up for next Thursday week."

I am asleep at 7 A.M., and have no ideas on any subject in particular, least of all of getting up before half-past eight. I am awake by what first appear to me to be shouts of some person in distress. Now, when you are attired for your night's repose, and are disturbed while taking that repose, a man with any regard for propriety should think twice, at all events, before dashing out on any Quixotic errand. To put on a dressing-gown in answer to a cry of anguish, may shake your resolution, and, if no other sound reaches you, the difficulty of finding your slippers (which never *are* in their proper place) will probably determine you to go to bed again.

I am half awake. Another shout of horror, of terror, of — Good heavens! is it SILFORD's voice? In broad daylight, too! What has happened? Another, louder and fiercer, from the room below, "Ha! I defy you! Come not near me! HA!" I leap from the bed. I must fly to his rescue, when, just as I am putting my wrapper round me, I hear, evidently jovial and laughing, "Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha! *Ne prends pas l'air patelin: On connaît tes forces, Jupin!*" Which I recognise as the laughing chorus in M. OFFENBACH's "*Orphée aux Enfers*." "Ha! ha! ha!" goes his voice again, and then a shriek: but with that shriek a splash, and after that follow briskly several splashes and dashes, and dowses of water, through which come out in sudden bursts, "Oh, meet me in the Lane when the clock strikes," "Sound an Alarm! Sound an a-la-arm!" "With a hey! ho! chivy! hark for'ard! Hark (gasp) for'ard (gasp) tan (gasp) tivvy!" "God save our noble QUEEN!" like a hand-organ under a cataract. All is explained. SILFORD is in his bath, and I am "not to be alarmed." I return to bed again, and listen. It is a fearful performance this of SILFORD's, alternating between the terrible, the agonising, the glorious, and the utterly ridiculous.

Thus:—dash of the sponge full of cold water: shriek: "Ah!" then in operatic recitative, while recovering from the shock, "Villain! approach me not, for I will—" Dowse of sponge full again, which produces a wildly frightened voice, as if he was being beaten, "Spare me! Spare me!" to the second part of "*Robert toi que j'aime*." Then (he never in this situation gives more than a fragment) another furious spongy, followed by—victoriously, as if he'd conquered the tyrant who was sponging him—"Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the waves! For Brit-*ons* (dowse) never (splash) never (evidently a fearful struggle with the imaginary person who is sponging him) *Ne-ver*"—then, as if he had escaped entirely, and was free as air, comes joyously a popular tune, "Up in a balloon! Up in a balloon!" rum ti tum ti *ad lib.*, with a slight pause before the recommencement of hostilities. Then, "I would I were a bird—" Another dowse from the sponge brings out the developed idea suggested by the last song, in "We fly by night—we (sponge and gasp) fly (sponge and gasp) by (the same) night." Then comes a sound as of a longer process of sponging—perhaps he is standing up—which is accompanied by "A life on the ocean wave, a home on the rolling deep." This is given defiantly to the sponge. He is now out of it, as I can distinctly hear him scrubbing, rubbing, and blowing over his hard brushes, gloves, and towels. "Nothing like rubbings for the voice," he explains to me afterwards. During this, being jubilant, he never indulges in anything less than a chorus, which on this occasion is all the bass part of the "*Hallelujah*," which he has to sing next Sunday "in another place," as Members of Parliament say.

Then he comes up-stairs, ready for breakfast, and "hopes he hasn't disturbed me."

To be Pasted up Along the Line.

He is a Snob, and not a gentleman,
Who smokes upon the Me-tro-po-li-tan:
Yes, M'm, regard him as some arrant Snob,
Sent by his master to perform a job,
And meanly doing, while annoying you,
That which at home he would not dare to do.
Pity so low a Cad, nor wish him kicked:
Perhaps to-day already he's been kicked.

Humbugs.

THE Middlesex Magistrates, 44 to 30, again resolve that Catholic Criminals in gaol shall not have paid Catholic priests to see them. We argue not with bigots. But, when those Magistrates talk about their "consciences"—and then license Music Halls—we own to that sensation which, on board a steamboat, dictates a hasty call to the steward.



INGENIOUS JONES'S HAPPY THOUGHT'S RESULT!

See page 174.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

RICHMOND.

RICHMOND may boast of being one of the best Out, and possessing some of the best Inns near Town. Even as *Punch* writes the word a hundred pleasant memories rise before him, recollections of delightful banquets at which his aristocratic and withal genial countenance has heightened its glow, of snug little parties at a corner table, of jovial revels in the *Castle* "bowers," and never to be forgotten feeds in the little front boxes of the dear old Star and Garter. The latter establishment has even gone up higher in his estimation since it has taken to itself another wing. The quiet old Roebuck (where it is *not* true all the waiters answer to the name of JOHN ARTHUR) is a good house too, and we have played many a good knife and fork there, and hope to do so again. The original name of Richmond was Sheen, and it certainly must be sheen to be appreciated. It has been in the possession of the Crown since the reign of EDWARD THE FIRST, and HOLINSHEAD states that the earlier monarchs used "customarily thither to resort as to a place of pleasure, and serving highly to their recreation." He is silent, however, on the subject of whitebait, with which toothsome trifle the word Richmond is inseparably associated. In vain have we searched through the chroniclers, hunted up all sorts of historians, dived into volumes on which the dust of ages has settled, and questioned the cleverest and most date-crammed of our friend's children. Failure has been the invariable result. But what a magnificent subject for the literary grub, and then again what magnificent grub for the literary subject! The collateral and accompanying articles—cayenne pepper, thin brown bread and butter, lemon! Why there is a world unexplored. *Mem.* Ask that magnificent head waiter—the bald-head waiter, who stands like the monarch of all he surveys from the china to Peru—we mean Plate—if he can throw any light upon the subject. He *may* pass his winter in abstruse pursuits of such a nature. Several monarchs have died at Richmond, and CARDINAL WOLSEY swapped Hampton Court for Richmond Palace with HENRY THE EIGHTH. This couple over a Richmond dinner of the period must have been a pleasant sight. Here it was that the BISHOP of St. David's greatly annoyed his royal Mistress, ELIZABETH, by alluding to her receding mouth, the result of a dental desertion, which was an insult under her very nose, as was also a remark that her hair was besprinkled by "meal," thereby proving himself anything but a mealy-

mouthed Bishop, but a very rude ecclesiastical dignitary as well. Queensbury Villa is now built on its site, which (in consequence of its propinquity to the Star and Garter, we believe) was erected by the DUKE OF BUCKLE-OO.

The view from the terrace is one of the most beautiful imaginable and everybody knows the dictum of the Russian Emperor, who said it was the finest in Europe, though why his opinion should be superior to anybody else's we can't say, but *Punch* agrees with him on that one point if he doesn't on any other, and so passing on to the Park points out with peculiar interest the Pen Ponds, a title strongly suggestive of ink-stands, covering seventeen acres full—tell it not in Scotland!—of eels. Now, why is it the Caledonian cook refuses to send you this glorious fish even on compulsion? Why does the North Briton revolt at the lithe and toothsome river rover? It is exceedingly strange, and indeed appears ridiculously contradictory that a people addicted to uncovered ankles can't bear eels. It is a curious fact that these famous fish-ponds were formed by the Princess Am-elie, who was in the habit of taking a meal here very often. The visitor must not think of leaving this charming locality without looking out for the celebrated "Lass of Richmond Hill." She is to be seen in every variety, as are also the famous "Maids of Honour," a combination of pastry and cheese-cake, which is warranted as the most economical means of achieving a bilious attack at present known. The Poet in speaking of the former attraction sets down the value of "the Lass" at a somewhat low figure, for he says with a wild burst of generosity—

"I'd crown resign,
To call her mine."

Five shillings may be a large sum in the eyes of a poet, but less gifted mortals might consider it mean. SHAKESPEARE says he thinks there are "six Richmonds in the field"—there are, however, only two in the map. Be careful in going to the station not to make a slight mistake and proceed to the Richmond in Yorkshire. It is a long and expensive journey, and we cannot conscientiously recommend its whitebait.

SENSATIONAL SAVAGES.

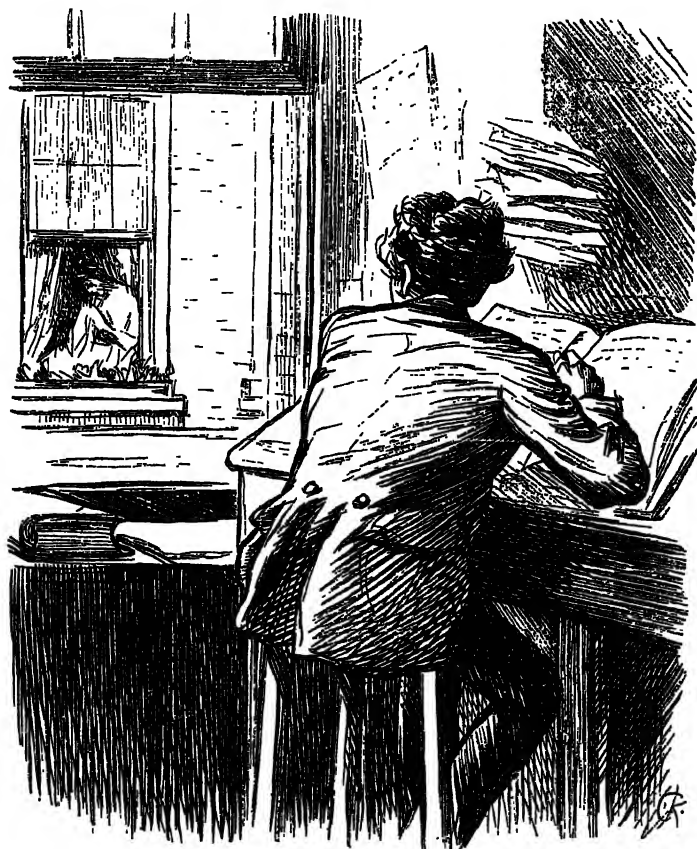


THE Ethnological Society and the Anthropophagitic—we beg pardon—the Anthropological Society, amalgamate. But there are difficulties. Ladies have been admitted to hear the discussions, so the earnest sort of members are afraid that delicate revelations—touching the habits of certain savages, for instance—may be slurred over. And another terror is, lest the Mosaic records should be treated with too much respect. MR. HUXLEY entreats the public to believe that both fears are ill-grounded, and that neither Modesty nor Moses shall interfere with the piquancy of the debates. All highly satisfactory, as far as it

goes. We suppose that we should be called Philistine if we hinted that the clever men who entertain themselves with the doings of foreign savages, might be quite as usefully occupied in helping us to see what we can do for civilising savages at home. We assure them they would lose none of the excitement they covet; we pledge ourselves that from Tiger Bay, and similar dens, they shall obtain quite as revolting details as from any Eastern island. And, as for the Bible, we assure them that there are places in London which would impress them with the conviction that no such thing had ever been seen in the first city in the world, except at the Police Court. Suppose they give one session to the heathen at the East End; and, if it prove a dull one, they can revert to the foreign savages.

A Hint to Churchwardens.

In these days of revived mediævalism it is customary to adorn the walls of Churches with inscriptions in old English red and black or other variously-coloured letters. An embellishment of this kind, to which it may become necessary that a conspicuous place should be given in churches, now that Ritualistic parsons, playing at Popery, have taken to burn incense, might be *No Smoking Allowed*.



"DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT TO THE VIEW."

WE NEED NOT SAY HOW DIFFICULT IT WAS FOR ALFRED TO POST LEDGERS, AND GIVE HIS MIND TO BUSINESS GENERALLY, UNDER THE ABOVE CIRCUMSTANCES.

THE ONE THING INTERESTING.

FIVE and a half closely-printed columns of the *Times* to prove that the Liberals, when in power, were not quite so extravagant as the Conservatives! Such is the measure of our GLADSTONE's speech delivered the other day at Warrington. What a charm has eloquence, in relation to finance, for British ears—mere eloquence! For who, listening to the Liberal leader, enraptured with his oration, seriously expected that it would ever be practically followed out, and issue, in the abolition, or even in any very material reduction, of the Income-Tax? How long would MR. GLADSTONE's audience, who stood hearing him talk about expenditure and economy, though too probably to little purpose, for several hours, and heard him gladly, have sat out any sermon that could possibly be preached by the most eloquent Bishop on the Bench, or any other clergyman? How soon would a sermon as long as MR. GLADSTONE's speech have sent any congregation to sleep? But of what consequence can pecuniary expenditure and economy, how considerable soever, be deemed in comparison with the subject which would necessarily be treated in a sermon adapted, in good faith, to the end of all sermons? What, compared with that, is the saving, not to say the 'problematical saving, of any amount of money? MR. GLADSTONE must surely be a prodigiously eloquent speaker, and the Church of England, apart from politics, can only mourn that he did not take orders, and is not now ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. Or are the Warrington people peculiarly constituted in taking so much interest in matters of *L. S. D.*, as to be willing to hear as much as anybody who can talk well has to say about them, without considering how little good they can hope will come of it? There is too much reason to fear that there is no remedy for this consumption of the national purse on which MR. GLADSTONE expatiated so charmingly.

Coming M.P.'s.

PAPERS and politicians are guessing at the composition of the next Parliament. Have they noticed that, amongst other orders and degrees of men, our criminals are not unlikely to be represented? for to what other class of society can those candidates belong who let out what their previous career has been, when they seek to be returned "unfettered?"

NOTION FOR THE FUTURE.

Suggested by a Proposal for the Equality of Establishment, and support of all Religions by the State.

ST. PAUL'S. 1875.

Devotions for Sunday next will be as under:—

- 4 A.M. Parsee worship of the Sun in the golden ball. Mahommedan salutations in the dome.
- 5:30 to 9. Low Masses in the Crypt for the use of Catholics.
- 5 to 6. In the Nave. Fakeers.
8. Early Celebration according to Ritualistic use, without organ in the choir. Hindoo sacrifices in a side chapel.
9. Irvingite Celebration, with organ and incense. Jews daily Temple service in side chapel.
10. Dutch Protestant Service in the choir.
- 10:30. Wesleyan Service in the Whispering Gallery.
11. High Mass, with full instrumental accompaniment under the dome.
- Grand Morning Service (entire) according to Ritualistic use, in the Crypt. Incense, lights, and organ.
- High Church Choral Service, according to Collegiate and Cathedral use. In East-end Aisle.
- Morning Prayer, &c., with Psalms, sung according to the Broad Church mixed rite.
- Plain Morning Prayer, with Hymns, according to the Evangelical or Low Church use. Sermon. West end.
- North end. High Mass, according to the rites of the Greek Church.
- South end. The same, according to the rites of the Russo-Greeks.
- Mormon Morning Service in the Sacristy.

Presbyterian Service in the North-east end.

Afternoon. 1 P.M. Anabaptists in the Baptistery.

1:30. Congregational Morning Service any part of the Church. As this is the general dinner or lunch time.

3. Lutheran Service in the Nave.

3:30. French Calvinists in the North end.

Shakers at 4:30. Merry Zuinglians at 5.

The Buddhist Choral Service will be at 2 p.m.

Dancing Dervishes at 8 p.m. Tom-toms, no organ. Under the dome.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Due notice will be given of the next Juggernaut. All applications on the subject must be made to the Right Rev. E. T. SMITH, Dean of Cremorne under the New Multiforty Act.

Aztec Grand Act of Worship every Wednesday at the Agricultural Hall.

Nineveh Temple Ceremonies and Complimentary Worship of JOHN BULL at the Crystal Palace in the Nineveh Court every Monday 11 a.m.

N.B. The numbers being at present insufficient to enable the Pure Pagans to obtain such Governmental subsidies as have been granted to all other Religious Bodies, it is earnestly requested that those Ladies and Gentlemen wishing to restore the glories of the Capitoline Jupiter and the mysteries of the Bona Dea, will at once register themselves at the temporary office of the Pontifex Maximus, two doors from *Bell's Life*. Augurs always in attendance, ring right-hand bell. Good supply of fowls kept on hand.

Tuesday and Friday. The Druids in Hyde Park. With sacrifices. Weather permitting.

Thursday in every week throughout the winter months is to be devoted to the worship of Thor on the banks of the Serpentine.

MRS. PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HER DAUGHTER.

MY DEAR CHILD,

BEFORE I proceed to discant upon Court-circulars, Croquet-parties and other matters, I must give utterance to a feeling of unmitigated astonishment that whilst our young ladies are so severely handled under the name of The Girl of the Period, our young men go off scot free. How right-minded mothers of daughters can support such an injustice, I cannot conceive; for I am sure that for every six Girls of the Period, I could find half-a-dozen young gentlemen to match. As you are no longer a Butter-cup, my JUDIANA, which means a school-girl according to writers of authority, but a grown-up young lady about to enter society, it is highly desirable that you should know something of that large portion of it, which may be distinguished as the Whiskered and Bearded; or perhaps a better classification, would be the Tobacco-consuming tribe; for if I talk in the old-fashioned way about two sexes, the stronger and the weaker, what will Miss BECKER and her American supporters say?

Oh, dear! what a queer and contradictory age is this? If one thing seemed more certain than another, it was that men were men and women were women; but now we are told that history has been fooling us ever since the world began to spin, and that one sex has been so nearly like t'other, that as the American said, you couldn't tell either from which; which is which or which is either, or if either be which, I hope somebody will determine some day or other.

One thing I am quite sure of, however; and you will discover it for yourself during the forthcoming season, when your Papa and I propose to introduce you into the best, literary, artistic and fashionable circles; namely, that the Young Man of the Period is an ass. Ah! my daughter, from the way some women talk, one would fancy that every man was as wise as SOCRATES—or why, such an ardent desire to be thought his equal—but for my part, I think the question is not, Man *versus* Woman, but Wise *versus* Foolish, and a wise woman will be thought a wise man's equal any day. Having stated that the Young Man of the Period is an ass, I will tell you a little about his bray, which is mostly a very mild and soft-sounding bray, though at times a touch of ferocity may be detected in it, when the ass is an æsthetic ass, abusing his critics if he be an author, the public if he be an artist, and the best writers and artists of the day if he be merely an amateur.

The Young Man of the Period has a faculty of depreciation quite unparalleled in history, and when he takes you into supper, or flatters you over the croquet game, do not for a minute imagine yourself charming in his eyes. All women are fools and all women are in love with his especial self, thinks the Young Man of the Period; and he arrays his bewitching person in clothes made by the royal tailor, and talks the same talk all the year round, and never finds out why all women seem alike and everything a bore.

Occasionally one meets with a sentimental Young Man of the Period, who delights in being tormented by some accomplished and unscrupulous flirt, most likely old enough to be his mother, and has very elevated notions of that sort of woman to the depreciation of all others. He hates men and men's doings, reads fast ladies' novels, lounges in fast ladies' drawing-rooms, manages to find the same sort of company abroad, and looks down upon the sober world that earns its victuals, and does its duty with supreme scorn.

The Young Man of the Period certainly does one thing for Society: he spares no pains to make his person as Charming as possible; his beard, his complexion, his teeth, are matters of daily and earnest solicitude. If nature has endowed him with a shapely foot or a small hand, he could weep for joy when his boots and gloves fit to perfection. But the crowning joy of the Young Man of the Period is his mind: he cultivates it by reading the most satirical of the weekly papers, by smoking inordinately, by getting into debt, and by writing travels, poems or novels, which he is delighted to see in print; this possession of his never disappoints him—I mean his mind.

What do the old fogies know? What are the old fogies good for? Half-a-dozen fellows of our set, thinks the Young Man of the Period, are worth all our fathers and grandfathers put together; and he seems in his own eyes, twice as clever as they, because he can spend so liberally what they accumulated with so many privations.

The Young Man of the Period, who has entered the Church, will be sure to come in your way, ere long, my JUDIANA, since he is seen to greatest perfection at social gatherings in the country. This harmless looking being does not possess the angelic temper one would at first sight impute to him. Many things of late, the Irish Church especially, have soured his temper; and he can be Jesuitically severe upon occasions. Women, in his eyes, were born to work altar-cloths, curates' slippers, and coddle up their husbands with tea and broth when suffering from depression, caused by Dissenters, the *Rock*, and MR. TUPPER's ballads. Man, represented by a High-Church Bishop is a demi-god; woman, a ministering slave.

Well may the mothers of daughters—I mean, Buttercups, wonder from what ranks future sons-in-law are to be recruited. Fancy these cool young satirists, these industrious spendthrifts, these loungers in foreign hotels, these clerical despots turned husbands!

I really think that the State ought to interfere and draw up a code of articles to be signed by all parties about to contract matrimonial alliances. Certainly, the first thing to be taken in hand by ladies possessing Parliamentary influence is the Reformation of the Young Man of the Period. A Reform Bill dealing with a question of such vast social importance, would have to be handled with great skill and delicacy; but in the absence of that, surely such questions as these ought to be put by mothers to future sons-in-law before the Banns are published:—

Supposing that unforeseen circumstances occur, state the occupation by which you could earn your salt.

Are your Tailor's and Perfumer's bills such as you would have any delicacy in mentioning?

How many Locks of Hair are in your possession? Can you give a satisfactory account of each.

State the minimum quantity of claret, champagne, soda-water, cigars, and Bass's ale on which you can subsist *per diem*.

Appraise yourself at your own worth, and declare the estimation.

Do you bet on the Turf?

Do you lose at Billiards?

Have you made up your mind to relinquish little dinners at Richmond, little suppers elsewhere, and other bachelor enjoyments with a good grace.

Can you condescend to forsake "the fellows at the club," and dine at home with your wife off a leg of mutton?

Can you amuse yourself and your wife on wet Sundays in the country?

Can you give up the delightful homage of all the ladies of your acquaintance, and content yourself with as much homage as your wife sees fit to bestow upon you?

Lastly, did you ever try the experiment of making ends meet?

Other questions might with advantage be put, but I will leave them for the present, contenting myself with having thrown out a hint. Be on your guard against the Young Man of the Period, my daughter, whether you meet him at croquet parties, pic-nics, balls, or archery meetings, and profit by the advice of

Your simple, but not to be trampled-down Mother,

MRS. PUNCH.

AN EXCUSE FOR MONKEYS' TRICKS.

PLEASE Sir, "there being two slight inaccuracies in your interesting report of the Harvest Thanksgiving Festival at All Saints', Lambeth, I respectfully ask your permission to be allowed to" correct them.

Please Sir, "no crucifix, but only a cross was carried in procession; and," please Sir, "incense was not used during the Communion Service, but only before the commencement and after the conclusion of the same—a practice which is in no way forbidden by the recent lucid and impartial judgment of the Arches Court," please Sir.

Please Sir, "I have the honour to be,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

Brighton, October 13.

FREDERICK GEORGE LEE."

The foregoing quotations are faithfully transcribed from a letter recently addressed to the Editor of the *Times*. They constitute an excuse for playing at Roman Catholics to which the only suitable answer would clearly be a box on the ear.

ODD QUERIES.

WHAT kind of mineral productions are "Vocal Gems," and have they any connection with "Sermons in Stones"?

What is an "Amateur Farm"?

Is the "Metropolitan" Railway named after the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY?

What were the sensations of those people in India who are reported to have been "full of the Eclipse"?

What sort of a business is "the Bachelor's Kettle and Lover's Lamp Business"?

What can be cheaper than "Foreign Operas Six for a Shilling"?

Which are the "Bridal Squares"?

The Church in more Danger.

MR. WHALLEY is beside himself at the alarming spread of Popery amongst a class which he had hoped was Protestant to the back-kitchen, hearing, as he does, that it is the common practice of our domestic servants to take the veil.

THE GOOD PAPER.

ACCORDING to an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, M. EDMOND TEXIER, in his book, *Le Journal et le Journaliste*, says that the *Times* has "serious correspondents in all the capitals of Europe, America, and India." The religious public will be glad to hear this.



"TIMERE DANAOS," &c.

Young Fangle. "LOOK HERE, BRIGGS. YOU KNOW IT'S INCONVENIENT FOR ME TO SETTLE THAT LITTLE ACCOUNT OF YOURS NOW; AND IF YOU COME BOTHERING ABOUT IT, HANG ME IF I DON'T ORDER ANOTHER SUIT OF YOU!"

HALLO! HALLAMSHIRE!

COME, blades of Sheffield, show your good temper. If there is one place in the world that *Mr. Punch* has patronised, it is Sheffield. Why, didn't he go down to SIR JOHN BROWN's works, and at the risk of his own precious health observe the making armour-plates for ships, and drink enough to float any decent-sized iron-clad in the service? Did not he send one of the most elegant of his young men to inaugurate a fountain there—is not the fountain there now to speak for itself? Well, then, go to—what's all this about MR. ROEBUCK? What has MR. ROEBUCK done, or not done, that there should be ill-feeling against him? Has *Punch* omitted to rebuke MR. ROEBUCK, when the latter has failed to satisfy him? And has *Punch* had occasion to rebuke him for many a year? Very well, then, if *Punch* has seen no fault in the Member for Sheffield, it is not for the men of Sheffield to be captious. ROEBUCK is one of the most honest, most free-spoken, and most unrewarded of Radicals, and if Sheffield proves ungrateful to a veteran, *Mr. Punch* will, with regret, feel compelled morally to disfranchise Sheffield. But he believes better things of the warm-hearted Hallamshire fellows, and is sure that they will not give cynics a just cause for sneering at the ingratitude of the many. Rally to ROEBUCK, and here's all your good healths, blades of Sheffield.

THE IRISH CHURCH.

THE DEAN OF DROMORE wrote to the *Times* to deny that the Irish Deans had got a bit too much money from the Irish Church. His Reverence forgot to say that—

The DEAN OF FERNS is a Vegetarian.

The DEAN OF TUAM hasn't got anything that he calls "Meam," as it's all TURN.

The DEAN OF ELPHIN lives like a Fairy.

The DEAN OF CONNOR is a strict e-Connor-mist.

But of all deans give us, at all events at luncheon, Sar-dines, when one may fairly say, *on ne dine pas*.

ANOTHER INSURRECTION IN SPAIN.

ATR—"Another Horrid Murder."—Street Ballad.

ANOTHER insurrection
In Spain we must unfold;
And scarce a year without one
Of late has ever rolled.
No means but fighting and bloodshed,
To turn a Government out!
The other side did bide their time,
Then turn and turn about.
Those Spanish Dons did shoot and slay
Each other in so prompt a way.

DUKE GENERAL DE LA TORRE
He did the insurgents head,
And PRIM went from Southampton,
To join them, it was said.
GONZALEZ BRAVO and his lot
Straightway did cut and run,
So did Her Majesty the Queen;
Best thing she could have done.
An evil day it was for Spain,
When she did first begin to reign.

Whichever side were victors,
We feared what they would do,
In cold blood shoot the vanquished—
More murders must ensue.
The priests, confessing the victims,
Would have, another time,
To do as much for the conquerors,
Who'd expiate their crime.
The worst of it when they had got;
Come, in rotation, to be shot.

How would it be, if GLADSTONE
Were to conspire with BRIGHT,
To overthrow DISRAELI
By force and arms downright?
In case of being successful,
If they were to condemn,
And shoot, him, STANLEY, PAKINGTON,
Or else get shot by them?
Why what should we consider, then,
Right Honourable Gentlemen?

To point QUEEN ISABELLA
The way that she should go,
Her guides were FATHER CLARET,
SOR PATROCINIO.
If there had been such advisers
About the British Throne,
The late and present state of Spain
Might now have been our own.
Let Ritualists dominion get,
And we may be as happy yet.

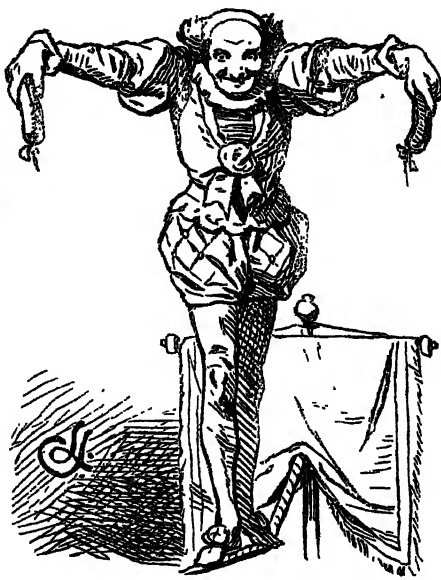
But Spain is now improving,
Has kicked the Jesuits out,
And sent the nuns and friars
Unto the right about.
A bloodless mild revolution
She now seems going through;
But those famed "Spanish marriages"
See what they have come to.
Let foreigners' affairs alone
To right themselves—and mind your own.

Fortunately, an Error.

GREAT excitement prevailed in Westminster last week, owing to the appearance in the *Times* of an advertisement headed "GROSVENOR and MILLS for Westminster." If it had been GROSVENOR and CHADWICK, the astonishment could hardly have been greater, nobody appearing to know who MILLS was, or why he had taken the place of one of the present Members. The tumult was not allayed until a corrected announcement made it clear that Westminster had not lost the chance of being again represented by one of the greatest of living Englishmen—JOHN STUART MILL.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

(A Few Words on a Foolish Practice.)



HERE is so much to be seen in London just now, that I have been obliged to write to MRS. BLANQUE three times to put off my return to Stow-in-the-Hole from "the great Metrolopus," as MR. COMPTON used to say in *An Unequal Match*. Overflowing, as is my pen, I must get rid of some of the superfluous ink in writing down a practice which, commenced in all kindness and with the best possible motives, is now growing into an abuse. My pen is to be put in rest against the abuse of calls on a first night's performance of a piece. What is a call? (By the way, what an augury of

success it would be for a future *Roscius* to be born with a *caul*!) By a "call" is intended on the part of the audience an especial public testimony to the artist's skill. It is over and above applause; or rather it is the sum total of applause. Thus it may be stated algebraically: the denominations being Laughter, Hiss, Delight, the *L. Hiss. D.* of the Theatrical Addition and Subtraction.

By delight I mean evidenced delight; that is, clapping of hands: $m = much$. $n = none$. $s = some$.

In one Act	\mathcal{L} .	Hiss.	D.
For an effective entrance	0	0	m^2
For ditto exit	0	0	m
For a telling speech	0	0	m
For humorous lines	s	0	0
For being placed in well-contrived situations	0	0	m^m
For a final and first-rate situation	0	0	$m(m \times m)^2$

$m^2 + m + m + m^m + m(m \times m)^2 = a$ call before the curtain at the end of the Act.

And this call may be taken as the algebraic expression of aggregate feeling. But the calling at the end of an Act is a vicious custom at best, savouring of vulgar impertinent curiosity on the part of the public, and is so far uncomplimentary to the artist as it hints its desire to praise while praise can be given, a suspicion of his being unable to endure to the end.

Supposing an audience to be justly inclined, let me give a sketch of what the calls would probably be.

We are present at the first night of

THE DARK LANES OF LONDON,

Written by the celebrated author MR. PRIGGIEWIGG, and produced under the direction of MR. DASH, the eminent actor and lessee. The uppercrust audience is presented with a bill of the play. It is beautifully got up, laced, and scented. They are put into a good temper; a great point for the success of the coming piece.

Evidently here is the First Call.

Audience in Boxes, Stalls, and Dress Circle (shouting). Printer! Printer! Printer!!

[In the midst of these cries MR. BURJOICE, of Little Friars Lane, Lambeth, steps before the curtain and gracefully acknowledges the compliment.

But the bill for the pit and gallery is not so good. Evidently another call.

Pit, Gallery, &c. Printer! Printer!

[Cat-calls and hissing. MR. BURJOICE reappears, and in answer to the furious hissing from the pit and gallery, attempts an explanation, but is unable to obtain a hearing.

The Gas arrangements now attract public attention, and the plaudits are loud and long as MESSRS. METEOR & SONS (to the number of five) step before the curtain and modestly bow their thanks.

Some parts of the House have been re-decorated. This is another call, and as the cushions appear to be kept in good order, and the

place generally is free from dust, the audience testify its appreciation in the usual manner.

Audience (enthusiastically). Cleaner! Cleaner! Cleaner!!

[Three Old Women enter at P.S., and walk across the stage curtsying their acknowledgments.

Then after hissing the box-keepers and cheektakers, and the keepers of the refreshment saloon, the Conductor of the Orchestra takes his place.

The Conductor may have to respond for himself in the first instance, then the call (after the undergraduate fashion in their theatre at Commemoration time) may be for his Tailor, or his haberdasher, or his florist; viz., if he has such a superb coat as used to adorn the person of the lamented great MONS. M. JULLIEN, or a magnificent white tie or shirt, or a rare flower in his button-hole.

Next Calls. For the Composers of the pieces of music played by the orchestra, then for the Publishers—then the Play commences.

SCENE I.—A Street in Westminster, with a view of a Dust-heap, and beyond, the Serpentine and Primrose Hills in the distance. On the left is a House entirely built, with all the Rooms perfectly furnished, and the Cellars stocked with wine. Prolonged cheering.

Calls. First for the Scene Painter, for being so clever as to carry out without bungling the author's design. This call is hardly complimentary, because it seems to express astonishment on the part of the audience at his being able to do such a thing.

2nd Call. For the Manager—being to compliment him for having been so fortunate as to secure such a scenic artist and such an author.

All the respondents to these calls walk a few paces on to the stage, lift their eyes to the gallery, wag their heads, disclaiming all merit, much as to say, "Don't, don't! You mustn't really!" and back out, keeping a sharp look-out, on the audience, as if they expected it, in sheer fickleness, to suddenly take up things and throw at them.

3rd Call. For the Carpenters who built the House.

4th Call. For the Property-man who furnished it.

5th Call. For the Assistants who helped the Property-man.

6th Call. For the boy who stirred the glue-pot.

Enter DICK, the Crossing-sweeper, dressed in rags, most picturesquely.

Dick. Not a halfpenny—not a mag! All day been—

[Tremendous applause, which he takes to himself and bows.

Audience. No! No!! Costumiér! Costumiér! MAY! MAY!!

Enter MR. MAY and two of his foremen from his establishment. They point to the costume, and express their satisfaction. Dick the Sweeper (MR. WEBBINGTON) shakes hands with him heartily. Calls for the Manager. He enters: pats MR. MAY on the back. The Assistants pat each other on the back. Exeunt omnes, except DICK, the character in the Scene.

Dick. Not a mag! Well, the day will come when—

Enter LIONEL TIPTOP: he is dressed as a Modern Swell, and wears beautiful flaxen hair.

Lionel (played by Mr. Walker Pacey). 'Egad, Sir, (raising his eyebrows) when I was a young man— (Cheers. MR. W.P. bows and closes his eyes. Then is about to continue when—)

Audience. Wigs!! Wigs!! Per-ru-qui-er!!!

Enter MR. CLARKSON, with two combs in the pocket of his apron, and one behind his ear. He appears surprised, but cheerful. He inclines himself towards the audience, smiles, looks nervously at MR. PACEY'S wig, as if he'd like just to give it another twist before he retired, is nodded to condescendingly by MR. WALKER PACEY, and retires.

Lionel. When I was a young man, Sir, I'd have, &c. &c. (Goes into the House, and ascends by a lift to the first floor. Calls for the Machinist, which will be repeated at intervals throughout the piece.)

Dick. It must be she—it must be— (hesitates, and evidently forgets his part.)

Prompter (readily from the wing). She, for I know that her—

Dick (catching it up). It must be she: for I know that her father often comes this way. (Pauses.)

Prompter (again). The river rolls slowly onward—

Dick (catching it). The river rolls— (Tremendous applause.)

Audience (enthusiastically). Prompter! Prompter! Prompt-ter!!

[The PROMPTER steps forward and bows: gives DICK the next word and retires.

Dick. She comes. (No one appears.) She comes!!

Enter MISS LOTTA, just in time. (Audience applaud. MISS LOTTA curtsys deeply.)

Audience (determined that their praise shall only be given where it is due). No! No!! No!!! (Knowing that she never would have been on the stage in time without she had been called.) CALL BOY! Callboy! Call Boy!!

Enter CALL BOY. Bows, winks to Friend in gallery, and retires.

If there is real water, then the Turncock must come in for his share of praise, and so on.

Call one, Call all, or call none, excepting exceptions. "Calling" is fast becoming a matter of first-night routine, and losing its value as a public reward of merit.

Of my Alhambra Ballet I must treat next week. Space forbids.

Postscript.—Why do Managers of experience force a piece by hot-house process? Is the strawberry in January equal to the strawberry in June? And why do not Critics withhold their judgment on such a first-night performance, contenting themselves with a few lines of public warning to the rash Manager? As pieces are now-a-days produced, that is, without sufficient rehearsal ("sufficient" applying more to mode and system than to time), to come to anything like a fair decision upon their merits is next to an impossibility at a first night's representation, which is, in nine cases out of ten (to the actors', scene artists', and stage-managers' shame be it spoken), only a dress rehearsal.

I am led to these remarks by a recent visit to the Adelphi. I had seen *Monte Cristo* abused in the criticisms on its production. I have no hesitation in saying, that if the third night could have been the first, no unfavourable verdict would have been recorded. But, on the contrary, it would have been pronounced a great success, likely to hold its own for many a month to come. MR. WEBSTER is admirable in it, specially in his marvellous "make-up" as the Inspector of Prisons. MR. FECHTER, as the *Abbé Busoni* (who ought to be called the *ABBÉ BELLEW*, so closely does he in this resemble that popular entertainer), and, as the *Count of Monte Cristo*, is the very picture drawn by ALEXANDER THE GREAT. No better duel than that between MESSRS. FECHTER and PHILLIPS has been seen on the stage for some time; and if only that prison scene, with MR. STUART's long-winded story of LUCREZIA BORGIA and the College of Cardinals could be shortened, there would be no delay in the action from beginning to end. At this and all other Theatres let the Public judge for itself.

THE NEW EXCHANGE;

OR, NO ROBBERY COLUMN.

THERE is a newspaper devoted, we hear, entirely to publishing offers of exchange. Hitherto the plan, though economically valuable, has not been generally taken up, and this may be owing to the want of a medium open to all comers with any possible sort of proposal. Such a Column we now place before the public.

1. I have two volumes of TUPPER by me, one partly cut, the other uncut, and as good as new, which I wish to exchange for the three vols. of MACAULAY'S *Critical Essays*. JUNIOR SOPH.

2. Sir,—I have by me a Pantomime in MS. *never acted*. I would exchange it for a bran new umbrella, a pair of boots to fit, and a good overcoat. ROSCRUS, *New Cut, Lambeth*.

P.S. I would exchange my present position for a better any day of the week. Open to an engagement.

3. I want to exchange a first-rate gun, very strong and heavy, and has not been used for thirty years, for three good Alderney cows or a BROADWOOD'S piano for my daughters. Address, *Pharmer Copeia*.

4. I have a beautiful supply of vestments, *viz.*, chasubles, copes, and stoles by me, also several handsome censers, which I should be glad to exchange for a small quantity of honesty, humility, docility, and good sound common sense. To sell these would not be right; but Exchange is No Purchas. RITUALISTICUS, *Brighton*.

5. I want to exchange with anyone who has two thousand a year, paid quarterly, and nothing to do for it. Address, *TUPPENCE, City*.

6. MRS. DASH has a temper of her own. If any lady hasn't got one, she will be happy to effect an immediate exchange. Anything will be taken. D.

7. I have got two curious old sixpences: date unknown. I will change them for two shillings with anyone. BANQUO.

8. MISS SPINSTER has a very handsome ring, given to her years ago by her grandmother. She will exchange it for a wedding-ring, to be given to her by her husband. MARTA.

What does She Mean?

THE *Standard* says that, at the termination of the first night's performance of *Leah*, MISS BATEMAN "received a perfect ovation of bouquets." If some of the *Standard's* favourite Conservative Candidates are complimented on the hustings with cabbages, &c., shall we be told that these performers "received a perfect triumph of vegetables?"

ELECTION ADDRESSES.

VI.—DECIDEDLY CAUTIOUS.

To the Electors of Bamberough.

GENTLEMEN (I am debarred from saying Ladies and Gentlemen, after the adverse decision of the Revising Barrister),

A Dissolution of Parliament being looked upon as not improbable, I, yielding with pardonable pride to a requisition signed, as I have ascertained by a careful examination of the Borough Register, by a clear majority of your number, am not unwilling to become a Candidate for the representation of my native town in the Imperial Legislature.

With reference to the principal political questions now awaiting an answer; I have deliberately weighed all that is to be said on both sides, and am therefore fully prepared to give such a summary of my sentiments as I should rejoice to find was considered satisfactory by a Constituency so unprejudiced as that of Bamberough.

There are those who believe that Parliamentary Reform has been indulged in to a dangerous, a ruinous excess, and who predict that the funeral of the British Constitution will take place at an early date; there are others who would do ten times more than has already been done, and who prophesy a future for their country of such prosperity and power as history can supply no example. I do not participate in the despair of the alarmists; I am not carried away by the enthusiasm of the sanguine.

I shall vote for the gradual and graceful extinction of the Irish State Church, if the Catholics desire it, and the Protestants do not object to it, and a decided majority of the House demand it; and I shall be ready carefully to examine the details of any scheme that may appear to me to ensure a fair and equitable application of the revenues of the Establishment—when it has been disendowed.

I am a loyal subject of the Church of England, but yet I respect the conscientious opinions of those numerous and influential religious bodies who have separated themselves from her doctrine and discipline, and have always regretted that I was not in Parliament when Church Rates disappeared from the programme of party, nothing in the world being so agreeable to my temperament as a judicious compromise. With an impartial hand I would check the innovations of the extravagant, and correct the laxity of the indifferent, amongst the Clergy.

Economy in our National Expenditure is essential; efficiency in our National Establishments is not inferior in importance. Let there be brought under my notice some plan which shall lighten the burdens of the people, and at the same time insure the safety and welfare of the QUEEN'S dominions, and no man in the House will give it a more protracted consideration than I shall.

The various religious communities will, I trust, be able to agree on some comprehensive measure of National Education which, without offending the conscience or interfering with that personal liberty of action so justly prized by Englishmen, will offer the means of instruction to every child in the realm. When this happens, I shall not be found absent from the ranks of the workers against ignorance. It will not surprise me if I live to see the day when the nation shall claim and the universities yield the abolition of religious disqualifications.

The great landed proprietors of this country have only to form themselves into Leagues in favour of the adoption of the Ballot to secure my humble co-operation.

In the same spirit of concession I would say to those who have dominant influence in towns which though ancient and respectable are now faded and forgotten—intimate your willingness to submit to the political extinction of these boroughs, and I will, in my admiration of your unselfish patriotism give my voice for the transfer of their electoral privileges to other and more important centres of industry and enterprise.

One word in conclusion. You tell me that it is your practice to defray by a subscription amongst yourselves *all* the election expenses of the Candidate of your free choice. I have not language at my command sufficiently strong to express my unqualified approval of so excellent a custom, and one so creditable to the enlightened constituency by whose suffrages I hope speedily to be placed in the proud position of Member for Bamberough.

Your faithful Servant,

Swan Egg Lane, E.C.

BARTHOLOMEW TRIMMER.

Precaution for Prelates.

THERE is a Person who may not perhaps be quite so scarlet as she is painted. What is there to prevent the POPE from giving Ritualists gone over to Rome a dispensation to remain ostensibly in the English Church, and there act the part of decoy-ducks in regard to geese? You may be tolerably certain that he has, in fact, done no such thing; but, my Lords Bishops, would it not be well to make assurance on that point doubly sure by immediately taking all practicable measures in the several dioceses over which you preside for making a clean sweep of Ritualist duffers?



A GRATEFUL COMPLIMENT.

Freddy. "GET UP, CAPTAIN GEORGE! YOU'RE THE SORT OF DONKEY I LIKE TO RIDE!"

DEPUTATION TO LORD MAYO.

"A deputation waited upon the new Viceroy of India, on the subject of Indian gaols."—*Daily Paper.*

Secretary. The Deputation, my Lord, on the subject of gaols in India.

Lord Mayo. Dear me, are there any gaols in India? I didn't know. But one lives and learns. Show them in.

Secretary (introducing them). SIR WALTER CROFTON, MR. HASTINGS, MR. MARSHALL, MR. EDGE, MR. FORDE, MR. PANDORANG, DADABHOY NAVORGI.

Lord Mayo. Pray be seated, Gentlemen all, SIR WALTER, you and I have met before. I am very happy to know the rest of the Deputation. The object of your visit is gaols in India. And which gentleman wishes to go—ha! ha!—to an Indian gaol? (*Great laughter.*) Bedad, that's the way to tickle 'em. (*Aside.*)

Sir Walter. That, my Lord, is not, I believe, the ambition of any of us. But if your Lordship will allow me, I will explain, with as little sacrifice of your valuable time as possible.

Lord Mayo. Never mind my time. Time was made for sleeves. I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows. Well, touching these gaols in India—deliver yourself, SIR WALTER, or rather make a gaol delivery. (*More great laughter.*)

Sir Walter. I need not tell your Lordship—

Lord Mayo. Then don't. Ha! ha!

Sir Walter. Exactly. But, as your Lordship knows—

Lord Mayo. But, man, what's the good of telling me anything I know. Tell me something I don't know.

Sir Walter (aside). That might not be so difficult. Is your Lordship aware of the nature of the gaol system in India?

Lord Mayo. Is it aware? In course I am. Would I have asked for the office without being acquainted with the subject, and every other suitable to a Viceroy? A policeman, which they call a dacoity, takes hold of an offender, or chuprassee, claps pejammas on his wrists, and shows him his warrant or putully-nautch. Then he lugs him off to the Begum, or as you justly remark, gaol, and delivers him over to the

adjutant or gigantic crane, until he can be brought to brandy pawnee, which means trial. If he satisfies the deputy superintendent residential agent that he is nutkut, or innocent, he is liberated on payment of nineteen pice, which is equal to seven and sixpence; but if on the evidence of two bangles, he is found guilty, he is locked up in a jemindar until he can be brought before the Supreme Court of the Himalayas. I do not say that the system is perfect, but I think that with modifications, to which I shall give every consideration, it may be rendered available for dispensing the justice which every subject of Her Majesty has a right to expect at the hands of her unworthy but conscientious representative.

Sir Walter (after a look at his Friends). I am unaware, my Lord, that any advantage is to be gained by the prolongation of this interview.

Lord Mayo. Divil a bit, and the pleasant morning to you.

[*Exeunt Deputation with handkerchiefs in their mouths.*]

Lord Mayo. Them fellows won't come again in a hurry. My friends in the press say I'm plastic, whatever that means. Bedad, I've plastered them gaol-birds. Let's have a cigar.

THE ARMED POSTMEN.

WE cannot describe—that is, we could if we liked—the sensation of pleasure which a picture in the last *Illustrated London News* has given us. (No—we don't mean a Shakspearian full length and full breadth—sold again.) It is the picture of the Armed Postmen, exercising in the Park. Very gallant volunteers they look, and are what they look. It is hard to say whether they deliver letters or fire with more precision. It is clear that they may be trusted with any post.

"Hearken to that steady Stamp."

The general will be happy who can just "trouble his enemy with such a line" as that—we don't mean the quotation, but the brave postmen. Of all the blows he could inflict on the foe, the deadliest will be the Postmen's Knock.

BENEATH ONE'S NOTICE.—Advertisements on the Pavement.



RIVAL ACTORS.

(MR. GLADSTONE, AS *WILLIAM TELL*, HAS BEEN CALLED BEFORE THE CURTAIN "AMID THE DEAFENING PLAUDITS OF A HOUSE CRAMMED TO THE CEILING.")

MR. BENDISZY (JEREMY DIDDLE). "HE'S GOT THE HOUSE WITH HIM, THAT'S CERTAIN. AH! I MUST GIVE 'EM A TOUCH OF MY *ART*."

VERMIN AND BAKING POWDERS.



AND how you use baking powder. Read this:—

"NARROW ESCAPE OF A FAMILY FROM POISONING.—The family of a shoemaker, near Pontefract, has had a narrow escape from being poisoned. It appears that the servant girl was about to make a pudding for dinner, and asked her mistress for a baking powder. She was directed to a drawer, but instead of taking a packet of baking powder, she in mistake took a vermin powder—another illustration of the careless manner in which poisonous articles are kept."

Five of them partook of this pudding, and were very near going the way of effectually baned rats. For further details, see the *Post* of October 20th. But you

should take care how you use baking powders, not merely because if you don't you may use vermin powders instead. In the first place—witness the *Lancet*—the baking powders, if egg powders, may be coloured with chromate of lead; in which case you might nearly as well use vermin powders. In the next, baking powders are, according to the same authority, at best a mixture of carbonate of soda and tartaric acid, with a small quantity of rice or flour, and act by producing a sham fermentation. You would, perhaps, prefer the real.

Egg powders not containing chromate of lead may be innocuous, Ladies, but they are innutritious. They may be very good to make puddings for children and others with whom eggs disagree. Otherwise there is nothing so true than, as the popular saying affirms, that "eggs is eggs"—and that nothing else is. And the worst of these powders, be they ever so harmless is, Ma'am, that if cooks are not looked sharp after, there will be eggs in your bills, but, in lieu of eggs, egg powder in your puddings and pies.

For further information on this subject, see a fourpenny pamphlet, *On the Practice of Employing certain Substitutes for the genuine Ingredients of some Articles of Daily Food*. By a Lady. Therefrom it would appear, that if you have any baking powder, and also any vermin powder, the best thing you can do with them is to mix them both together, and put them in the way of vermin.

PAPAL PLUSH IN PARLIAMENT.

OF course no man can serve two masters, but politically Dundalk and Rome (ecclesiastical) are one place. Yet should the Irish Romish borough re-elect its present representative, it will have a Parliamentary servant in livery of another description than any which he has worn heretofore. Such, at least will be the case if there is truth in the statement referred to by a contemporary as follows:—

"SIR GEORGE BOWYER.—It is stated that SIR GEORGE BOWYER, Bart., M.P. for Dundalk, has just been made a member of the Pontifical Household, having been appointed by his Holiness the Pope as one of his Chamberlains in recognition of his services to the Roman Catholic Church."

Is the Pontifical Household identical with the original Household of Faith? Then, how many chamberlains were there in that primitive establishment, and did they wear the same plush, lace, shoulder-knots, or other peculiarities of uniform as those in which, according to the above-quoted announcement, SIR GEORGE BOWYER will be qualified, if permitted, to appear as the Member for Dundalk and Rome in the House of Commons?

POSSIBLE PUBLICATIONS.

Wiped at Sea. A Romantic Novel, by the Author of *Washed Ashore*.
The Bachelor Inkstand. A Narrative, by the Author of *The Family Pen*.

Crushing a Cockchafer. A Sensational Novel, by the writer of *Breaking a Butterfly*.

The Discovered Match-box. A Domestic Tale, by the Author of *The Lost Link*.

Banjo and You. A Nigger Novel, by the Writer of *Bones and I*.

BY OUR ASTROLOGER.

THE Planet favourable to Ritualists—VESTA.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

THE LAKE DISTRICT.

Ordinary Hotel Charges.

	s	d.
Breakfast, plain	1	6
" good looking	2	0
" strikingly handsome	3	0
Dinner, soup or fish, with joint or cutlets	2	6
" fish or soup, with cutlets or joint	Half-a-crown.	
Tea	1	6
" with eggs	More eggs expensive.	
Sitting-room, Three to Five Shillings. Standing room, gratis.		
Attendance charged in the bill, but waiting in the passage.		

Charges for Conveyance.

For a one-horse conveyance, 1s. per mile.—(A reduction after the first fifty miles.)

For a two-horse conveyance, 1s. 6d. per mile.

Therefore always travel with a two horse conveyance, because you'll thereby save sixpence a mile; that is, you *would* if—oh, bother! In certain cases you will have to pay for the driver's dinner and a feed for the horses. Tell the former to draw the line at Clitquot, and remember in ordering the poor animals' food that they generally rank amongst the has beans. Stage coach fares are threepence a mile outside, and fourpence-halfpenny a mile inside. Cuts nearer the middle come more expensive, and see they send home the liver. Drivers expect a shilling. By not giving them anything you will have saved twelvepence, and have taught a deserving class a useful lesson on the vanity of human hopes.

WINDERMERE LAKE.

An anomaly; for though considered almost the deepest lake in the district, it is one of the easiest to get over. Char are numerous in this lake, and are quite the piscine swells of the small ocean; so much so, that the other fish all look up to them and exclaim, on their approach, "Pray silence for the Char!" It is sometimes taken for trout, but that is only when it's potted. The tourist must climb Orrest Head, and go to Bowness, which is a mile and a half from Windermere, and particularly take notice of Belle Isle, an island containing a perfectly round dwelling-house, supposed to be the most perfect brick and mortar embodiment of the "domestic circle" extant; nor should the Two Pikes be missed, though you needn't look for them in the water, because they're not *there*; and so on to Conistone, where you will meet with the Old Man. This is a mountain (nothing to do with the Old Man of the Mountain—oh no, we mean the Old Man of the Sea—eh? Which is it? Never mind), and the Walna Scar road here, passing through Church Conistone, takes you to some wonderful scenery, on which WORDSWORTH wrote—

"That mountain stream, where shepherd and his cot
Are privileged inmates of deep solitude."

This is absurd. How can a *cot* be an inmate? Now if it was altered to "where Shepherd and his *Creswick*,"* it would read sensibly, at all events. But we forgot; this is a guide to Cumberland, not Surrey. The Lake of Conistone is also called Thurston Water, which is a meaningless title—thirst on water! A lake, too! Isn't it absurd, now, on the face of it? PROFESSOR WILSON, speaking of the view from the mountain side at Lowwood, close by, says, "Bold or gentle promontories break all the banks into frequent bays." The only bank we should imagine that would be likely to break into a *bay* would be—now, are you quite prepared? Well, *Dog-ger Bank*, then—there! But the subject of banks breaking is always unpleasant, and so on to *Ambleside*, which is a most irregular little town, dating its wickedness from its very foundation, which is itself badly inclined. It abounds in villas in fact, as an irreverent jester has observed, it

"Possesses every kind of villa—nigh."

We are sorry to have to speak the truth about Ambleside, but it should behave better, and mend its ways, which are very rocky, though pleasant, more especially that leading to *Rydal*, which you are particularly requested not to pronounce "riddle," because the natives don't like it, but proceed to *Grasmere*, of which next week.

* *Vide* Surrey Theatre.

Another Defender for the Church.

In the list in the *Times* of the principal guests at the banquet given at Liverpool to the American Minister, occurs the name of "MAJOR-GENERAL ARCHDEACON JONES." The question has been asked, whether he attended as the representative of the Church Militant?

A GREAT DISTINCTION.

AN article in one of the Reviews is headed, "On Ancient Cave Men." Which of the nations of antiquity could boast of its Adul-lamites?



CONSIDERATE.

Lady (with substantial luncheon) to her Maid. "YOU MAY ASK FOR A GLASS OF WATER AND A BUN, PARKER, IF YOU LIKE."

PHYSICAL FORCE CONSERVATIVE MACHINES.

WHATEVER MR. BRIGHT, MR. GLADSTONE, and the great Liberal party may think as to the expediency of conserving the British Constitution, they are no doubt all prepared to vote for the Conservation of Force. As far as that goes also, the followers of MR. DISRAELI may safely trust him for being a true Conservative, and not betraying them by insensible education. It will, therefore, be agreed on both sides that MR. ERICSSON, the original designer of the *Monitor*, has done the state, and every state, some service if he really has, as he is said to have, succeeded in constructing a machine for collecting and applying the force which, in the form of heat, radiates from the sun. Perhaps there are few young ladies now who do not know that the sun is the one sole origin of all force, though we get it immediately out of coal for our steam-engines, and for our limbs, and those of our horses, out of the food and provender with which we stoke ourselves and them. Most girls who have read SWIFT—a much fitter author for them than any sensational novelist—in laughing at the idea of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, have nevertheless recollected that this is what they themselves do whenever they eat cucumbers, if they digest them; and then that the sunbeams may actually re-appear in the light of a sparkling eye.

It is suggested that a steam-engine of any horse-power might be set in action by the sun, and made to compress all its force into springs, therein to be stored for use. Modesty alone prevents Mr. Punch from saying that this is a very clever idea, for he himself not very long ago started, as far as the storage of force goes, the very same. Only, instead of going directly to the sun for force, he proposed to derive it from certain intermediate sources; namely, convicts under sentence of penal servitude or imprisonment and hard labour. He pointed out, he believes, that a crank worked by a strong rogue, might, instead of wasting muscular energy on the prison air, be made to stock it by the condensation of air confined in iron cylinders. For practical purposes it matters not of what material the spring to be the reservoir of force may consist, whether it be gaseous or metallic. If, however, MR. ERICSSON'S conservation of force machine is preferable to the contrivance suggested by Mr. Punch, let it by all means be rather adopted.

Only don't suffer the force now uselessly expended by convicts to be any longer thrown away. "Unproductive labour" in gaols and houses of correction is simply a sinful waste of oatmeal, molasses, potatoes, bread, and all the beef or mutton that may be allowed for the unproductive labourer's consumption. Primarily it is so much sun-power, ultimately wasted. The sun must needs shine both upon the just and on the unjust; the former employ its force in uses—there is no reason why the latter should be not only allowed, but even constrained to throw it away.

There is much other muscular power besides that exerted at the crank and on the treadmill squandered in motion, which if not unproductive labour, is unproductive force. In dancing, for instance, could not the impulse of the light fantastic toe, by a suitable mechanism connected with floors, be made to communicate force to some sort of spring of sufficient delicacy, which would retain it till wanted? The accumulated force of all the dancing that goes on would be enormous. Look at the quantity of force that is dissipated during the spring and summer in London by young oarsmen racing and pulling up the river. It might be too much to expect them to pull away at conservation of force engines instead; but some of them might be pleased to do that occasionally for the benefit of their fellow-citizens as well as their own recreation. There are also many young men of large fortune and no business, for whose idle hands mischief, as DR. WATTS says, is continually found by Somebody to do. Thus is force worse than wasted, whereas it might be treasured for good purposes if those who have no better employment could occasionally be induced to amuse themselves by taking a turn at the machine for its conservation.

RHYME FOR RITUALISTS.

Is there in the English Church as
Great a goose as MR. PURCHAS?

WHAT ARE THE BUILDERS ABOUT?—There is one important district in the Metropolis where an enterprising speculator might make his fortune by satisfying a great want, at least if we are right in the meaning we attach to the placards—"Chambers for Marylebone."

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITH A VOICE—SECOND SPECIES OF THE GENUS IN ITS SUBDIVISION.

Continuation of the Day with the Little Man with the Big Voice.—During breakfast he hopes I'll excuse him just keeping his eye on a piece of music-paper, which he rests before him against the sugar-basin. It is his part—basso—in the Mediaeval Glee, or Catch, or Madrigal, or whatever it is called—"When the Little Birds Warble"—and he has to get it up for the concert the day after to-morrow. It pleases him to have it before him, because he flatters himself he is "studying" all the time. He takes it with his toast-and-butter; he keeps his left eye on it while he pours tea out for me with his right hand. He glances at it while he holds out his plate, and he fixes his mind upon it; that is, he thinks he does; even when talking to me. For he *does* talk, this breakfast practice being to keep the notes before his eyes, and so to get 'em into his throat that way, and also to fancy himself singing, so that he is having an inaudible rehearsal, and, except when he is carried away by some theme which may be started in the course of our conversation, he talks to me in that staccato manner, peculiar to young ladies who try to keep up a flirtation with you while they are playing SIGNOR SCHERZO's elegant variations on "*Maggie Lauder*." Under such conditions a flirtation is well worth keeping up, it being a drawing-room purgatory to the young lady who, in all probability, thoroughly deserves such refined torture. As, however, I am not dealing with young ladies, but with BILLY SILFORD, the Little Man with the Big Voice, let me continue.

I cannot interest him in politics (I don't mind his having his music-paper up before him, because thereby I get the newspaper all to myself, nor in the weather; so I become absorbed in the *Times*, and breakfast time glides peacefully away.

Having finished the *Times*, and finding that the state of the world generally will not materially affect my arrangements for to-day, I ask SILFORD what he is going to do.

"Well," says he, "I *must* get up this thing: there's a particular passage I can't catch for the life of me. Stop!"

As if suddenly inspired, he turns away from me, and goes into a corner, with his face to the wall, like a naughty boy.

Here he begins growling to himself, with his head first declined then uplained, in order to get out the bass notes and the higher notes; and this makes him look like a duck feeding.

I hear him trying several low notes in his voice. I feel a sort of pity for him; I should almost like to pat him on the back, as officious people will do when you're choking, and say, "Never mind, old boy: it'll do you good." But I'm afraid he'd be offended.

The attempt is abortive: and so, after alternately making double chins (which is his mode of producing double bass) and stretching his neck out as though he were easing it over the points of an overstarched collar, he gives it up for the present and comes out for a walk.

He is nothing if not musical. If I start, as a topic, the elections, it only suggests to him the notion that if candidates might sing their speeches, how easily SANTLEY might come in for some imaginary borough.

The mention of SANTLEY leads him on to ask me if I remember that eminent vocalist's rendering of "*Ruddier than the Cherry*," of which he immediately stops in the road to give me reminiscences. He does it with a good deal of wagging of his head and elevating his eyebrows, and suddenly breaks off with, "Ah! what a voice he has!" as a sort of apology for his own performance.

The political state of Italy is nothing to him compared with its musical state; and a question of mine as to the progress of philosophy in Germany, merely opens a way to him to introduce, at the corner of a lane, under a sign-post, an imitation of HERR FORMES, as *Marcel*, singing "*Piff Paff*."

My Little Man with a Big Voice is very fond of "*Piff Paff*," and of his souvenirs of HERR FORMES: he will also want to know (if you encourage him, as I do BILLY SILFORD) whether you remember LABLACHE. If you say that you do, he will merely say, "Ah! there was a fine voice!" and subside into an interior contemplation of that great vocalist's performance. If you do *not* remember the original, you will be immediately treated to, as it were, a Lablache Entertainment, which you won't forget in a hurry.

I suggest, at the conclusion of what I may term the third part; that is, LABLACHE as *Dulcamara*; that we should continue our walk.

"Ah," says he, as we stride along again, "I wish I had such a voice as that. Stop a moment!" he cries, suddenly. Is he ill? He turns away. What have I said? anything to annoy, to pain—or—

He, with his face averted, waves his hand to me impatiently, and deprecating my interruption. I am silent.

From the second roll of his double chin comes out—

"When the Lit-tle—When the Li-ey-e-e-e-e,"

and then he stops, then tries another note, then begins again, stops at the same place, and fails for the second time.

"Hang it!" says he, turning to me, "I could have sworn I had it that time. I think if you hadn't spoken just at that minute—"

I beg his pardon. "I really didn't know—"

"No," he says, slightly put out, "of course you couldn't know; but when you see a fellow trying to get a tune, you oughtn't to interrupt."

I won't again, I promise, and we walk on.

I try him upon the subject of travel. Does he know Rome?

Ah! wouldn't he like to go there, and hear the Gregorians in the Sistine Chapel.

I have unconsciously set him off on a favourite subject. Little SILFORD with a big voice has very decided views about Church music. He declares for Gregorians; not from any theological bias, but simply on account (I believe, though, he doesn't own this) of the scope this style affords for a voice like his.

"You see," he explains, "with a regular Gregorian you can *pull it out*," in which expression he treats his voice as if it were a sort of trombone. "There's something so simple and solemn in a Gregorian: it goes straight to your heart." By the way, I once went to hear SILFORD sing Gregorian in a chapel. I have no doubt it would have gone straight to my heart, if it hadn't stopped somewhere on the road, and made me feel very uncomfortable.

By the way, BILLY is not a High Churchman, except in point of musical taste; he is decidedly a *Low* Churchman in voice, and a broad one in his views on such questions, and where music is the consideration. I have known him figuring away in the choir of a Catholic church, when they'd given him a Gregorian to sing; and BILLY in a procession, with a large book and a surplice, is an impressive sight. He is indefatigable in his own parish, and when we return from our walk he expects the Choir for practice. I don't think this voluntary association is so enthusiastic as SILFORD, for only two come, and they are both baritones. So they grumble and growl together, and try fugues arranged for ten voices, with seven imagined.

A friend looks in, after this practice is over, and accidentally, while looking out of window, hums.

SILFORD immediately accompanies him with a bass to the tune. The Hummer leaves off, thinking SILFORD's bass a hint to be quiet. On the contrary, SILFORD begs him to continue, as he wants to try his bass.

This is a peculiarity with my Little Man with a Big Voice. He never can hear any tune started without evincing an irrepressible desire to harmonise it, whether with a bass or a second. If the bass fails, he will try a second, or *vice versa*. The Man with an Ear has no chance against him: if he begins to hum, Little Man with a Big Voice lays wait for him attentively, catches him up about the fourth bar, and insists upon *following* him with a bass harmony. I say *following*, because, as SILFORD doesn't always hum to time, but is invariably ready for a harmony at all hazards, he has to let each note get (so to speak) a little ahead of him before he can tack on something like an appropriate one from his bass stock.

The effect is curious, and generally, unless SILFORD meets with a very determined Hummer with a power of self-abstraction, results in the starter of the tune treating the matter as a contest, and giving it up.

An hour before dinner (we are dining early in the afternoon, because he has to keep his voice clear for the rehearsal in the evening), I see him standing in the summer-house, engaged, apparently, in the examination of some minute object at his feet—a snail, perhaps.

"What's that?" I call out to him: "A snail?"

He shakes his head and fists petulantly.

I don't understand him.

"What is it?" I shout, thinking perhaps that he's swallowed something which is agonising him.

I go up to him.

"Oh, hang it!" he says, reproachfully; "I wish you wouldn't. It's the third time you've done it to-day."

"What?" I ask, innocently.

"Why, disturbed me just as I'd got it. How the deuce can a fellow ever get a passage right if, directly he hits on the starting note correctly, you halloo out to him; in another key altogether, too?"

I say I'll leave him to himself.

"Oh!" he exclaims, despairingly, "it's all gone now. I might have got it, and been perfect before dinner."

After the rehearsal and the last try at night, he comes to my room in his dressing-gown. Without saying a single word, he stands at the door, and delivers himself of the bass passage required in "*When the Little Birds Warble*."

"There!" he says; "got it at last. Now, the thing is to keep it."

So he commences again, and at the third note misses his tip, struggles ineffectually to recover himself; but not all the King's horses, nor all the King's men, can place my Little Man with a Big Voice in his tune again.

HAPPLY COUPLED IN A COUPLET.

MILL and CHADWICK:
ROUS and PADWICK.



"SOMETHING WRONG."

New Parlour-Maid. "HERE'S THREE ON 'EM, MUM, AN' ONLY TWO TICKETS!!"

THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

(From our own Correspondent.)

In answer to several questions on matters of detail in the present crisis, we beg to state that GENERAL PRIM is not a Quaker. Also, that the Rose which bears his name was not so called after him.

They say the Spanish Onions have risen in a body. *I perfectly believe it.*

The Anti-Slavery Society have memorialised the Spanish Provisional Government. A foreigner, hearing this, quoted *Hamlet's* line—"What's 'Cuba to him, or he to 'Cuba?"

Freedom of thought is proclaimed everywhere. I am thinking what I like, and so is everybody else. Expression, however, is dangerous, and even a countenance may be mistaken.

Religious Equality is also proclaimed, and, as a commencement, all the property of the Monastic or Conventual Institutions has been confiscated, and appropriated to the present uses of the Provisional Government.

This is levelling down. (Why not level up (as I said to PRIM myself), by placing all Religious bodies on an equality with your Monastic Communities? PRIM said it was only a Provisional Government, and that, in short, he begged I wouldn't bother, as he didn't exactly—and—would I call to-morrow. Poor fellow!

I cannot write any more at present, as I have got to dine with the Junta at Madrid. Being a *Provisional* Government, of course they're bound to provide dinners for everyone. Do you recollect our childhood's song—

"Rain, Rain,
Go to Spain."

Well, here it is; and, if I didn't know the joke was such a desperately old one, I should say that, although the Queen no longer reigns, yet—but I *will* say it, at dinner to-day: they don't know it here, and the Junta will be delighted. PRIM and SERRANO were enchanted with my song about ISABELLA.

For, oh, poor ISABELLA,
You are the sort of feller,

To sit inside a Cellar,
And mend an Umbe-rel-lar.

The above has a political signification, which you could only understand by having resided in Spain for some time.

You cannot stay at home, Ma'am,
Then why not go to Rome, Ma'am,
Or cross the ocean's foam, Ma'am,
And go to Angle terrey.

For, oh, poor ISABELLA, &c., as before.

Here's a good thing, said by PRIM. (N.B. *Private and not to be printed.* Put it in, because *I've pledged my word to him* that it should appear in *Punch*.)

"What," he asked, "is the difference between a certain fashionable colour and our present Government?"

I gave it up, it being just dinner-time.

"Why," says he, "the one is *Magenta*, the other is *My Junta*."

Of course he accommodated his Spanish to his company. Just like him. Noble Nature.

Yours ever,

SANKY PANSIE.

Important Announcement.

MR. BEALES has recognised the Spanish Revolution, which is very much gratified. He is, however, less satisfied with Vesuvius, and means to call the attention of the Reform League to the conduct of that mountain, and possibly to propose a vote of censure on the eruption.

Riddle on Ritualism.

RITUALISTS burn incense. Why?
To perfume a Church that's High.
Well—but, rather, I suppose,
To lead donkeys by the nose.

"THE ACT OF UNION."—Getting Married.



TWO SIDES TO A QUESTION.

Squire. "YOUR NAME SMITH?"

Smith. "YESSIR."

Squire. "AH, I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE THE MAN WHO GIVES SO MUCH TROUBLE TO MY KEEPERS!"

Smith. "AX YER PARDON, SQUIRE, YOUR KEEPERS IS MUCH MORE TROUBLE TO ME!"

A VOLUNTEER POLICE WANTED.

"CONSTABLES, FORM, FORM," might be the first line of a song by which MR. TENNYSON will perhaps do London the service of creating a Volunteer Police. Under the orders of SIR RICHARD MAYNE, the Metropolitan Policemen are employed in taking dogs into custody, and seizing hoops, instead of looking after thieves and apprehending footpads. As appears from the letter of "E" in the *Times*, not one Police-officer can be spared at Scotland Yard to watch a house which it is known that burglars intend to break into. The regular Policemen have as much work as they can do in the service of catching curs and mongrels, and hoop-hunting, assigned to them by their Chief. Literally, the Police has gone to the dogs. Roughs and footpads range the streets, committing outrages unmolested, enjoying a system of strict non-intervention. Society is in a state of absolute invasion.

There are many spirited young men, possessed of wealth, but not provided with work, who do that of coachmen, for want of better. They are driven by idleness to drive four-in-hand. Some pop their time away in pigeon-shooting, others kill it at billiards, and by various other unproductive amusements. The practical duties of Policemen would afford them ample pastime with the advantage of excitement, attended by the new and pleasurable feeling of conscious utility rewarded by the thanks of Business and the smiles of Beauty, in the balcony as well as at the area. Constables, therefore, form, form; that is to say, Swells, get sworn in as special constables, and organise yourselves into divisions. Grasp your truncheons; go forth on your beats; and arrest the street robbers whilst the paid protectors of the public and preservers of the peace are occupied, by command of SIR RICHARD MAYNE, in the capture of canine vagabonds, and a crusade against children.

THE PROPER JUDGE.

AN arrangement has been made for all cases arising out of the new dog-code to be tried by MR. COMMISSIONER KERR.

COX FOR FINSBURY!

"Mr. Cox is again coming forward for Finsbury."—*Election Intelligence.*

LET Finsbury, now on her trial,
Cry, "*Cox et Præterea Nihil.*"
Or, in his own style to put it,
"Sing out 'Cox,' and nothing but it."
Punch awaits, and England too,
Cox his cock-a-doodle-doo—
Shrilly and sonorous song,
Silent in the House too long!
Why so loud and oft is rung
AYRTON, of the Hamlets' tongue?
Why should LOCKES of Southwark creak?
Why should RATS of Lambeth squeak?
Chaff and flower of speech, at will
Why should grind Westminster's MILL?
Who are your MAC-GULLAGHS, HUGHESSES,
CHAMBERSES and HARVEY LEWISES,
Cox and Cox's like, to wallop us,
As M.P.'s for the Great Metrolopus?
Who asks Finsbury's sweet *votes*?
Punch's game-cock of all COXES:
Lack of whom the flavour lessens
Of his "*Parliamentary Essence*."
Cox, whose light makes day more sunny;
Cox, whose fun makes *Punch* more funny;
Cox, whose wisdom, strained through *Punch*,
Beats all Gotham in a bunch!
Forth then, Finsbury, use thy powers
To bring back thy Cox and ours.
Since he left it, dull as lead,
The House, for *Punch*, hath lacked its head.
Geese are written on Rome's scroll,
As birds that saved the Capitol,
And many Geese to Parliament
This *our* Capital hath sent,
And many Geese, till Geese have end,
This *our* Capital will send.
But Finsbury Rome's lesson mocks,
And to all Geese prefers her Cox.
And back on him she well may fall—
Her Cox, to whom all Geese are small,
In his protection proud to vest
Her Capital and interest!
Our Princeps Senatûs he,
Punch's favourite M.P.,
XXX of butts e'er sent
By Borough into Parliament.
Then up with him to the Box!
Finsbury is worthy Cox;
And save Cox, find an M.P.,
That worthy is of Finsbury!

Sweet Thing to Say.

Iron-grey middle-aged Gentleman (who has been for some time using Leadbitter's Hair Restorer) to good-natured Friend. Eh? I say, SCRUGGLES, it seems to me that my hair has lately got darker.

Scruggles. Very likely. Your hair seems to have got darker, because your eyes have got dimmer.

INEVITABLE.

PEOPLE are very angry with the Member for Westminster for taking upon him to issue certificates of character to candidates, right and left. *He* says he has a right to back up his friends; and, after all, if you go in for a Mill, you *must* have a backer.

New Fashion.

SEE an advertisement thus headed and worded:—

"VEGETABLE HAIR. Best quality. Wholesale price." Carrots, of course.

THE SCHOOLMASTER (WANTED) ABROAD.

THE great want in Spain is education for the masses. They have got their PRIM; but they still stand in grievous need of their *primer*.

WILL THERE BE WAR?



ow that the French newspapers are full of information upon this momentous question, it seems absurd to talk about the press as being "gagged," when daily it supplies such intelligence as follows:—

"We hasten to apprise our readers of an interesting circumstance, which occurred on the occasion of the EMPEROR's late visit to the camp at Châlons. As the cavalry (10,000 strong) were marching past at a hand-gallop, the eagle eye of his Majesty, with the aid of a large opera-glass, discerned that seven of the horses had, each of them, a nail missing in one of their hind shoes. Subsequent examination proved that the EMPEROR had been accurately correct in detecting this deficiency in the equipment of his troops. Trifling

in itself, the incident acquires a marked importance from the fact that it shows with what a searching scrutiny the EMPEROR reviews his army, and proves therefore that his Majesty considers War as imminent."—*Le Menteur du Midi*.

"The fact is not less interesting than, as we think, significant, that his Highness, the Prince Imperial, has, under the guidance of his military tutor been sketching out a plan for a Winter Campaign. When it is remembered that youths are prone to imitate the actions of their fathers, it may be readily imagined that the EMPEROR is engaged upon a similar employment as the one which now so profitably occupies the leisure of the Prince."—*Courrier de Foville*.

"Panic-mongers we are not, but we cannot help observing a curious coincidence. Years, as has been proved, are often similar in decades. Now, the vintage has this autumn been extraordinarily fine. Since that of 1858, no wine has been grown equal to it. But France has not forgotten yet that 1858 was followed by 1859, and that a fine vintage of the red wine of Bordeaux was the prelude of the red tide which flowed at Solferino. So the rare wine we are making now in 1868 may in 1869 refresh our gallant soldiers, when they return triumphant from Rhineland and the Danube."—*Le Frélon Bordelais*.

"We hasten to announce that, as a welcome addition to the batteries at Dieppe, the gallant garrison who have the charge of the old Château were put yesterday in command of a new *batterie de cuisine*. By a like thoughtful attention to the wants of our brave army in the present warlike crisis, a new soup ladle was supplied for the table of the officers, accompanied most opportunely by half-a-dozen napkins and nine electro-plated spoons. This addition to the stores and *matériel* of war, in a fortress so important as the Château de Dieppe, may be accepted as a proof that a campaign is now regarded well nigh as a certainty by the ever-watchful Government of France."—*Rataplan du Nord*.

"With every desire to put a peaceable construction on the circumstance that Prussia has reduced, in a slight measure her preposterously large, and in fact, unwieldy army, we regret that, on the contrary, to us it seems to indicate a settled warlike purpose. Why should Prussia have dismissed some hundred thousand of her troops, if not merely as a boast, "There, see what I can do!" and a bragging challenge, plainly, for France to go and fight? If we wait another twelvemonth, perhaps Prussia will disband another hundred thousand, and thus reduce her army to a manageable compass. But we would not take a mean advantage of delay. Our counsel is for war, for instant battle with the braggart. Let us at once annihilate this Enemy to Peace. Let us crush this *coquin*—this Slaughterer of Schleswig—this Havocker of Hanover—this Despoiler of Denmark—whom England feared to fight. A million swords are ready to leap forth from their scabbards, and strike for the good cause. *Vox populi, vox Dei*, it is the Nation's voice that clamours now for War. France boldly calls for vengeance on the Brigand of Berlin."—*Petit Brailard de Brest*.

"We have confidence in stating that a feather serves to show the way the wind is blowing, and we may state with equal confidence that the feather in the incident which we may here relate shows that the Gallic weather-cock is pointing now to War. This we think will be apparent when we mention that on Tuesday last his Majesty the EMPEROR went out shooting sea-gulls, being, as is usual, attended by

his armourer, and the other gallant officers who form his *corps de chasse*. The day's sport was devised that he "might get his hand in," as His Majesty, with some significance, remarked; and the fact that he had done so was happily apparent, when he returned to dinner with a feather in his cap. Now, the Romans in their augury were often guided by a bird, and doubtless in the eyes of the historian of CÆSAR, this slain sea-gull has been viewed as a favourable omen. The Black Eagle is assuredly a bigger bird to hit, and there is little fear that, after the practice he has had, the EMPEROR will miss the mark he plainly now is aiming at."—*L'Incendie Provinciale*.

"For our own parts we believe that there will *not* be War—for some few months at any rate. It is however only prudent that all who live by commerce should reflect, in this great crisis that war when it *does* come brings paralysis to trade, and that stagnation for awhile is better than rash speculation, which is sure to end in ruin. Have our commercial readers reflected on the fact that Venus has been nightly visible of late? Mythology will inform them of the strong tie which existed between Venus and Mars, and they may learn from any schoolboy that wherever Venus went Mars was pretty sure to follow."—*Le Tremblour Financier*.

"We would gladly count ourselves with those who still believe in peace. Yet what are we to think of an appalling fact like this? Our readers are aware that our gallant GENERAL CHASSEPOT has been sent, of course incognito and under a feigned name, upon a most important secret mission to Berlin. Arriving there at nightfall and in most complete disguise, he was at once invited to a banquet at the Palace, and had the privilege of sitting on the right hand of the King. Little of much consequence transpired till the third course, when desiring with his salad to partake of a roast chicken, the brave General was most pointedly, as well as most politely presented with the *drumstick*! Clearly if the King had any real wish for peace, he would have taken special care to have excluded from his table so bellicose a viand."—*Petit Journal des Niais*.

"Our readers, like ourselves, will be startled to observe that Rentes fell yesterday no less than $\frac{1}{2}$ below the previous quotation. The circumstance becomes the more alarming from the fact that speculation is at present quite unknown upon the Bourse, the only persons who do business at this continental crisis being *bond fide* buyers for investment. The only cause as yet assigned for this remarkable depression was a rumour that the EMPEROR, while dressing after a bathe, had twice been heard to sneeze, and from this it was assumed that His Majesty unhappily had caught a sudden chill, by which his valuable life might haply be imperilled."—*Le Gobe-mouches de la Gironde*.

NURSERY RHYMES.

Suggested by some recent letters to the "Times."

HUSHABY, baby, sleep sound as a top,
While JANE goes and stares at that milliner's shop:
No doubt if you wake you will make a great squall,
But little she careth how loudly you bawl.

Sing a song of nursing: in the Park you'll spy
Four-and-twenty hussies flirting on the sly;
While in their perambulators the children may be seen,
And if they tumble out of them they'll hurt their heads, I ween.

If she rides the high horse, and gives you her sauce,
Be sure that your nursemaid is cruel and cross:
If she's rings on her fingers, and buyeth smart clothes,
She'll bully your baby wherever she goes.

Pipsy Popsy had a great fall,
Pipsy Popsy made a great squall:
But Mamma's a fine lady, and trusts to her maid,
So poor baby will tumble again, I'm afraid.

New Ghost Melody.

A CRITIC speaks of "the apparition of a dramatic singer of such indisputable promise as Miss MINNIE HAUCK." But is it not Miss HAUCK herself who is singing at Covent Garden? Why then startle us with the idea that it is her ghost, and delude perhaps thousands in search of a new sensation to go to the theatre possessed with that notion? We do not doubt that a dramatic singing apparition would draw immensely, if one could be engaged.

THE ENGLISH PRIMACY.

It cannot be denied that many holders of the see of Canterbury have committed, at various times, various blunders; but at all events, it must be true, that whatever his after-career may be, every new Archbishop commences by *succeeding*.

QUE DIABLE VA-T-IL FAIRE DANS CETTE GALÈRE ?



ALBS and the Nile?

Crocodiles and the Nile, if you please, or even River-horses, or Sea-cows, but WALES? There are rivers in Macedon, and rivers in Monmouth, and we have it, on *Fluellin's* authority, that there are salmons in both; but the Nile has never till now been the home or haunt of WALES, that we heard of. What can WALES have to do with the Father of Rivers? Or even if H.R.H. be supposed suddenly smitten with a desire to study PRAZZI

SMYTH's Pyramidal theory, or to pop the question to the Sphinx, what can be the attraction for our darling little Princess of that region of donkey-drivers and dried Copts, mud and mummies, Sheikhs and Sakias, bakshish and blue-bottles, hieroglyphics and "hunts on the skin," ophthalmia and oppression, plagues and pashas, 'owling derishes and 'owling deserts? Scorning any obvious and abject word-play on ALEXANDRIA and Alexandria, we think we can suggest one reason, at least, for ALBERT EDWARD's Nile voyage. Now England has shot Niagara, which everybody owns as the first cataract in the world, England's future king has gone to study the Second Cataract, and make sure that the next time England takes it into her head to play *Sam Patch*,* it shan't be a "leap in the dark" as far as *he* is concerned.

* The famous Yankee diver, who took a leap in the dark, over Niagara, before England ventured on the exploit.—(See CARLYLE.)

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

THE LAKE DISTRICT.

Helm Crag is an object of interest at Grasmere. It is a very peculiarly shaped hill, and has been compared to all sorts of things, WORDSWORTH saying it reminded him of an "ancient woman seated on Helm Crag." We have all seen the "man at the helm," here is the woman. Between *Helm Crag* and *Silver How* lies the valley of *Easedale*, containing a very large tarn. Nature might as well have provided two, remembering the adage that "one good tarn deserves another," but she has been somewhat selfish in this instance; indeed one of the poets says of the valley in question,

"This spot was built by Nature for herself,"

and as is usually the case with builders, she has looked after her own comfort. Commend us to the corner houses these gentlemen secure for their own inhabiting, they are generally snug. Landlords don't drink the worst wine in the house, as a rule. About a mile further on is the *Wishing Gate*. Here you may wish for anything you like, and don't you wish you may get it. Mind and take what is called "The Langdale Excursion," it is the only journey in which the traveller may safely "do the pikes,"—

"The two huge peaks,
That from some other vale peer into this."

One is called Pike o' Stickle and the other Harrison Stickle. Pike's easy to mount, but Harrison's ticklish. The Dungeon Ghyll New Hotel is close by; not a very inviting name, but the cells—we beg pardon—the bed-rooms—are capital, and you may obtain guides here, but with the discursive, suggestive, and severely correct one *Punch* is providing for you, it would be waste of money; for they tell you so much you don't want to know, so much you know already, and so much that they don't know themselves, but have learnt to believe in from constant repetition. Mind and look out for Elterwater Tarn and Loughrigg, on which spot WILSON wrote some exquisite lines, though you can't see them without a very strong glass.

Keswick is a pleasant little town, famous for its pencils, which are made of plumbago, sounding like something good to eat; but it is, in fact, nothing more nor less than black lead, or to speak chemically, carburet of iron; and whilst on the subject of toothsome titles, Buttermere Lake, famous for its char (who come up to the surface to be potted in the most engaging manner) is highly suggestive of good living; in fact, the tourist will find the whole district has a kind of hunger-inducing property in its very air, reminding him somehow of crusty bread and butter, sardines, marmalade, and fresh river fish. The very names of the places make one want to eat, as the snowy

white table-cloth and shining plate and glass of a good little country inn give an extra whet to the traveller's appetite, and make him think the piece of boiled cod and the juicy steak a dinner for a starving Emperor. How is this? Whoever felt any appetite in Newport or Stockport, or Sheffield, or those sweet towns around Manchester? One takes food there as an engine takes in water, because one can't get along without it, but as to *dining*—Bah!

Derwentwater.—A beautiful lake with three islets, and a floating island full of air-bubbles, proving the truth of SHAKESPEARE's remark, "The earth hath bubbles as the water hath." This island occasionally rises to the surface, turns green, and goes down. Most people consider this rather odd. A little way past Keswick may be seen "The Jaws of Borodale;" at present they have not been made "beautiful for ever."

Bassenthwaite Water is worth seeing too, and so is *Skiddaw*, a mountain six miles from Keswick, and which you *must* ascend. From this extraordinary place you can see, it appears to us, almost everything—Dumfries and the Cheviots, Penrith and Helvellyn, Lancaster Castle and the Isle of Man. On very clear days you can do what many politicians have striven in vain to do for many years—you can even make out Ireland. Well might WORDSWORTH put it thus—

"What was the great Parnassus' self to thee,
Mount Skiddaw?"

We repeat the last line emphatically—by all means mount Skiddaw. The tourist must also go to *Lodore*, where there is a capital hotel, with a wonderful rush of waters when a traveller arrives. So remarkable is this that a famous poet has put it into rhyme, from which we extract a small portion:—

"How do the waiters come down at Lodore?"

The cataract gushing,
And rushing,
And crushing,
Striking and raging
Like lions a cage in;
Flying and trying
(Each other outwining)
To clutch at one's boxes
Like hounds upon foxes.
Around and around,
With many a bound,
Smiting and fighting,
Imploring, inviting,
Cringing, and bowing,
Declaring, and vowing.

And so never ending, but always descending,
Most anxious it seems to take you and your friend in,
All at once come a score, or it even seems more,
And that's how the waiters come down at Lodore."

By all means go to *Ullswater*, at which place you may spend five or six days, and as many pounds, to great advantage, and a mountain stream which descends from the *Great Dodd* (no doubt an ancestor of the notorious "Tommy") should be seen to be appreciated. It is called the *Airey Force*, and is a standing or rather running denial to those Utopians who declare they require no police at the Lakes.

THE SOLE CASUS BELLI.

QUIET people are continually being disquieted by rumours of war. In the meantime a very simple but a very obvious question is "What have the principal European nations got to fight about?" What does any one nation want that any other nation has any real interest in not letting it have? Russia wants Turkey. But united Europe can make Russia keep the peace. NAPOLEON THE THIRD, has raised his army from 400,000 to 800,000 fighting men, to one million and a quarter altogether, and his navy to, if not above, a parity with that of England. The only thing that there is any occasion of fighting for now in Europe is tranquillity denied by monstrous armaments. There is no assignable cause for any possible war but simple provocation, such as that which is given by a man who stands with his fist clenched in the face of his neighbours.

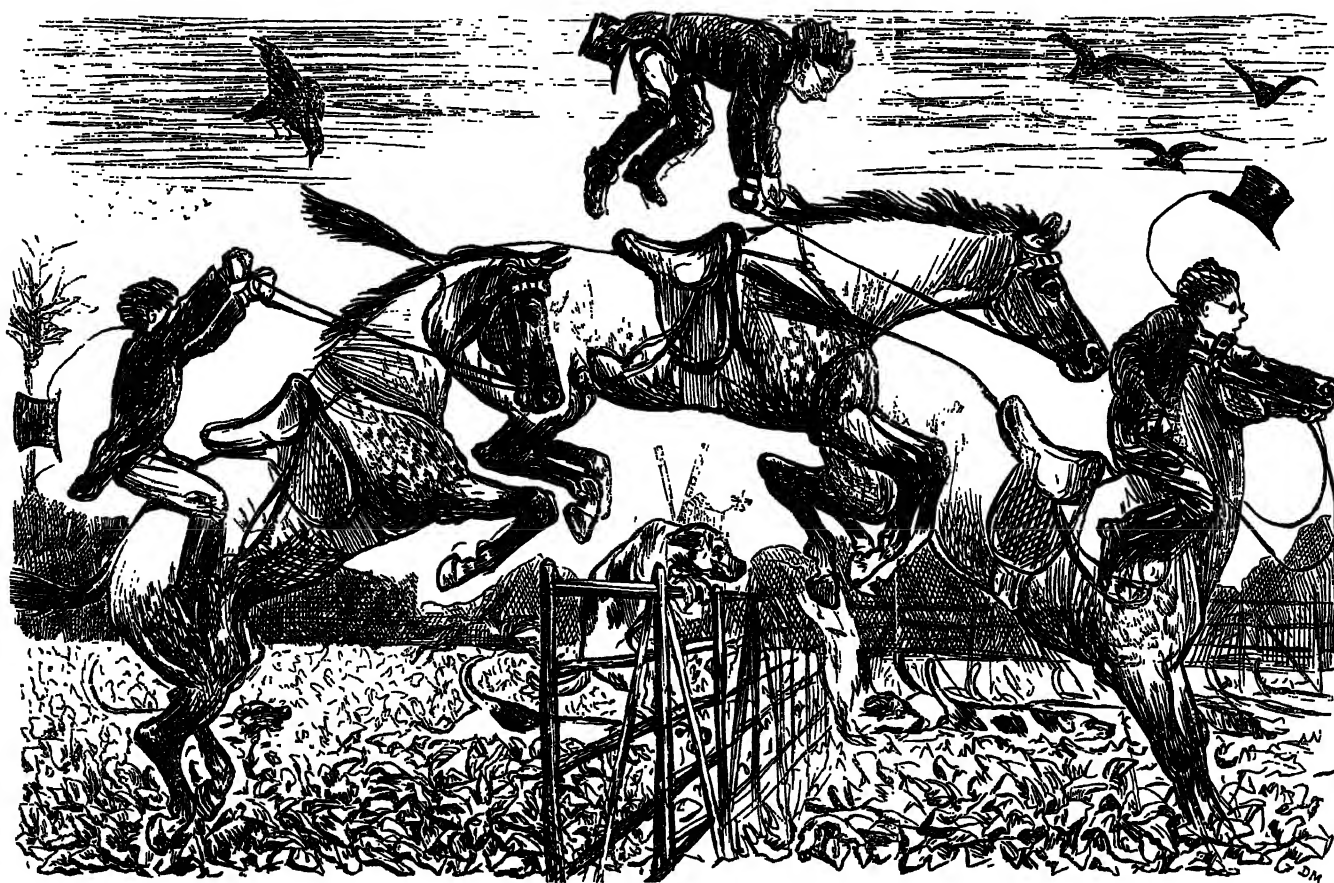
The Very Prelate for the See.

DR. JENNER, the Bishop elect of New Zealand, is said to be very unpopular in Maori-land because of his Ritualist opinions. Nonsense! Considering how keen the new maniacs are for novelties in the Church, we should say that if ever there was a case of the right man in the right place, it is a Ritualist in New-Zealand.

FROM THE POULTRY.

WHEN does a Hen like beer? When she has a little brood.

"THE ACT OF SETTLEMENT."—Having Pin-money.



I. FAREWELL TO EARTH!—II. THE FLIGHT THROUGH SPACE!!—III. LAND AT LAST!!!

THREE HEART-STIRRING EPISODES IN A HITHERTO CALM AND UNEVENTFUL CAREER. (DESIGNED FOR MR. PUNCH'S "WHEEL OF LIFE," BY THE GRATEFUL SURVIVOR, PARTLY FROM THE DESCRIPTION OF NUMEROUS AND RELIABLE EYE-WITNESSES, PARTLY FROM TOLERABLY VIVID RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS OWN.)

THE MAP.

"The street vendors of this famous map openly proclaim that it is 'published by order of the EMPEROR;' and some of the booksellers hang out placards by its side, on which is written *La France satisfaite*. The legends, or explanatory introduction, accompanying the maps, is said to have been written by the EMPEROR himself."—*Daily News*.

A song for NAP, and his nice new map,
Not meant to enkindle war,
And the Frenchmen see, and so do we,
What the map is intended for.
It's not to show, St. Napoleon! no,
How Germany's flanks extend,
But that France is strong and need fear no wrong,
From foe, or pretended friend.
So a song for NAP, and his nice new map,
Not meant to enkindle war:
And the Frenchmen see, and so do we,
What the map is intended for.

What a shame to say he's a game to play,
And wishes to stir a fight,
Or frighten France with a sudden glance
At the German's gathering might!
If she can't discern what he'd have her learn,
With sorrow his heart she'll touch,
And should she rise with bellicose cries,
She'll surprise her Emperor much.
So a song for NAP and his nice new map,
Not meant to enkindle war,
And the Frenchmen see, and so do we,
What the map is intended for.

If shortly come the banner and drum,
The tramp, and the trumpet blare,

No blame to the brains that took such pains
To show us how safe we were.
And when cannons roar, and the field is gore,
And maddens the battle clang,
There'll be One to say, in his cynic way,
Tu l'as voulu, France Dandin.
So a song for NAP, and his nice new map,
Not meant to enkindle war.
Do the Frenchmen see, as clearly as we,
What the map is intended for?

AMERICANISING OUR LANGUAGE.

If our forefathers get the papers in the Elysian Fields, they must be greatly puzzled by some of the expressions the writers now use. For example, when they read of "the bad effects of the stump upon our most eminent men," the meaning they are likely to extract from such a passage is, that our most eminent men are beside themselves with toothache, a painful impression which they probably exchange for the very bewildering notion that this Stump is some new musical instrument, with which our leading statesmen amuse themselves in their leisure hours, and perhaps delight their Constituents, when they read farther on of "MR. GLADSTONE'S and MR. BRIGHT'S performances on the stump."

Benjamin Out of his Mess.

THEY said *Monte-Christo* was dammed;
But the dams must be broken, 'tis plain:
For if it was dammed the first night,
It is certainly running again.

A DISCHARGE WITHOUT A REPORT.—A Servant Dismissed without a Character.



A POLITICAL PARALLEL.

"SEE, WHERE HIS GRACE STANDS 'TWEEN TWO CLERGYMEN!"—*Vide Richard III., Act iii., Scene 7.*

A FRIGHTFUL EXAMPLE.



PEOPLE do not think much of SIR RICHARD MAYNE, if they can help it. When they think of him at all, it is as a venerable martinet, who has earned the leisure into which it is generally desired that he should withdraw. But, as a certain garrulous party had "flashes of silence," SIR RICHARD has flashes of energy. Since the EMPEROR NICHOLAS, de-

ceased, sent the whole population of an impertinent province right across Russia to a new region, we have heard of nothing so tremendous as SIR RICHARD's last great act of justice. A division of police—the C. Division—which ought to have been on the worst terms with the keepers of evil mansions near the Haymarket, was suspected of being on the best. Detectives watched—guilt was proved—and a fearful example was made. The doomed division was suddenly ordered off to do duty at the East End of London. Stern and terrible vengeance! But, while we shudder, we cannot remonstrate. The unhappy men merited their fate.

MRS. PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HER DAUGHTER.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER,

It had been my intention to attend the Social Science Congress at Birmingham, and not wishing to appear as a drone among bees, I had written a paper that I hoped would convince my Sex—(oh! dear, I am always forgetting that we are to talk now of Two Sexes of Man)—well, then, the sex of man to which I belong, that Mrs. Punch has as much natural craving for Social Science and Stirring-up-your-Neighbour in general, as the most ardent female (oh, dear, there's the difficulty again!) reformers going.

Now, I must frankly confess to you, my darling child, that if ever your mother was proud of anything in her life it was of this said Paper, which she thought would set her upon the same pinnacle of greatness with those ladies—I beg pardon, I meant to say those—how very awkward it is—I really don't know what to say—those—BONNET-WEARING creatures, then, whom Social Science delighteth to honour.

Yes, my paper possessed a general interest which I could but hope would make up for its homeliness of treatment; not only did it appeal to the whole Bonnet-wearing community, including Spoilt Women, Fading Flowers, Girls of the Period, Nymphs, Buttercups and Old Girls, but it appealed to that sex—to which I will simply say, for the sake of avoiding all invidious distinctions, *Mr. Punch* and other young ladies' papers belong!

You will remember, my Daughter, that when I first forsook my jam-saucepans and spice-cupboards, in order to prepare your mind for Society by a series of Letters, I declared myself a champion of the Rights of Men; and I am still of the same opinion. I see the faults of the Young Men of the Period, and deplore them, as any right-minded would-be Mother-in-law must do—but I hope that I see the other side of the question as well.

It struck me then that a Champion of the Rights of Both Sexes of Man, like myself, could hardly take up a more fitting subject of inquiry at the Social Science Congress than that of dinners.

Must I confess it, my JUDIANA? The man of the middle classes, and indeed the married man of all ranks of life, who is not a diner at clubs is generally an ill-fed, often an under-fed, and sometimes an execrably fed creature. Now, nothing can be better than plenty of education, or as a great authority has called it, Sweetness and Light, but while the ladies—I mean the wearers of bonnets—at Birmingham are attending to that branch of Social Science, let *Mrs. Punch* concern herself with what is no less important than Sweetness and Light; viz., Digestion and Dinners.

At least so said *Mr. Punch*, though he forbade the attendance of his wife at the Social Science Congress. A wife who is a mother, said *Mr. Punch*, whether she be the mother of one or the Mother of Seven, should not appear in public unless duty compels, so let the world be benefited by your lucubrations in another way, and leave Brummagem alone, my love. Of course I obeyed, and I should never have married *Mr. Punch*, unless with that intention, and thus it happens that I read my Paper to you, my Daughter, instead of reading it to the assemblage

of social reformers, Bonnet-wearing and non-Bonnet-wearing, at Birmingham. Dinners and digestion then form the text on which *Mrs. Punch* would preach more than one sermon to her sex—I mean the Superior Sex of Man.

"Oh, have done with it," some of my hearers exclaim. "We hate domestic matters, we are going in for all sorts of things more suited to our tastes." Softly, softly, dear fellow-women—I beg pardon, dear fellow-wives, mothers, and daughters! No doubt, the Golden Age is dawning, and I hail it with delight, when the higher privileges of education will be open to all who prove themselves worthy of them. But there are some points which reformers cannot meddle with, and one of these is, that no matter who earns the dinner, it must rest with the woman (oh! Heavens, what have I said) how it is cooked.

Far be it from me to insinuate that our daughters must become cooks and kitchen-maids, or that wives must turn themselves into household slaves. Let those who can afford it, have the very best cooks, let not those who cannot, disdain the task of keeping their family in health by means of good food. Let all have mastered at an early period the alpha and omega of the science of dinners!

There is going to be a College for Women soon. But *Mr. Punch* is determined not to give his support to the undertaking, unless some such person as DR. LANKESTER is appointed to instruct the young ladies in the subject of eating and drinking. Greek and Mathematics need not occupy all the time; and surely every young person of Miss BECKER's sex, whether she marry or become an M.D. or what not, ought to know the amount of albuminous food, azotised food, etcetera, on which the human animal has a good chance of thriving from infancy upwards.

It is all very well to say that *Mrs. Punch* is a materialist, and an enemy to æsthetic progress; but let any hard-worked Person of either sex, whose brains are worth anything, either to the world, his family, or himself, spend a few days in the household of a dinner-despising wearer of bonnets, and see what he is good for at the end of the time.

No doubt, men are all monsters, more or less, my JUDIANA; but seeing how helpless they are in this matter, we should exercise a sort of lofty pity, and keep up the poor gorillas' fire as the savages do, since they cannot keep it up for themselves.

After all, who can say what these monsters might not have been, had they been well fed from the time of the Conquest until now? and if we do not bestir ourselves, we shall find the tables turned with a vengeance pretty soon, and the men, grown desperate, looking after the dinners in our place?

Much as I love and respect your father, my JUDIANA, much as I sympathise with the universal cry for extension of privileges to both sexes of Man, could I bear with equanimity the sight of my husband making a pudding or doling out spices to the cook? Never, never! I should die under the mortification.

Bestir yourself then, in the attainment of this branch of knowledge, which is a *sine quâ non* of an accomplished Person of the sex to which we both belong. Whilst encouraging all other pioneers in the right direction, let us remember that the first duty of a woman—the forbidden word is out again—and a very noble duty too, is to insure the health, working capabilities, and much of the happiness of future generations by providing not merely good food, but the best food to be had for our families. Why do not some benevolent personages offer prizes and create scholarships in the Ladies' College that is to be for proficiency in these qualifications? There might be—

The Beef-Tea Scholarship,
The Boiling Potato Prize,
The Pastry Gold Medal,
The Nursery Pudding Silver Medal,
The Tea and Coffee Fellowship, and so on.

Might not the more interesting domestic pursuits take the place of useless knitting, netting, and crochet, or sensational novel-reading, or endless scribbling of letters? Whatever the world may say, hearken to the words of your domestic but not benighted Mamma,

MRS. PUNCH.

How Very Happy!

THE BISHOP OF CHESTER has delivered a damaging attack upon Ritualism. We wish the DEAN of WESTMINSTER would do the same—nobody could do it better—and then we could quote SIR WALTER gloriously—

"Charge, CHESTER, Charge! On, STANLEY, or!"

"AMONG THE POTS."

THERE is one pot which MR. DOULTON, the potter, declares he never made—a *pot de vin*. The decision of the Court of Brussels shows that pot-luck is not always good luck.

"VIRGINIBUS GARÇONBUSQUE."—Mind what you say before parlour-maids and waiters.



"THE SLEEPER AWAKENED."

Old Gentleman (disturbed in his nap, after dinner at the Club). "EH? WELL? WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHAT DO YOU WANT?"
Servant. "BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT ONE OF THE GENTLEMEN WISHED ME TO MENTION THAT YOU WAS SNORING, SIR."

ODD MEN OUT.

AN EPISODICAL NUMBER ARRANGED FOR TWO VOICES.

It is odd that, on going up to town with my Little Man with a Big Voice, in order to join my Big Man with a Little Voice, I should happen to run against TUFTON, the first species of the Voice genus. As on this occasion I was favoured with an experience of him which I had not previously had, it will be as well to mention it here, episodically, and then get on.

Having stopped at the houses of both, I take this opportunity of asking them to dinner at my club, and after that we would go to the Opera.

I don't think I shall ever do it again.

I belong to the Mausoleum Club. It takes an undistinguished person about forty years to become a member of it, and even then the candidate's father has caused his name to be put down on the club list immediately after entering him upon the district register of births, or, at latest, in the church register of baptisms, and in all probability his two godfathers will be his proposer and seconder at the Mausoleum. To these worthy people the being a Mausoleum Man is one of the highest, if not the highest, honour to be obtained in life. So great is their veneration for the institution, that, I think, if LORD EXURY could obtain a revival of the Liturgy, they would move that the words "when I was proposed as a candidate for the Mausoleum" be introduced, in special cases, after the words "wherein I was made," &c. in the Church Catechism. In the Mausoleum we may indeed, as some young would-be wits of minor clubs have said, be buried: but we are buried *alive*: and what could be more pleasant, in the afternoon of life, than to be buried alive with a decent aristocratic and respectable company in an elegant Mausoleum?

We are (a few of us, perhaps) laid on the shelves, as is the fashion of some countries, but being neither swaddled nor swathed, crib'd, cabin'd, nor confined, we are kept, by the exclusion of the vulgar air, in as perfect a state and with as dignified and majestic a mien as was the body of CHARLEMAGNE in the Sealed Crypt. Outer barbarians, enter-

ing our morning-room roughly, would be awed by the calm and grave deportment of our Senior Members. I am not supposing the barbarians to come in when old HAWKER coughs, or the spell would be broken. By a recent decision of our revered senators, meaning the Committee, we have been allowed a smoking-room under the leads, and have also been permitted to ask a guest to extend his legs under one of the small mahoganies, thereto made and provided, in our new *hospitium*.

In the Mausoleum, even in our lofty smoking-room (alluding to the height at which it is placed in the building) no Member addresses another Member unless he has been duly introduced either within or without its walls.

Self-introduction during a lonely journey on the Continent is not sufficient, nay, is even hinted at as a disqualification for continuance of membership, and, among strict disciplinarians, as a ground of expulsion. For one Member to ask another "If he has finished with the *Times* or *Pall Mall Gazette*?" is an extreme measure. The mode generally adopted being, if you are seated in the next chair to a Member who is dozing over the paper you want, to ring the bell, and tell the waiter to make the inquiry, not as your ambassador specially, but appearing, as it were, for the rest of the Club.

Luxuriously monastic as we are in most of our club apartments, we unbend in the refectory. Here we fix on our meat like solemn blue-bottles, buzzing between the courses, before we settle on a fresh dish. That is, those who are not engaged in studying the *Quarterly*, or some such light aid to digestion.

With our guests we are, perforce, more guarded, having the character of the establishment to keep up. Hence, a loud tone is never heard here. We dine *sotto voce*, as if we were broken up into little knots of conspirators, each occupied with its own deep plot. We give whispered orders, and draw our guests' heads together over the cloth to point out celebrities—Members, of course—who are entertaining other celebrities at other tables.

We laugh behind our napkins at good stories. Guardian waiters keep watch o'er us lest at any time our wine and oil fail, divining our needs without the necessity of a single utterance.

Did all this occur to me when I gave TUFTON and SILFORD an invi-

tation? It did; but I felt hospitable, and there was a fair chance of both refusing. They accepted. They came. TUPTON in great voice, with some capital anecdotes he had just received from America: SILFORD in big voice, in consequence of having heard MR. SANTLEY at the Crystal Palace.

I hear TUPTON, as I descend our noble staircase, asking loudly, "Where shall I hang my coat, hey?" The waiter will take it. "Ah, yes," objects TUPTON; "but I like to see where it goes." With that he laughs two short and loud ha ha's, and I foresee at that moment that my dinner will be a practical illustration of what the "Many have told of the monks of old," how they "laughed ha! ha! and quaffed ha! ha!" at one and the same time, which up to now I have always considered a poetic licence, and a physical impossibility without choking.

"Ah, TUPTON," I say, pleasantly approaching, "that's capital;" and I am free to own that beyond intending to welcome him generally to the Mausoleum, I don't know what I mean.

"HA!" he exclaims, heartily, "just in time, hey? Thought I was late. Ha! ha! ha! Never do to be late, hey? Ha! ha! ha! HEY?" I feel that the club walls are echoing "ha! Hey?" and I already expect a message from the chairman, or a deputation from the bench of reverend ecclesiastics in the reading-room.

He is in excellent time, I assure him, SILFORD has not yet arrived.

"What! LITTLE BILLY, hey? ha! ha!" he shouts out blithely, as making a quotation from the well-known song appropriate to the occasion. He doesn't know that he is speaking louder than I am when I invite him, with all the suavity of the spider to the fly, to "walk into the parlour." "By all means," he says, always loud, but he lingers in the atrium, and with his hands thrust into his trousers' pockets, commences taking a pace this way, then a pace that, looking upwards and moving his head about from side to side with the critical air of a man who was inspecting the plant before making a bid.

"Fine place, Sir," says he, in his usual tone—"deuced fine place."

I do wish he wouldn't use such strong language at the top of his voice in the Mausoleum. I think I saw a bishop turn back on the first landing, and re-ascend to the reading-room. If this is so, he has gone

to ask for the complaint-book, or to memorialise the Committee. I admit the Mausoleum is a fine club, and I tell him, as a hint, that on certain days in the month Members are permitted to show their friends over it.

"Ah!" says he, without stirring, "I should like to see it all. It's so well-proportioned." Our reception-room is on the first landing; I go up six steps, as a decoy elephant, and the monster follows me bellowing.

"First time I've been here," he tells me as an apology for stopping and eulogising everything. I think to myself that if it is the first time, it—but, perhaps, the passing thought is inhospitable.

On the landing, while looking over the marble balustrade into the Hall, he is struck by a notion.

"What a first-rate place for addressing your Constituents from—Hey?"

I agree with him; excellent, but he hasn't yet seen this room—the guest's drawing-room. I press this, and push the door slightly open on the decoy principle again, for he is still standing at that confounded balustrade, and I am afraid in another second will address an imaginary constituency.

"I should think," he says, very loudly to me, for in my anxiety to coax him into the room, I am standing at some distance from him by its door, "the acoustic properties of the place were remarkably good, Hey?"

Perhaps so; but please don't talk quite so loud.

"Hey?" worse than ever. Why did I ask him to the Mausoleum? We enter the reception-room. No one there, thank Goodness! Foolishly, on the score of the room being empty, I allow him the free use of his voice. I have continual cause to regret this good-natured laxity, as subsequently, it is impossible to explain to him why he may shout in a sort of reading-room generally devoted to quiet, and only whisper in a dining-room, where the dishes are expected to be seasoned with conversation.

The door opens. Enter SILFORD with, on seeing no stranger present (for he is considerate), four bars of a new song for SANTLEY, which I interrupt by saying "dinner immediately," and proposing a gentle descent.

THE DEMONSTRATIVE CLASSES.



now all men by the subjoined telegram from Madrid that:—

"The people burnt a scaffold to-day on the public square where executions have hitherto taken place, as a demonstration against capital punishments."

We sometimes hear persons intent on making merry say that they will sing old Rose and burn the bellows. What fun there can be in burning the bellows we cannot see, except as much as there may be in mischief when the bellows that is burnt by anyone belongs to somebody else. But burning the gallows we can well understand to be a high joke for people, so to speak, accustomed to be hanged. The populace of Madrid, whilst they burned the scaffold which is their equivalent for a gallows, perhaps also sang something tantamount to old Rose; possibly they sang old Rios

ROSAS, if they didn't sing old GONZALES BRAVO.

Now the roughs, even, of England, not to say the people, are little aggrieved by capital punishment, and, were a revolution unhappily to occur in this country, they would not, although CALCRAFT is rather unpopular, very probably think of burning the gallows. But in case of any tumult, if the street followers of MR. BEALES were to get the upper hand, it is very likely indeed that, by way of a demonstration in Hyde Park, against all punishment whatever, they would burn the treadmill.

Look Out!

THERE are too many Liberal Candidates for the Tower Hamlets (as in several other places). Electors, take care, or you will have a Conservative carrying one of your seats by a COOPE-de-main.

THE OXFORD ELECTION.—Ought to be SIR ROUNDELL PALMER.

WANTED, A JENNY GEDDES.

Up, Scotland!

Well, down, if you like, but do not say that Mr. McPunch did not call upon his fellow-countrymen to protect themselves.

Do you not know what is going to happen?

"His HOLINESS THE POPE IS ABOUT TO EXTEND TO SCOTLAND THE SAME ECCLESIASTICAL ORGANISATION AS HE HAS CONFERRED UPON ENGLAND, AND THE FIRST APPOINTMENT WILL BE THAT OF ARCHBISHOP OF GLASGOW."

What do you think of "the POPE, that Pagan, full o' pride," now? What kind of a response will that intimation produce in the country of JOHN KNOX?

Echo answers "Knocks."

Moral ones, of course, she means, and so does Mr. McPunch. Wanted, a moral three-legged stool to hurl at the Scarlet Lady, after the fashion of MRS. JENNY, above named.

A Catholic ARCHBISHOP OF GLASGOW!

At present we cannot get beyond the remark "Prodigious!" and a gulp of whiskey to match. *Skeech doch na shiel.* But more anon.

A CONVERSATION.

(From Washington direct.)

American Citizen (at the door of a 'bus). Why, GEORGE, whar air you off to?

George (promptly). I'm a goin' to California, but I'll be round again after a bit.

A Friend (inside the 'bus, admiringly). Waal now, GEORGE, I do declare I believe you'd rather tell a lie at six months than the truth for ready cash. *[Bus drives on.]*

A Clerical Gun.

WE think that the last new thing in guns is likely to be very useful in the coming battle, and we should like to know something about it. The invention is called PARSON'S CONVERTED CANNON. If this will not help the Church, what will?

WHEN are Parsons bound in honour not to abuse Theatres? When they take Orders.

HOOP DE DOODEN DOO.—SIR RICHARD MAYNE'S order against Little London Boys' Hoops has created a great excitement in certain circles.



EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

First American Citizen. "HULLO! GENERAL, WHY WHAT ON AIRTH ARE YOU A DOIN' OF IN THAT THERE FLOUR-BAR'L?"

Second American Citizen. "WA-AL, SOME DARNED SKUNK HAS BEEN AND STOLE MY CLOTHES WHEN I WAS BATHING; BUT I GUESS I'LL GET HOME VERY COMFORTABLE IN THIS!"

MRS. LAUNDRY AT BRIGHTON.

I've got an 'art that's capable of feelin' for another.
Thank Evins I ain't one of them there Ritualist boys' mother!
Folks sometimes talks of Mother Church as though of an old woman;
And them sons of the English apes the children of the Roman:

Wears coloured frocks with petticoats, fal-lals, fandangos—fiddle!
And—yah!—some on 'em too has their hair parted down the middle.
They tries to turn the Service into Mash, with gabblin', singin',
Their fumigatin' censer, and their muffin-bell a ringin'.

But wuss than make-believe of Babylonish female dresses
Is leadin' of poor donkeys by the nose; them they confesses;
Which, if the reg'lar dustmen's right, is but a vain endeavour,
And if they're wrong it can't be nare a bit o' use whatever.

"No Popery!" was always, and will ever be, my motto,
Which to my life's end I shall cry, whoever tells me not to.
But there's deligion twice as bad as Popery to foller;
And "No Mock-Popery!" is what still louder I shall holler.

Them Ritualists, to my mind, now, them good-for-nothin' brats is,
For all the world, like them things between birds and mice; them
batses;

Which some calls neither bird nor beast; in sayin' so they flatter:
Them creturs, as the former, flies; but is, in fact, the latter.

But whilst theirselves they crosses, and like Popish Priestes mutters,
None on 'em, mind you, quarrels with their precious bread-and-butters,
They all bides where they be, although to be at Rome they wishes;
For why? they can't make up their minds to leave the loaves and fishes.

About my house I never would allow sitch chaps to lollop;
That set of hulkin' fellers with a broomstick I would wallop.
They talk of patens, do they? I'd let my old clogs fly at 'em.
Get out! I arn't no patience with them jackanapeses—drat 'em.

EMANUEL AND HIS DOGS.

WE read in Saturday's *Standard* a police report to this effect. One HARRY EMANUEL, who lives in Pembridge Villas, Notting Hill, was summoned for causing a nuisance by keeping a number of noisy dogs. The complainant, a neighbour, stated that these beasts bark, howl, and fight all night; a second neighbour stated that he had complained to this EMANUEL in vain, and several other neighbours urged the taking out the summons. EMANUEL, according to the report, does not apologise, nor at first promise to abate the nuisance, but his attorney contended that the Magistrate had no jurisdiction. Mr. DAYMAN, however, crushing this objection, the defendant said he would remove the dogs that made the noise. The complainant begged that an order might be made, as his wife was very ill, and was much disturbed by the noise, on which Mr. DAYMAN made an order for the removal of the dogs in seven days, and for the payment of two shillings costs. Then EMANUEL's attorney applies for a "case" to enable him to appeal, and it was granted. Well, is the sick lady to be annoyed by the yelling beasts until the Superior Court decides whether her husband ought or ought not to have brought a civil action against EMANUEL? An indignant husband might be tempted to abate the nuisance in another way, and let EMANUEL bring his civil action; but it would be wrong to yield to the temptation, of course, and *Punch* gives the hint in the interest of the dogs.

Gladstone's Play.

THE *Pall-Mall* charges GLADSTONE with "stumping" in Lancashire. Our amiable contemporary is slightly wrong in his cricket. WILLIAM's game is not stumping, but bowling-out; and in spite of BEN's artfulness in defence, he feels already that his innings are as good as over.

A SONG AND A SAYING.—What do you say to 'the *Affaire DOULTON*? Oh, no, we never MENTION it.



TOUCHING.

"YOU SEE IT WAS A FUNERAL, AND IT WASN'T A FUNERAL. IT WAS ONLY A BURYING. WE'VE LOST OUR LITTLE DOG TOWSER, AND AS I WOULDN'T HAVE HIM STUFFED LIKE HIS BROTHER, MY MISSUS MADE ME PUT ON WEEPER'S AS A MARK O' RESPECT, MR. JONAS."

PAY MR. STUDD.

MR. STUDD, landowner, Epsom, owns a piece of the course on which the Derby is run. He wants—he actually wants from the people who manage the races, a large sum of money for leave to use his land, and declares that they shall not race upon it unless they pay him.

This is simply and perfectly Monstrous, with a large M.

All that can be said in favour of a man who ventures to demand payment—as much as he can get, too—for the rent of his own property is that he has been living at Australia, and is unacquainted with British facts.

Does STUDD know that money is nobody's object in England?

Is he not aware that nobody who goes to the Derby ever tries to get as much as he can for anything that he can sell or let or dispose of?

Has nobody told him that the horses are run by their owners solely for the sake of keeping up a noble breed, and of affording a jolly holiday to the people?

Can he be unaware that the betting men who use his land, apparently for purposes of business, are only at play, and that they never really make any profit by that business?

Why is he so ignorant as not to be certain that the tickets for the Grand Stand, and all the other stands, are given away; and that if he has seen money paid when the cards are issued, it was only for charitable purposes? He cannot be so stolid as to think that profit is made out of the Correct Cards that describe what is to be done on his land.

It is shocking to think of such ignorance; but it is his only excuse. Were we the people who manage the races, we would pay him what he certainly has a legal right to demand, in the present absurd state of the law of property, and thus heap coals of fire on his hat, and raise the blush of shame upon his green veil. And the sooner the better, for we cannot be all agitated upon the subject—that anxiety and electioneering are too much for us. Besides, if he is affronted further, he may remember his Antipodean motto, "Advance, Australia!" and advance his terms accordingly. Pay MR. STUDD.

A NEW ROUNDABOUT PAPER.—The last Police Order.

AN ELECTION STAVE.

"Parliament will be dissolved on the 11th inst. The writs for the new Parliament will be issued immediately afterwards."

Hoist your flag—let it bear,
As it spreads to the air,
A message of justice and peace
To that Land in the West,
Where with Hope for her guest,
All tumult and faction shall cease.

Raise your cry—let it swell,
Like a trumpet, and tell
To all England expectant to-day,
That the reign has begun,
In which right shall be done,
And ages of wrong roll away.

Choose your side—there are two—
Be on that which will do
More than all it has done in the past;
Give new strength to the State,
Make it happy as great,
And anchor the old Vessel fast.

Take your stand—in the van
Of an army who can
Show the palm, and the prize, and the crown;
Still with conquests to make,
Still with strongholds to take
Sure as death in the end to come down;

Marching up, marching on,
Past the heights they have won,
Other obstinate foes to assail;
Not a wrong unredressed,
Not a soul left oppressed,
When the future shall boast of the tale:

Better laws, better times,
Fewer shames, fewer crimes,
Their trophies and triumphs to come;
Wise heads at the helm,
Knowledge blessing the realm,
And respite from cannon and drum.

Ask for help for the poor
Who now die at your door,
For the hind when the few shillings fail,
For the mendicant child,
Vicious, ignorant, wild,
Ready-made for the gallows and gaol.

Choose your man—let him be
The man whom we see
Only yet in the dawn of his fame;
Wise, honest, and just,
The man we all trust
To lighten the land of a shame.

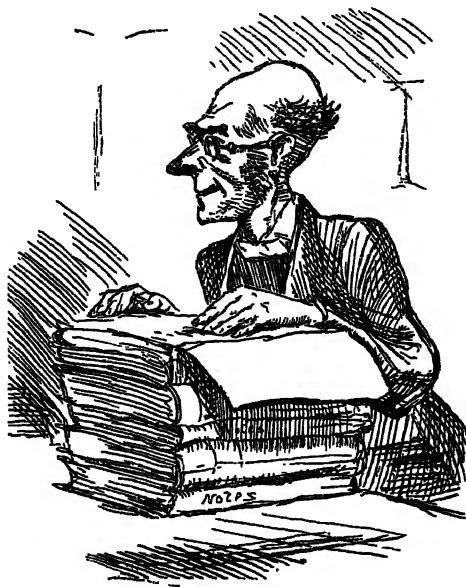
Give him power and place,
And England shall trace
Her annals in letters of light;
Give him numbers and strength,
And England at length
Will feel she has come to her might.

With your vote and your voice,
Show the world by your choice
In County, and City, and Town,
That you know whom to send,
That you know the true friend,
Of the State, and the Church, and the Crown.

Then for GLADSTONE unite,
Fly his flag in the fight,
As you charge in the glorious fray,
Sure all over to win,
Sure to bring your men in,
And scatter the Tory array.

Ay! and thousands shall say—
"We are proud of the day
When we handselled the right of the free;
For we swelled the great roll
Of the host at the poll,
Who bore him to victory."

LEADING ARTICLE ON THE ELECTIONS.



IN accordance with the usual and eminently useful practice of our contemporaries, we give a glance at the list of those whom the dissolution again sends to the hustings, and of those who approach that platform for the first time. Our remarks may be severe, but they are dictated by our sense of duty to the country, and the man who at this moment fails to express himself with courage and accuracy on the coming elections is unworthy the name of a British politician. We own that the list, now daily supplied to us, presents on the whole

a satisfactory aspect, though it comprises many names which we could wish to see absent, and many which will certainly be so in about a fortnight. There are also a large number of candidates who, if elected, will reflect credit on their constituents, though we do not know whether **SIR R. GLASS**, at Bewdley, is a reflector or not. **MR. PONDER**, Linnithgow, no doubt reflects. **MR. TITE**, Bath, is a sober statesman, and **COLONEL HOGG** will bring his pigs to a fine market, Bath being famous for chaps. **MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE** would not have offered himself for Beverley, but that He Knew He was Right, and we know that he is a writer, and a delightful one. **CAPTAIN SHERARD OSBORNE**, Birkenhead, having been an intrepid Arctic voyager, is just the man to get to the top of the Pole, and we hope he will. Yorkshire jollity is proverbial, and the old city has to choose between a **GLADSTONE** and a **MERRYWEATHER**, and we hope that **MILTON'S Paradise** will be Regained in the West Riding, south. Northampton, also, has a **MEREWETHER**. "O, the Recorders. Let us see one"—elected. Whether **MR. SPARK** will go out at Darlington we are not at present able to say, nor why **MR. BACKHOUSE** does not call himself **Bacchus**, which is a pleasant name, but he may be a teetotaler. We hope that what **MAJOR PALLISER** heard in the Shell was success at Devonport, and we are pleased that **MR. H. B. SHERIDAN** has no Rivals at Dudley. The bad grammar of **MR. LITTLER**'s name must exclude him from Lambeth, and we know not whether **MR. SALMON** is a catch for Newcastle-under-Lyme. **MR. SCOURFIELD** has scoured everybody else off the fields of Pembrokeshire, but the due of **MR. HERMON** may or may not be a seat for Preston. Sandwich may like **MR. WORMS**, but we should not like worms in a sandwich. **MR. MARSH NELSON** expects every man to do his duty in Mid-Surrey, which signal he sets flying at **MR. PERK**. Although capital punishment is now private, we wish **MR. CALCRAFT** to sit for Wareham, and **MR. CREMER**'s doll warehouse has made so many dear children happy that we wish him all luck at Warwick. We desire the return in Westmoreland of **LORD BECTIVE** because he rhymes to invective. If **SIR F. LYCETT** be rejected at Worcester, the relieving officer may say *Ire licet* if that will comfort him, and in East Worcester, if the same event occurs to **MR. AMPHLETT** he may write a pamphlet—we shall not read it, we believe. Why **MR. VANCE** stands on the Conservative interest for Armagh when music-halls pay so well we know not; perhaps, as he opposes **MR. LOW**, it is to show his liking for the genteel. **MR. VINCENT SCULLY** is in two places at once, like an Irish bird, and we fervently hope he will get in for neither Cashed nor Cork County, but come an awful cropper between two stools. In Galway there are two members and nine candidates, so there ought to be a howling good fight, but we should like **LORD ST. LAWRENCE** to come in, while the Irish Church is in question, because at St. Lawrence in the Isle of Wight the Church is reduced to a minimum. If **DR. WILLIAM RUSSELL** comes in for Chelsea, there will be no need of **DR. BRADY**'s return in Leitrim. **COLONEL TOTTENHAM** may be a worthy man, but he would remind us too much of squalid Tottenham Court Road for us to wish him elected for New Ross; nor, liking large measures, do we desire to see **MR. GILL** in for Tipperary, unless he sounds his name with the hard initial. If we have objected to **MR. WORMS**, what can we say for **MR. GRUBB**, at Waterford? Can he not change his name to that of **MR. PAPILON**, who does not seem to be standing, and **MR. CRUM-EWING** at Paisley will also oblige us much by altering his, unless he thinks crumb hewing easier work than crust cutting, which he would

if he had eleven hungry healthy children to cut bread for every morning and the knife as blunt—but we wander. We have said enough to indicate the constitution of the new Parliament, and at least we have been as practical and instructive as any similar summary which we have yet had the misfortune to peruse.

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

It is understood in the best areas that the next things to be seized are the Perambulators. Their freights and attendants will be confiscated, and disposed of to pay the expenses of detention, if not claimed within one week from the time of capture.

Great inconvenience having been caused by the strings attached to the kites boys are in the habit of flying in the parks and other public places, the Police have had strict orders to take down all these aerial machines, and deposit them with the Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade. If necessary, they are to form a cordon round the parks, to prevent the escape of the delinquents.

In consequence of numerous complaints that have been made at Scotland Yard, all toy-carts, carriages, railway-engines, waggons, &c., are prohibited from being drawn on the public pavement, unless in charge of the family footman or upper nursemaid.

Foot passengers having been seriously incommoded by the increased dimensions of certain popular favourites, the maximum size allowed for Dolls when carried out of doors, may be learned on application to the Chief Commissioner, Whitehall Place, S.W. N.B.—A licence must be obtained, before any doll can be allowed to speak.

A VOICE FROM THE HUSTINGS.

(To the Crowd below.)

FREE and independent Electors of Great Britain and Ireland! What do you think the London University's Annual Committee of Convocation has done? Issued a Report "on the most appropriate mode of conducting the Election of a Representative in Parliament" for the University of London, wherein they declare, that they "think it undesirable that," before the result of the election is known, "speeches should be made by either the proposers or seconders of candidates or by the candidates themselves." What an insult, free and independent Electors, this declaration is to you! It is bad enough for the fastidious old University of Oxford to affect to say that there shall be no speechifying of candidates for its representation, and thus to affect to be superior to the influence of that declamation which excites the impulsive masses. But for the young, popularly constituted, London University to give itself such supercilious airs as to announce that it will not be harangued as you are, is to treat you with contempt.

What, too proud to cry, "Who stole the donkey?" above shouting, "How's your poor feet?" "Does your mother know you're out?" "Shut up!" and "Go home!" So fine as to be incapable of hissing and hooting and screaming "Yah!" or of hurling a few dead domestic animals or stale eggs at an unpopular orator's head? Is this the character affected by the London University? Then let those aristocratic beggars know what you think of them; for they have unmistakably declared what they think of you.

SOMETHING WHICH WENT THE ROUND OF THE PAPERS.

LONDON, reasonably alarmed at the prevalence of assaults, burglaries, robberies in the day-time, and other acts of lawlessness, heard, with immense satisfaction, that the successful result of a new order issued by **SIR RICHARD MAYNE** was, that there were to be found "at the different police-stations in the Metropolis thousands of"—as London, not unfairly, hoped and expected—burglars, garotters, and thieves, or, at the least, street beggars, tramps, and impostors. London was a little disappointed at finding that the occupants of the police stations were "thousands of boys and girls;" for, although glad to think that the streets would be cleared of an army of dirty young mendicants and pilferers, it would have preferred to be rid of the adult rascal and ruffian. But London was filled with amazement and ridicule, in equal proportions, when it discovered that the thousands in detention at the police-stations were "thousands of boys' and girls"—hoops!"

Worse and Worse.

MR. PUNCH lately remarked on the suspicion that must be felt as to the previous career of Candidates who announced themselves to be "unfettered." But what must be thought of a Candidate who appeals for support on the ground that he is a "tried" Member?

SONG FOR MAGISTRATES.—"Let us speak of a man as we've fined him."

A SERIOUS SPORTING-MAN.



chronicling the particulars of a race at the Lincoln Autumn Meeting, ARGUS thus writes :—

“Such a ‘crucifying’ day backers have not experienced this season, as only one race out of seven was carried off by the favourite, and the layers of odds in that instance, on the Crucifixion filly, had a near squeak for their money, as CANNON only just managed to squeeze in Dr. SHORTHOUSE’s filly a neck before the roaring Conrad. . . . The Doctor subsequently named his filly ‘Atonement,’ and, though treading on dangerous ground, perhaps, considering the ecclesiastical locality where she underwent christening rites, it foreshadowed a turn of luck to the gentlemen on the last day, when the favourites made ample atonement to their backers by carrying all before them.”

Now, *Mr. Punch*, I expect that the majority of your decent contemporaries, and indeed of their readers, will be down upon Dr. SHORTHOUSE for giving his filly the names above specified. But, Sir, permit me to point out that they will be greatly mistaken if they suppose that those names were bestowed on that animal in any spirit of conscious irreverence. Let it be considered that the application, by a racing-man, of such names to a horse, proceeds from no want of respect for them. You know, *Mr. Punch*, there are names of Colleges both at Oxford and Cambridge of just the same kind as those which Dr. SHORTHOUSE conferred on his mare. A man, Sir, of Dr. SHORTHOUSE’s species esteems a horse at least as highly as a college. If he regards the latter as a noble institution, he accounts the former, perhaps, a still more noble animal. He thinks no name can be too good for a horse, and, in giving one any appellation such as a pious founder might, with acknowledged propriety, assign to a seat of learning, may be supposed to be influenced by the same feelings as those which actuated a Fox and an ALCOCK in naming their several foundations. In short, *Mr. Punch*, the truth may be presumed to be that Dr. SHORTHOUSE is simply a serious sporting gentleman, accustomed to name his stud by words not in general employed unnecessarily, in perfect gravity. All else that can be said is that perhaps he may be chargeable with a slight excess of horse-worship. As an exponent of the stable mind, allow me, *Mr. Punch*, to spell myself,

TCLCQCLK.

Household Hints for Economical Managers.

How to Obtain a good Serviceable Light Porter.—Take a pint of stout, and add a quart of spring water. There you have him.
How to make Hats last.—Make everything else first.
How to Prevent Ale from Spoiling.—Drink it.
How to Avoid being Considered above your Business.—Never live over your shop.
How to make your Servants rise.—Send them up to sleep in the attics.

Church News.

(From the Ecclesiastical Monitor.)

WE are authorised to state that the Right Reverend Dr. COLENSO has been selected as the new Archbishop of Canterbury. The Reverend Mr. MAC ROARIE will be consecrated by Dr. GRAY at the Cape; and sent on to fill the see of Natal, thus vacated, and by these means the Premier will happily heal all the discords in the Church.

A GREAT IMPROVEMENT.

SIR RICHARD MAYNE’S last edict has had one good effect. It has put an end to that absence of the Police when wanted so often complained of, for now they are always ready to “come with a hoop and come with a call.”

MR. MOWBRAY’S best recommendation to a good many Oxford voters—The *Bray* in him.

EXPOSITION OF THE LORD MAYOR ELECT.

ON Monday last was performed an annual solemnity, in the estimation of our French friends, doubtless, as many as have heard about it, of tremendous importance. The LORD MAYOR Elect was, according to usage, presented and described (with the help of a wand perhaps) to the LORD CHANCELLOR by the RECORDER. The idea of a meeting between two such Lords must needs be overwhelming to the imagination of Continental believers in the Great Lord Mayor; only they probably consider that, with due regard to relative dignity, the ceremony ought to be inverted, and the LORD CHANCELLOR presented to the LORD MAYOR. Be that as it may, in the course of the grave chaff which the permanent Law Lord customarily addresses to the temporary Civic one, LORD CAIRNS observed, referring to conceivable interference with the rights and privileges of the Corporation of London :—

“There is but one circumstance which could lead to any danger to those rights and privileges, and I may be allowed to mention it. That danger would lie where, if there should be matters with respect to which the Corporation should be required to adjust itself to the requirements of the times, essentially different from those in which they had their origin, there should be any failure of the Corporation to amend and adapt itself.”

This is high and courteous chaff; stately and dignified official banter. Translated into the vernacular of familiar and undisguisedly contemptuous intercourse, the gist of it would run thus :—“I’ll tell you what it is, my Lord Mayor of London Elect, and Aldermen; there’s no fear that your rights and privileges will be interfered with, except in one case. Do you want to know what that is? Then I’ll tell you. If you choose to go to work and reform all your antiquated abuses up to the mark of the present day, well and good; but if you don’t do that thoroughly forthwith yourselves, the Legislature will very soon do it for you. You had better set your Mansion House in order now of your own accord, or else you will shortly have it set in order without your assistance.”

A PLUMPER FOR ROEBUCK.

MR. PUNCH,

OF course, Sir, you are aware that the constituency of Sheffield includes a considerable number of accessories after if not before the fact for which MR. BROADHEAD was not hanged. You know, also, that these fellows, from sympathy with BROADHEAD and his accomplices, and because of the part taken by Mr. ROEBUCK in dragging their deeds to light as a Trades Unions Commissioner, intend to oppose Mr. ROEBUCK’S re-election. In reference to the possibility of losing his seat, in the speech delivered at a meeting of his constituents, MR. ROEBUCK is reported to have said, after having reminded them that he had been before the public and in Parliament for six-and-thirty years :—

“Am I now, in my old age, to be sent back with contumely, as if I had done nothing in my day worthy of regard? Is there not something in it, Sir, shocking to our nature, our common sense, and common justice?”

If the Broadheadites succeed in turning out MR. ROEBUCK, then, about the most honest man that ever sat in the House of Commons since ANDREW MARVELL, will have been rejected by a majority of the Sheffield electors. Honestly will be in a minority at Sheffield. The most fit and proper person to represent that borough will then be BROADHEAD, and the next will be CROOKES. MR. HADFIELD will, therefore, of course retire, if he be not also rejected, in order to make room, if not for CROOKES, for somebody equally fit with CROOKES to be the colleague of BROADHEAD, or the representative who may be chosen in BROADHEAD’S place, for want of BROADHEAD. But no, Sir, Sheffield is not the Sawgrinders’ Union; and we may trust that our friend JOHN ARTHUR will find the blades of Sheffield as true as steel.

Yours, &c., SIMON PURE.

Change of Name, by Local Licence.

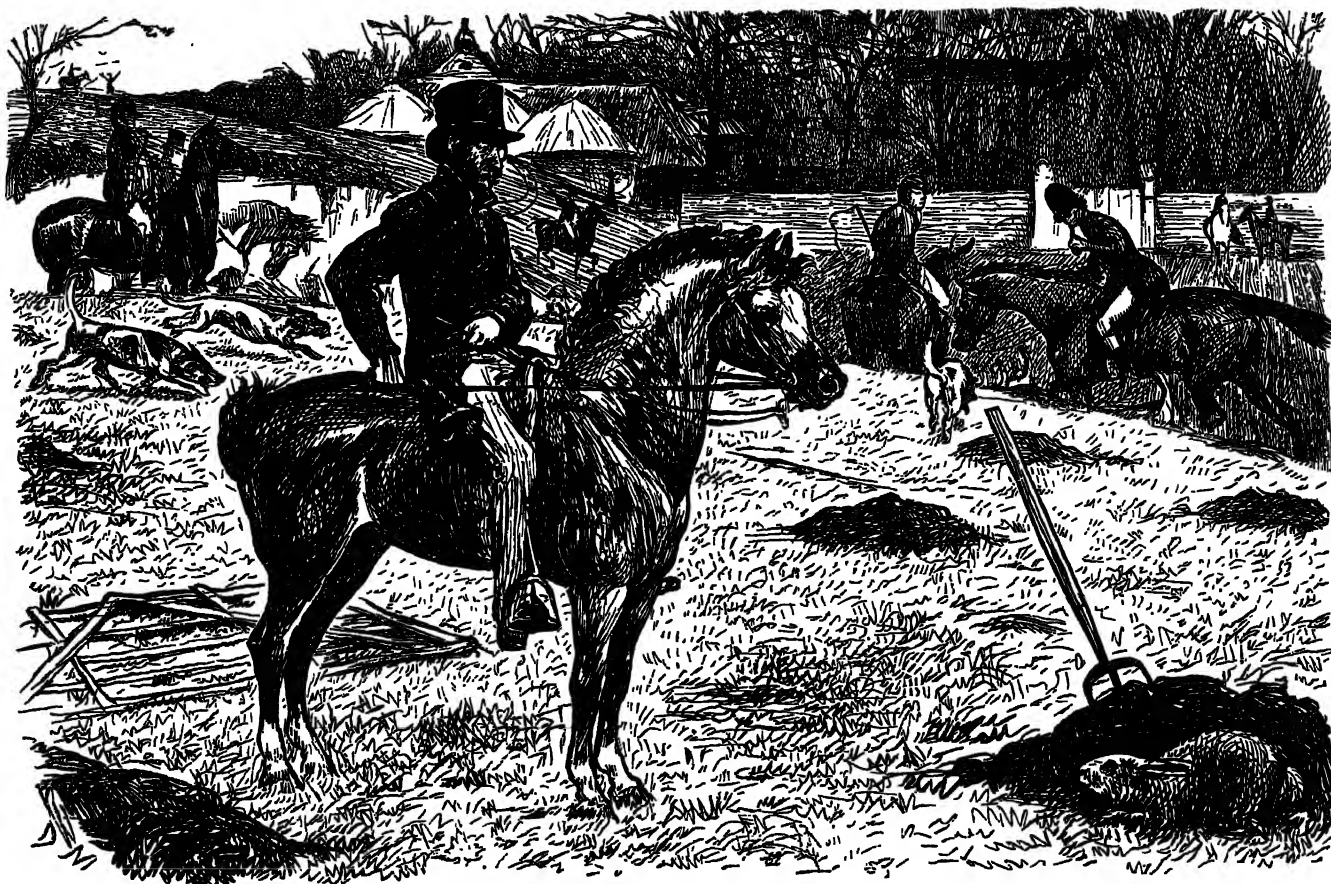
(In re BLACKBURN.)

THIS borough has become so notorious for the ruffianism of its roughs, the violence of its mobs, the fierceness of its religious feuds, the savagery of its political parties, the corruption of its municipal elections, the intimidation by employers of employed, the retaliation of employed on employers, in short, for every evil that can show a disorganised local government and a demoralised town population, that it is suggested its name ought to be changed, from Blackburn to Black-guard-burn.

PROFOUND.

PERSONS lodging in the neighbourhood of Trafalgar Square have been disturbed at night by the Base of Nelson’s pillar.

A NICE FIRM.—MESSRS. GATTI AND BOLLA.



COCKNEY IN A FIX.

The Hunted Hare (as plain as eye can speak). "OH, SIR, PLEASE, SIR, PRAY DON'T HOLLER! GIVE A POOR CREATURE A CHANCE!"

PUSS, PUSS, PUSS!

MONSIEUR the Street-Ruffian is affectionately counselled by *Mr. Punch* to look out for a safer profession. There he signs that his present vocation will bring him to grief. He has had a very long and good innings, and it is to be hoped he has invested his gains. He has now warning that in a short time they will be cut off. The persistent efforts of *Mr. Punch* and others to arouse public opinion on the subject, have brought forth very good, though tardy, fruit. Last Thursday, the Marylebone Vestry, the most intelligent of all the vestries, held a meeting, and PROFESSOR MARKS, one of the most able vestrymen, proposed certain resolutions for the Protection of Society against our poor friend, the Street-Ruffian. In brief, these were to the effect that something must be done, and must be done at once, and that the other vestries be asked to join in a deputation to the Home Secretary, to urge the doing. The spirit in which the interests of the Street-Ruffian are to be cared for may be gathered by him, and by the public, from the following passage in the Professor's speech:—

"Although it seldom occurred that offenders met with punishment beyond what they deserved, yet, for deeds of violence, the punishment was often absurdly inadequate—so absurd, indeed, as often to induce the criminal to laugh at it. They would recollect that three years ago no crime was more rife than garrotte robbery; and after it had defied almost every mode of punishment, it occurred to the Legislature that it might be advisable to try the lash. They knew that the lash had been applied in but very few instances, and yet nothing had had so great an effect in reducing garrotting. He could not help thinking that if for other dastardly assaults it were permissible to use flagellation, they would have far less of them. The brutal ruffian was almost by nature a coward, and feared most that bodily torture he so ruthlessly inflicted upon others."

Exactly what *Mr. Punch* has been saying, in type and in picture, for the last ten years, and therefore he need not express his hearty concurrence in the sentiment. MR. HARDY will not be in office long enough to assist, officially, in the matter, but we are sure that he will support his successor in carrying the necessary measure. Our contemporary, the *Illustrated London News*, appeals to the new LORD MAYOR

to make his Consulship famous by bringing the Fasces into play upon the highwayman and other brutes; and *Mr. Punch* begs leave to assure his Lordship that, if he takes the hint, and co-operates with the vestries to the end in question, he shall receive a reward that will gladden and make proud the hearts of his posterity to all generations. LORD MAYOR WHITTINGTON had his Cat; let LORD MAYOR LAWRENCE have his.

A TRIFLE FROM EAST SURREY.

YES, MR. BUXTON, it's all very well, and we believe you to be a very good man, but how much should we have heard of this explanation of your conduct in regard to GOVERNOR EYRE, if there had been no opposition to your return for East Surrey? We are certain that you were actuated by the best of reasons in leaving it to be supposed that you shared the sentiments of the Jamaica Committee, and also that you are actuated by the best of reasons in now permitting it to be announced that your donation to the Persecution Fund meant only that you desired investigation. Still, if MR. HARDMAN, your able opponent in East Surrey, had not emphatically invited the electors to consider the subject, and such consideration had not promised awkwardly for your cause, would that eminent and respectable firm of solicitors have had to write anything of this kind in their attendance-book?

1868. October.—Attending C. BUXTON, Esq., M.P., and by his instructions writing letter to the daily papers, stating that he never wished to try GOVERNOR EYRE for murder, and otherwise explaining
Six copies, and postage 0 13 4
1 0 6

"We trow not." But we are glad that MR. HARDMAN has been the means of inducing you to recognise the fact that the people of England have no favour for those whom they suppose to have persecuted a brave officer.

How to EXTINGUISH POLICE MIS-MANAGEMENT.—Turn it off at the *Mayne*.



AIRING THE HOUSE.

LANDLADY. "WHAT HAVE THOSE PARTIES GIVEN YOU, JOHN?"

JOHNNY BULL. "THEY'VE GIVE ME A PRETTY FAIR TIP ON ACCOUNT, 'M."

LANDLADY. "AH, WELL! LET'S HOPE THE NEXT LOT'LL BE MORE LIBERAL, AND MAKE LESS NOISE AND SMOKE."

ODD MEN OUT.

AN EPISODICAL NUMBER ARRANGED FOR TWO VOICES.

(CONTINUED.)

FROM its commencement I try to make the dinner at the Mausoleum as short as is consistent with our reputation, as a club, for hospitality. TURTON has some first-rate stories, which in such a place as our dining-room should be narrated auricularly, not oracularly. I look up from my plate cautiously. We are the only table talking. I beg him not to speak quite so loud. He takes it in very good part, and says in an ordinary voice he was not aware that he was making any noise. In a few minutes, getting into an argument with SILFORD as to whether it is *Otello* or *Jago* who has the grand duet with *Desdemona*, he not only rises with his subject, but puts on "the full stop," in an organic sense, to such an extent as to positively cause a vibration among the glasses. To remonstrate now is impossible, at least without shouting at them, for SILFORD, finding TURTON will insist upon misquoting an air, must needs raise his basso by way of correction. Had we been dining in a robber's cave the noise couldn't have been worse. I frown, I shake my head: it's no good; they understand my pantomime as a sign of my taking part in their confounded Babel (if there can be a Babel of two) of a discussion, and disagreeing with them both. I shall have the credit of having introduced drunken men into the club. I see the Rev. Mr. PRYM, Master of a College, with two clerical guests. I nod to him as an acquaintance, and shrug my shoulders as much as to intimate (so as to bring him in as evidence afterwards if this is made a committee case) that I have nothing to do with this row, and would stop it if I could.

There is not time enough to have coffee and a cigar in the smoking-room; so we go at once to the Opera. We have three stalls. Seeing what a combination they effected at dinner, I separate them now, and place myself between them. A boyish playground rhyme occurs to me *apropos* of my present situation—

Hi diddle diddle,
Pool in the middle.

There are some days when we are not wise. This, then, is one of my unwise days.

The Opera is *Lucrezia Borgia*. We all three know it well. I know it, generally; that is, I couldn't give you the plot without perhaps making it more mysterious than it is. I don't know the names of the airs, nor the exact order in which they occur. But *Lucrezia* is a favourite of mine; and, what I have always called "the scene with the Duke" (that is, where *Lucrezia* exhibits some tenderness towards *Genaro*, and is caught at it by her husband), I have invariably quoted, as affording grand scope for acting. If asked to place a precise meaning on this phrase, I should be had at a disadvantage. SILFORD knows the opera musically; TURTON knows it historically; that is, operatically-historically, and I dare say is not very correct in his facts.

When we enter the house, ushered in by a stall-keeper, SILFORD is humming "*Il segreto*," and TURTON is looking to see, as he says, in his usual tone, "where the deuce his stall is?"

He commences by indicating three as ours, and immediately getting into the wrong row, from which he is beckoned out by the stall-keeper, who puts us in 90, 91, 92. "I'm 91," I say. Whereupon TURTON, who has had quite as much of the Mausoleum Champagne as is good for him, exclaims, "Ninety-one, eh? Very well preserved for your age;" which is only tittered at by a few ladies, behind their fans, in the next seats, whom TURTON hasn't to pass, and upon whose toes he is *not* treading. His progress to his stall is the cause of envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness in those whom he has to inconvenience.

When seated, he says, "What a nuisance getting to one's seat is!" with which sentiment all, who hear it, cordially agree. So here I sit, hoping that *now*, at all events, while those who are paid to make a noise are making their noises, these two amateur noise-makers will for awhile be quiet. The Man with a Voice, first species, is on my right; the Little Man with a Big Voice is on my left. SIGNORE ARDITI taps his desk.

Silford (in my left ear). Isn't this in *Lucrezia*? (*Humms a bass air*.) *Myself (whom I will call Charles Blaque, his friend)*. Yes, I think it is. (*I don't trust my own opinion, but hope it will stop his musical recital in my left ear*.)

Turton's Voice (as if for general circulation). ARDITI, yes. I recollect it years ago at the other House: COSTA led, and his band was certainly—(*Curtain rises*.)

Blaque (gently deprecating the voice on behalf of himself and others in the Stalls). Sssh! (*Nods smilingly, as much as to say, "Yes, all right about COSTA, I know what you're going to say. Very good. Very nice. Yes. Only sssh now please."*)

Enter to the revellers the Contralto of the Season.

Silford (murmurs the mysterious air with which Orsini commences, and is evidently delighted with his own performance. Stops.) Ah! now it's coming.

[*The Contralto commences her song with words closely followed by SILFORD without the words, and leaning on the right elbow of his Stall, with a decided inclination towards BLAQUE's left ear, into which the tune comes as a kind of musical secret. Stranger next to SILFORD fidgets, and evidently wishes he wouldn't.*

Turton (with great gusto, and as loud as a field preacher). Ah! ALBONI was the one—by Jove, Sir—(*Neighbours begin to fidget; some one says, sotto voce, "It's too bad."*) I remember her doing this: then there was ANGRI—

Blaque (with a pleasant rebuke). You'll make 'em all *Angry*, if you talk so loud.

Turton (loudly, and roaring at my joke, confound him). Ha! ha! ha! Yes, I see, *ANGRI—ANGRY*.

Silford (annoyed by the interruption, stops his own humming to remonstrate). I say, don't—

Neighbours. S-s-s-h!

Silford (to Blaque). I say, hang it, you shouldn't encourage him.

Blaque (indignantly). But—

Silford. Hush! *Di Pescatore* is just commencing. Listen.

[*Commences his accompaniment to it in my left ear.*

SILFORD never knows all the words of an operatic song, but generally only the first few which are used as a title, the rest he invents as he goes on. His confidential version of this, for instance, in my ear runs thus with marginal notes on the performance on the stage.

Silford (in my ear). *Di Pescatore*—ah, beautiful! beautiful!—*ignobile*—charming! (*continues strictly his own version*) *esser filior lobee-ay*. *Beau-tiful!* *Doshee vo doo bar bee wo—* (*Lets the tenor have the next line to himself.*)

Turton (announcing this to every one). Ah! MARIO was the fellow for this. He and GRISI in this Scene—by Jingo, Sir,—

Neighbours (annoyed). Sssh!

Blaque (shaking his head at him playfully, and wishing him at Jericho). I say—sssh!

Silford (sharply). Ssssh—sssh! Hang it, you know—(*continues his own version in the second part of Di Pescatore*) *Errai mar madray el volio—soonay bardee-ar pelolio—*Lovely! (*Rises with the occasion, and comes out in opposition to the tenor*). Boney vedee too moodee—

Turton (loudly). Ssssh—sssh! (*Sees it is SILFORD*). I say don't do that, old fellow, it's quite impossible—

Neighbours (sharply). S-s-h—S-s-h!

Blaque. Yes. S-s-s-h. (*Pacifyingly.*)

Silford (apologetically to Blaque). I really didn't know—but sometimes one is carried away by the—

Turton. Bravo! Brava! (*Applauds loudly*). Capital! (*To BLAQUE*.) I say, did you ever see *TAMBURINI* do the Duke?

Blaque (thinking to shut up the conversation—without strict regard to truth). Yes.

Turton. Ah! he was nothing like *RONCONI*, though.

Neighbours. S-s-s-h!

[*One gentleman leaves his seat, and is seen at the entrance pointing out TURTON to the Stall-keeper.*

Blaque (severely). I say you must not talk—really you must not.

Hereupon TURTON, in a stentorian and indignant tone, protests that he is not talking louder than I am, and that it is SILFORD who is attracting public attention by his confounded humming. SILFORD is at this moment contentedly following *Lucrezia* in her grand "Scene with the Duke." He interrupts himself, to discuss the point warmly with TURTON, both leaning across in front of me. The Act-drop falls. I quit my place, on the pretence of saying "How d'ye do?" to a lady in a box, and I do not return again. I fully expected to see in next day's paper, under the heading *BOW STREET*—

"JAMES GEORGE TURTON, describing himself as," &c., &c., "was brought up before MR. BEEK, charged with assaulting SAMUEL PRAT, a stall-keeper at Her Majesty's Theatre," &c., &c.

But I didn't. TURTON and SILFORD never speak to one another now, and talk of each other as "a fellow who doesn't know how to behave in public."

Work for the New President.

ULYSSES GRANT!

The United States have done well to choose a Ulysses to preside over them. Not only because Ulysses is the type of political wisdom, but because, considering the plague of office-seekers in Washington, there is great need of one who has had previous experience of ridding a house of suitors.

VERY RIGHT.

THE Electors of Chelsea look upon an Election (first time) as a serious matter, and will not hear of having a *FREAK*.

WE see a new Novel advertised, *The Queen of my Heart*. A sequel, we presume, to the *King of my Club*.



NOT SO BAD AS THAT.

Huntsman. "GLAD TO SEE YOU OUT, MASTER GEORGE. THEY TOLD ME YOU WERE GOING TO GET MARRIED, AND SELL YOUR HORSES; BUT I WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT OF YOU!"

SONG FOR THE ELECTIONS.

AIR—"Ten Little Niggers."

TEN little Candidates going out to dine,
One ate his words and choked—then there was nine.
Nine little Candidates, talking of the State,
One talked his breath away—then there was eight.

Chorus—One little, two little, three little, four little,
five little Candidates' joys;
Six little, seven little, eight little, nine little,
ten little Candidates' joys.

Eight little Candidates tried to stand for Devon,
One stood until he dropped—then there was seven.
Seven little Candidates called out "Brayvo, Hicks,"
One gave up the contest—then there was six.

Chorus—One little, &c.

Six little Candidates thought they couldn't thrive,
One of them *didn't*—then there was five.
Five little Candidates, Tory to the core,
One changed his principles—then there was four.

Chorus—One little, &c.

Four little Candidates never could agree,
One cut their company—then there was three.
Three little Candidates' bills came overdue,
One was put in Whitecross Street—then there was two.

Chorus—One little, &c.

Two little Candidates went to see the dun.
One got arrested too—then there was one,
One little Candidate standing all alone,
Got blown up by his party—and then there was none.

Chorus—One little, &c.

"FULL OF SOUND AND FURY."—A Captured Cod-fish.

A PUFF DIRECT.

MR. PUNCH does not permit himself often to receive presentations from his admirers, and has recently declined accepting a rhinoceros with two native attendants, three discarded mothers-in-law, a self-acting barrel-organ, and an automaton banjo-player. An ingenious friend has at one and the same time discovered a way to overcome *Mr. Punch's* scrupulosity, and to provide him with such a remarkably convenient despatch-box that for the future it will be impossible to mislay papers or to have a moment's difficulty in referring to a correspondence of long anterior date.

This really valuable contrivance has received the name of the "A.B.C. Despatch-Box," owing to the alphabetical arrangement of its four-and-twenty receivers of letters, receipts, memoranda, and bank-notes, whilst its other appliances would make the business of a miniature post-office an easy matter. Our ingenious friend is at present engaged on the completion of a Complete Letter-Writer, by which the correspondence of love or business will be ably conducted by the mere will of the possessor. The instrument has not been publicly tried as yet, but knowing the capacity of the "A.B.C. Despatch-Box," nothing that the inventor may hereafter devise need surprise any one.

"Put that in your Pipe, Parties."

Two roads to Power the Election opes;
Both end in smoke, as *Punch* discerns;
'Tis "Short-cut" for which GLADSTONE hopes,
While DIZ and Co. Count on *Returns*.

Explanation.

MR. HARRY EMANUEL, the fashionable jeweller of Bond Street, is very properly anxious to have it made known that he is not the HENRY—mis-called HARRY—EMANUEL who figured so discreditably at the Police Court, and who, in consequence, had a sharp tap from the *bâton* of *Mr. Punch* last week.

OUR EXCHANGE COLUMN.

PECUNIARY.

Coins.—I have two marked sovereigns, one of which was lately put into a decoy letter at the Post Office. Can be had a bargain. Also a few notes, which I have neither time nor opportunity to take to the Bank. Apply to E. Y., care of Editor.

A Spade-guinea to be exchanged for five guineas hoe'd since 1857. (1000)

Brass.—Wanted to exchange some of this commodity for two blushes and a little modesty: "real" preferred to "mock." (Address, SAM CHEEKIE, Tiger Comique, Juno Music Hall, or care of Editor.)

PROVINCES.

A Sad Dog.—Wants some other Dog to exchange experiences, so that he may learn, before too late, how to retrieve thirty years' worth of lost time. (Address, QUEENIE, Berkshire.)

Dog.—Valuable to Sporting Parsons with covert Ritualistic tendencies. To be exchanged for anything double its value, a Dog, Maltese cross, with tan terrier. (A. 1)

Dog.—A distinguished Mahomedan will exchange a dog of a Christian slave for a house in Park Crescent. The dog is black, and thoroughly well tanned. (B. 1059)

Animal.—Will exchange a collection of crests for a Badger. (N.Z.)

I will exchange my measles for a cold in the head. A meeting, as both are catching, would have the effect required. (To Editor, send your Inspector.) (B. 239)

Book.—A beautiful white feather, lately exhibited by a gentleman in the field, will be exchanged for a copy of *The Art of Puck*.

Horses.—Wanted, a FIRST-RATE HUNTER, WARRANTED SOUND. Willing to exchange for it a match-box filled with matches which only ignite on their own box!!! and a musical ditto of one barrel, slightly out of order, but easily re-arranged. Also crests, stamps, and beautiful old music in fair preservation. (C. 102)

Umbrellas.—I will exchange my confounded umbrella for a good one. Mine is a curiosity, most valuable to a collector. Once up it won't go down for days together. No one can find out the cause of this. It lets in the rain, but nobody has yet been able to discover where. It defies the thief, and though it may be taken away by force, its return may be relied upon with certainty. I will also include crests, stamps, old music copies, and some school-books of the last century. (C. 232)

Nursery. I'll exchange my children's drums, trumpets, whistles, unmusical glasses, quacking dogs and ducks with ingenious halloweases, two carts with wheels to play tunes, battledores, and mouth-organs, for three quiet dolls which don't squeak or make any sort of noise at all. (Address MATEB, Nursery Gardens, Bedfordshire.)

Various.—I will exchange a Persian kitten for a trombone (17,956)—I will exchange a pair of slippers for a well broken-in setter, a shooting pony, and a breech-loader. (000)

CLERICAL.

Living.—I will exchange a place of twenty pounds a year for a living even if twenty times the value. I will throw into the bargain a book of fine old Gregorian chants. (REV. T. THINNE.) (A. 12)

Ritualistic.—To be exchanged for something or other:—Two Dalmatics, for which there will be no further use, the rector being laid up with the rheumatics. (M. B. 6006)

FINE ARTS.

Pictures.—A Herring and a Half for a Cook. (THEO. B. 5)

Statuary.—I will exchange a beautiful statue of somebody in undress, name unknown, originally exhibited in the New Road. Open to an offer. No one with only crests, stamps, or old music need apply. (G. 678,910)

Pictures.—I have over two hundred fine engravings, splendid specimens of colour-printing, which once formed the outside cover of musical pieces, songs, &c., at different dates. The collection includes a study of "The Magnificent Bricks," "The Merriest Girl that's Out," "Jolly Nash," a full length of Mr. Thomas Dodd, also of Champagne Charlie. With these a collection of stamps and autographs. The autographs, mostly at six months, are still valuable as curiosities. Open to an offer. (J. E. 10)

DRESS.

Feathers.—I want some peacock's feathers. (Address JACKDAW.) I'll give stamps, crests, and some very pretty pieces of music. (170)

Muff.—Wanted, a good Waltzer for my next ball, instead of the Muff to whom I'm engaged. MAYBIRD, Violet Cottage. (18)

Gloves. I will exchange a Pair of Gloves for — well, any one knows what Gloves are exchanged for. He must be very nice. PUSSY. (19)

Jacket.—A little boy wishes to exchange for a Tail-coat his Jacket, which is always being trimmed at school. ALPHA. (1)

A SERIOUS WORD TO WORKING-MEN.

MR. ODGER has done himself credit by retiring from the contest at Chelsea, in compliance with the decision of the arbitrators to whom he and his Committee referred the question whether it was best for the Liberal cause in Chelsea that he or SIR H. HOARE should quit the field.

Who can doubt—who has ever doubted—that MR. ODGER's position, as a *bond fide* working-man, would be one of his very highest recommendations in the eyes of the three arbitrators to whom the question was referred—MR. JAMES STANSFELD, MR. THOMAS HUGHES, and MR. PETER TAYLOR?

If ninety-nine people out of a hundred have not condemned the choice of such a trio for such a purpose, as unfair and one-sided, it is not because the decided leaning of each of the three to the class to which MR. ODGER belongs is not notorious, but because their high principle, their capacity to see, and their courage to do, what is honest and right in this or any other matter referred to them, are equally matters of notoriety. It is therefore very disappointing to find the Chairman of MR. ODGER's Committee talking in this style:—"How MESSRS. STANSFELD, HUGHES, and TAYLOR had decided upon the rejection of MR. ODGER, they had yet to learn; but this they certainly did know—and it was the old story over again—that working-men acted with undue faith in those they considered they might trust."

Now, MR. NIBBASS—the speaker who is reported as having used those words—ought to have seen that, as MR. ODGER's Committee had not yet learned the grounds of the referees' decision, it was premature to conclude that working-men had in this matter shown undue faith in those whom they believed they might trust." And MR. ODGER lays himself open to the same reproach when he tells his audience "no doubt working-men had been insulted by the decision of the referees—a blow had been dealt by it to the Liberal party; and though he was as faithful to that party as any man could be, he was not faithful to every limb of it, because he knew there was rottenness behind it."

All this is, in plain English, very paltry and pettish.

If it was wise, and unselfish, as we assume and believe it was, in MR. ODGER, to refer to arbitrators the question "Shall I stand for Chelsea, or retire?" it was wise and unselfish in him to abide by their decision—all the more as the arbitrators were men of the highest character, the most advanced Liberal principles, and the strongest fellow-feeling with working-men—so strong indeed, that the only objection ever heard to them was, that they were too decided partisans of MR. ODGER's cause to be fair arbitrators in it. An appeal to character, however, silenced that exception to their impartiality. Yet now, because these gentlemen have decided that MR. ODGER would best serve the Liberal cause by retiring, he retires indeed, but mars the grace of his retirement by the manner of it. He and his Committee sulk and grumble, and throw out insinuations, and talk about "insults to the working-classes," and working men putting "undue faith in those they thought they might trust."

No, friend NIBBASS. There is more than one old story about working-men, and those they trust. Like those who are called their betters, and even more than their betters unfortunately, working-men have often a good deal of undue faith in rogues who flatter them, schemers who pander to their prejudices, and knaves who keep their hold over them by getting the length of their foot. Such rascals they, too often, to their cost, "consider they may trust."

But we never heard of their being too prone to put faith in men, who while they felt with and for them, yet preferred hard truth to pleasant lying about them and their affairs as about other men and things, and had courage to rub their prejudices against the hair, when they felt their real interests required it.

The fault of working-men has been, not the putting "undue faith" in friends of this kind, but the not putting faith enough in them; and the tone in which the Chairman of MR. ODGER's Committee, and—*Punch* is sorry to see—MR. ODGER himself, comment on the decision of MESSRS. STANSFELD, HUGHES, and TAYLOR, confessing at the same time that they are not informed of the grounds of it, is a striking illustration of this fault. There is nothing so hard in the practical education of working-men, as the teaching them to prefer disagreeable truth to flattering falsehood, and not to turn from the friends who have the pluck to tell them such truth to the schemers who mislead them by such falsehood. It is this difficulty which has wrecked more working-men's movements, co-operative, educational, self-helping, than any other—the difficulty of getting working-men to know their true friends from their sham ones, and to trust the former, even when their vanity is fretted, or their wish or whim of the moment thwarted, for any reason, however weighty, or in any cause, however sacred.

Prevailing Epidemic.

WE hear distressing accounts of the health of the Police. In consequence of the arduous duties they have lately had to perform, numbers of them are laid up with—hooping-cough.



BORROWED PLUMES.

Photographer (to old party who has been shilly-shallying about her carte for ever so long). "YOU'D BETTER HAVE IT DONE THIS MORNING, MADAM; THERE'S A BEAUTIFUL LIGHT."

The Lady. "SO I INTENDED, MR. FOKERS, AND I'D DECIDED TO BE TAKEN LIKE 'MABEL GREY'! AND THERE'S THAT STUPID MAN HAS NEVER SENT MY HAIR HOME!!"

A WORD FOR A PATRIOT.

MR. PUNCH has ever a tear of compassion for the afflicted, and he proposes to weep with his friend MR. PETER TAYLOR, of Leicester, if convenient to that gentleman. Among the candidates for Chelsea was MR. ODGER, working-man. It became a question whether MR. ODGER or SIR HENRY HOARE should retire from the contest, and this question was referred, by consent of both, to three umpires, whose extremely radical views made it certain that they would be guided only by consideration of the interest of Liberalism. When MR. PUNCH names them, it will be seen that they are out-and-out Liberals. MR. STANSFELD, MR. TOM HUGHES, and MR. PETER TAYLOR aforesaid were the three. They decided that MR. ODGER should retire. He did; but, in the following gracious speech to an artisan meeting, signified his discontent:—

"No doubt the working-men had been insulted by what had taken place. A blow had been dealt to the Liberal party; and, although he was as faithful to the Liberal party as any man could be, he was not faithful to every limb of it, because he had a rotten limb behind it. (*Hear, hear.*)"

The Chairman, MR. NIEASS, was still more explicit.

"It was the old story over again—that working-men acted with undue faith in those whom they considered they might trust. (*Hear, hear.*) They had been too honest and too confiding in the class which had no sympathy with working-men. (*Hear, hear.*)"

MR. PUNCH has nothing to say about the decision—of course it was impossible for three men to be honest Liberals, and yet to believe that an enormous constituency, comprising not only a great mass of the wealth and education of London, but a variety of interests requiring the attention of a Member with leisure as well as skill, might be more conveniently represented than by a working-man, however intelligent. But the cruel charge of want of sympathy! MR. STANSFELD is a statesman, and can afford the taunt, and TOM HUGHES has done so

much for the artisan class that he can laugh at the accusation. But we fear that it may damage our friend PETER TAYLOR at Leicester, and we sorrow with him enormously, and sincerely trust that at the eleventh hour no opponent may start up, and deprive the House of PETER's solemn yet fervid oratory, profound wisdom, and sparkling epigram. We cannot spare our PETER TAYLOR, and we shall be very vexed with Leicester if it avenges ODGER on him. Banish patriotic PETER and banish all the world.

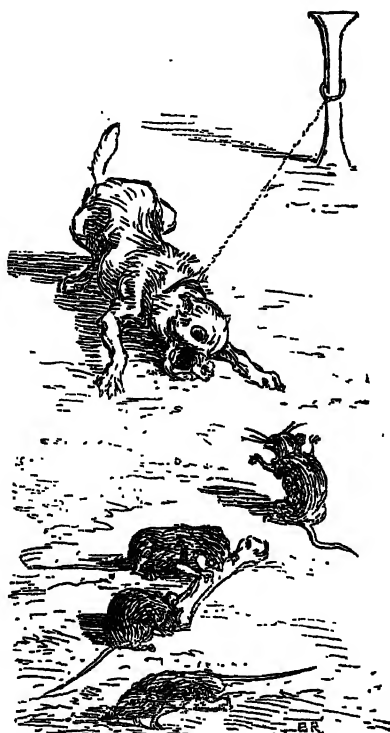
THE FIGHT FOR FINSBURY.

THE men of Finsbury have resolved to pay all MR. TORRENS's election expenses. This is a fitting tribute to a worthy man and a useful legislator. ALDERMAN LUSK, we believe, pays his own, which is equally fitting, not to say necessary, for if we were a Finsbury elector we would stand on our head on "Finsbury Pavement" before we would subscribe a shilling to help a man who "didn't think much of the Elgin Marbles," and then we wouldn't. We don't think much of ALDERMAN LUSK, in fact we never think of him at all, except when obliged, as we were by having to speak of the other, and excellent candidate, MR. TORRENS. If our old friend and enemy Cox licks Lusk, we don't know that we shall go into mourning. They are both Nobodies, and Finsbury ought to be represented by Somebody, but we never heard that Cox sneered at the Elgin Marbles—so for Cox we'll raise our *vox*, and into Lusk we'll run our tusk. Hooray!

An Example to Ritualists.

THE newspapers have announced that the REV. J. MONTESQUIEU BELLEW is about to be received into the Church of Rome. In the words of *Hamlet*, says MR. PUNCH to MR. PURCHAS, "I would you were so honest a man?"

ELECTION ITEMS.



In the week ending November 21, 1868, the Inquisition with all its terrors was set up in England—so future historians will record. Pressure was brought to bear all over, and the screw vigorously applied. Many men of good birth, education, and fortune, were put to the question, and tortured past endurance and luncheon time, openly in Market Places, Town Halls, and other public resorts, in the presence of the clergy and ministers of all denominations, who far from interfering to save the victims from suffering, at times added to their torment. The Government whip was not forgotten, and the “boot” of the Irish Church mercilessly worked. Men were on the rack for hours; they were badgered, baited, and trapped, and some went away from the scene of torture hopelessly fettered for years to come. One poor man, quite young, could hardly reach his hotel, so prostrate and exhausted was he, all through an extraordinary combination of

Bishops in the House of Lords, deceased wives' sisters, married couples in workhouses, garotters, life peers, Protestant Dissenters, Ritualists, teetotallers, Trades' Unionists, compound householders, Irish Deans, female voters, Fenians, public school-boys, and street Arabs. He declared that he had also been interrogated as to his opinions upon Latin verses, open spaces, fancy bread, undergraduates' dinners, the distress prevailing amongst the purveyors of “canine provisions,” the surrender of Gibraltar, and the November star-showers. Another victim sat up the whole of the night before he was led out to the Hustings, at his inn in a Scotch Burgh, where fortunately the whiskey was all that could be desired, trying to master the Law of Hypothec; and in Wales several aspirants bound themselves to the Atlas-like task of removing Monmouthshire from the Map of England. Some speakers had to face the vegetarian question when cabbages lightly touched their whiskers, and in more boroughs than one rabbits introduced the subject of Game Laws.

Many youthful Candidates, who relied principally on their family connection with Thisborough and Thatborough, made the farce complete by having a prompter at their side when it was their turn to speak: others were observed to look anxiously into the crown of their hat—the crowd all the while very desirous to have it from them. The usual platitudes were spoken. All the forms were gone through, but some unlucky men never found their seats again. Many young fellows lamented their imperfect education, when they found themselves unable to explain to BERTHA, and CLARA, and MARGARET, the exact meaning of such expressions as hustings, scot and lot, pot-wallopers, freemen, forty-shilling freeholders, faggot votes, knights of the shire, pocket boroughs, &c.

The show of hands was as liberal and dirty as ever.

The ladies, not in the least troubled by all BOVILL and BYLES had been saying of them, displayed their usual beautiful colours, and seemed a little disappointed at the Returning Officer not appearing in uniform, nor could they make out to what regiment he belonged. Perhaps they thought more of the Candidates' looks than their views, and although not generally partial to statistics, they were delighted with many of their figures. In one or two cases of uncompromising wigs, the state of the poll was not considered satisfactory. When the speakers treated (thereby breaking the law) the electors to equalisation of the poor-rates, county financial boards, Regium Donum, &c., the ladies exercised the franchise, despite the Court of Common Pleas, and voted them a bore; but on the whole they received the addresses of their favourite Candidates with marked approval and pocket-handkerchiefs. The gentlemen who proposed were in high favour, and perhaps to the ladies the most interesting event of all was—the Declaration. A great many votes were split, and a few heads.

Special Trains ran, and so did Special Constables.

OUR EXCHANGE COLUMN.

DRESS.

Garibaldi.—I will exchange a Tucked White Muslin trimmed with real Cluny, for something worth having. I will not take stamps, crests, or old music, having done *that* myself often. What I *do* want is a beautiful real Seal-skin Jacket and a Pony-Carriage, with Pony, warm rugs, and a Silver-mounted white Whip. JENNY D.

Habit.—Wanted a Riding Habit, made to fit, for a lovely figure. Must be of the best cloth, made by the best tailor; also to match a Hat, a Chestnut Mare, a Whip with a Gold Handle, a Gold Watch, Three Diamond Rings, and £1000 a-year pin-money. Many things to offer in exchange—open to suggestions. L. N. (21)

LIBRARY.

Scott.—I want the original editions of all SIR WALTER SCOTT'S works. I will give, in exchange, the volumes of BRADSHAW, in *perfect order*, for the last ten years. (30)

Tupper.—I will exchange a copy of the *Proverbial Philosophy* (one quarter cut) for anything except stamps, crests, or old music. (19)

Jokes.—I have some fine old crusted jokes, warranted to set the table in a roar, better than new; also some first-rate riddles, in an excellent state of preservation, supposed to have been composed by the author of “When is a door not a door?” and at about the same date. I will exchange them for dinners at the best Clubs: five jokes and two riddles per dinner. (D. B.)

GARDEN.

I will exchange a couple of flower-pots and a spade for a first-class hunter over fifteen three. He must be safe and sound. (3109)

What will anyone give me, in the way of geraniums, ferns, and cactuses, for some beautiful old music, a collection of postage-stamps (over two hundred, and *some blue*), and a variety of crests? (410,710)

I will give some splendid specimens of mustard and cress, grown on a flannel over a damp saucer (a perfect little marvel in horticulture), for a lawn-mowing machine in perfect order, or anything really worth having. Crests and old music objected to. (345,678)

DOMESTIC.

I have a very old hat, and boots to match. Will exchange the same for anything except stamps, old music, crests, or monograms (100,000)

POULTRY.

I have a very large, light Brahma cock, which I will exchange for a Brahma lock. (307)

Wanted, a red game Bantam. Will give in exchange a first-rate collection of stamps and crests. (45)

I do want a Guinea fowl. I will give in exchange *any number of autographs of anybody living or dead*. There's an offer! (900,700,600Q)

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Skating.—Wanted, slides for a magic lantern. The “Devil and Baker” objected to. Will give an odd skate—a very odd skate—in exchange.

Dumb-bells.—Will exchange dumb-bells with anybody, if his are better than mine. (6,007)

Clubs.—Will exchange Clubs with any gentleman, if he will pay my subscription. (9,00)

“Sigh no More, Ladies: Ladies, Sigh no More.”

AN indignant “advocate of her sex” writes to us, denouncing *Pall-Mall* as a “brute of a paper,” which has always treated the softer and sweeter sex in its articles “as the dirt under its feet,” and complaining especially of that ungallant organ for having dared to call the claim of ladies to vote at common law, a “mare's nest.”

Punch begs his indignant Correspondent to be comforted. The *Pall-Mall* is very rude. It wasn't a mare's nest. It was a lady-mayor's.

A la Bonne Heure!

THE Tories spread rumours that MR. GLADSTONE is a Catholic. Ha! *Mr. Punch* is reminded of a verse of an old ballad, wherein it is said to the enemies of a fighting Bishop—

“Right heavily upon your heads
He'll lay his hand—in steel,
And with his trusty Partisan,
Your absolution deal.”

GREATNESS HAS ITS PENALTIES.—It requires some previous instruction to perform the duties of the Ninth of November properly. As a rule, the Lord Mayor is “coached up” every year.



HUNTING STUDIES BY RAIL.

DIFFERENT IDEAS OF COMFORT IN COATS.

BRUTAL TREATMENT OF A FENIAN PRISONER.

WE'll may the Fenians raise the cry against the Saxon tyrant. Read the *Cork Herald* :—

"MRS. MACKAY, the wife of 'CAPTAIN' MACKAY, the Fenian convict, has had two interviews with her husband in Millbank Prison. She seemed well satisfied with the treatment her husband was receiving. MACKAY was comfortably clad, and had become so stout that she did not recognise him until he spoke."

Here is a theme for the Fenian Press in America:—"The brutal wretches who have incarcerated our patriots, cram them, like turkeys, until their glorious and godlike figures are destroyed, that they may hold them up as ludicrous monsters of obesity. But we tell the haughty Saxon that, when we regain our hero, we will soon starve him down into heroic mould; and when he comes with banner, brand, and bow, as leader seeks his mortal foe, the Governor of Millbank shall expiate, on coals of fire, the tyrannic cookery which has fattened our MACKAY."

Poem for a Railway Platform.

IDEAS, into trains of thought
By running, hurt no brains—
Not so when passengers are brought
To grief—by luggage trains.

"IN MEDIO TUTISSIMA."

THE County all strong-minded females
ought to vote in—Middlesex.

MR. GLADSTONE A PAPIST.

MR. PUNCH never had the slightest doubt that MR. GLADSTONE was a Papist. But as less acute persons than *Mr. Punch* appear to be just now much exercised on the subject, and keep on writing letters to MR. GLADSTONE and the papers about it, *Mr. Punch* begs leave to submit the following irrefragable proofs of the Roman Catholicism of the next Premier. After this, surely no more need be said.

Mr. Punch knows that MR. GLADSTONE is a Papist,

BECAUSE, even in his family circle, he has never been heard to call the Church of Rome a Scarlet Lady, or to propose the toast, "Bad End to the Pope!"

BECAUSE, when a Shoe-black of the S.V.P. brigade once asked him to have his shoes "shined," though MR. GLADSTONE hypocritically refused the young Papist's services, he gave him a penny.

BECAUSE he never fastens his letters with wafers. His adulators say that this is because gummed envelopes are cleaner and more convenient; but we know better. It is out of respect to the Wafer used by the Church of Rome.

BECAUSE the hair at the top of his head is thinning. Naturally, say his defenders. Out on them! We know that in the most secret and artful manner he has a few hairs taken out every day, with a view to an ultimate imitation of the tonsure.

BECAUSE he destroyed the Italian prisons, that were full of priests' victims. This was because the scandal of the system was injuring the Papacy, which he sought to conserve.

BECAUSE he never lets off fireworks from his balcony in Carlton House Terrace, on Guy Faux Day, nor gives money to the boys with Guys.

BECAUSE MRS. GLADSTONE is always doing acts of charity to the poor, as notoriously enjoined by the Church of Rome, as proofs of faith.

BECAUSE he has translated several Protestant hymns into Latin, to make them resemble Popish hymns.

BECAUSE he frequently makes quotations from POPE, who, besides having such a name, was a Catholic.

BECAUSE he is not a subscriber to the *Record* or the *Rock*.

BECAUSE he does not intend to offer very high office to MR. WHALLEY.

BECAUSE DR. MANNING, long before he went over, having been god-father to a son of MR. GLADSTONE, he did not, on the Doctor's going over, procure a private Act of Parliament for disestablishing the sponsorship.

BECAUSE if there is fish at his dinner on Fridays (as there usually is, mark), he generally takes some.

BECAUSE his brother-in-law, SIR STEPHEN GLYNNE, notoriously lives in a castle that belonged to Roman Catholics for several hundred years.

BECAUSE he has never been known by his family, when at table, and there was mutton, to express a desire to eat the Pope's Eye.

BECAUSE with Diabolical and Jesuitical art he has always declared and proved himself a devoted supporter of the Church of England, and this alone, to any "truly Protestant" mind, MR. GLADSTONE's evil character being considered, would be—and indeed seems to be—sufficient proof that he who will be Premier at Christmas is a bigoted Papist.

N.B. The above may be reprinted by any Protestant Association.

JOHN BULL TO JOHN BRIGHT.

My eloquent JOHN BRIGHT, your denunciation's strong,
But more potently would smite your satire's stinging thong,
If for guidance of its might, you'd take this with you along—
That *you* aren't always right, your opponents always wrong;

That some doctrines worth a whiff are, though they lead between two stools;

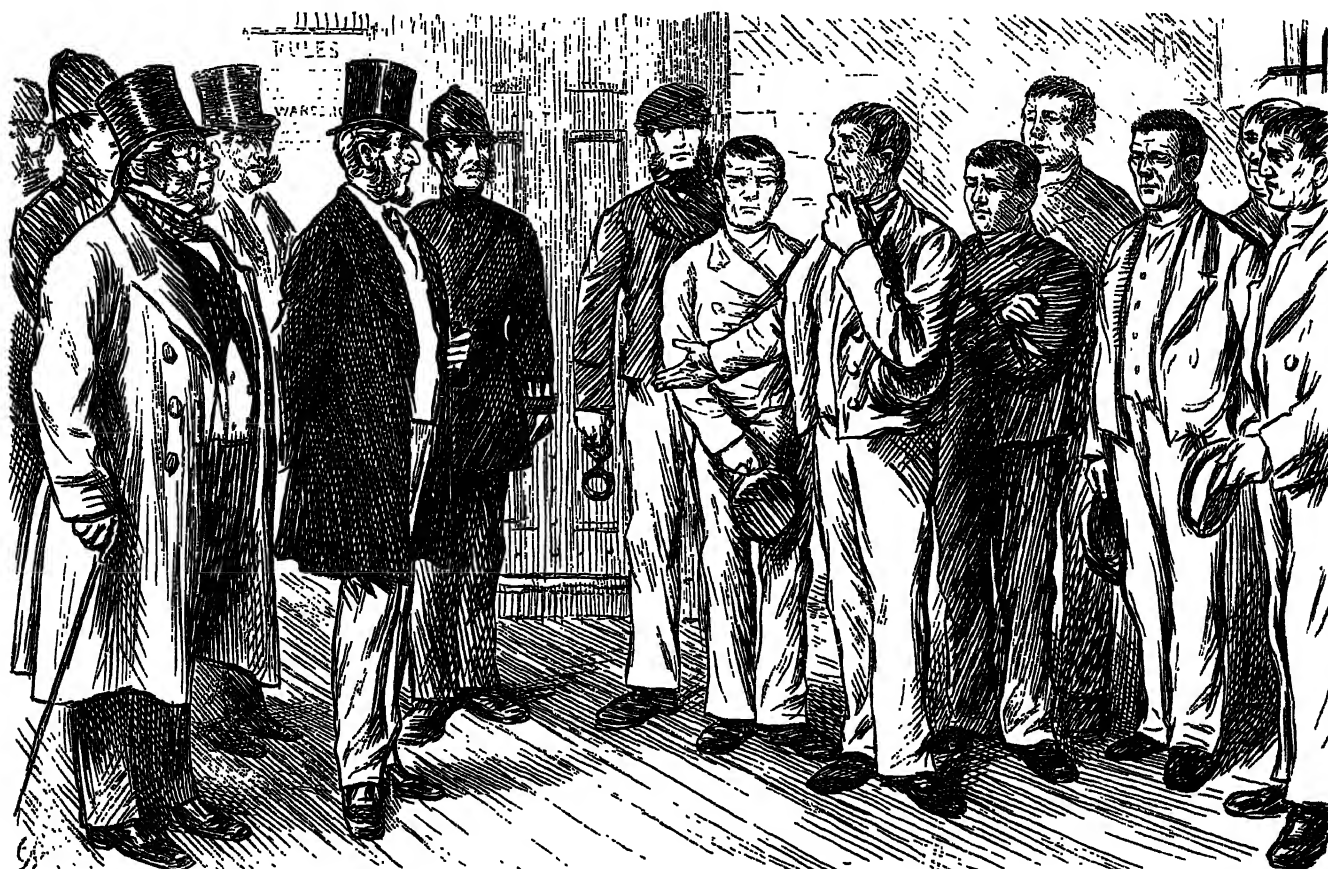
That sails for the state-skiff are, without ballast, dangerous tools;
That dull folks' backs get stiffer, the more you call them mules;
And that men from you may differ, yet be neither rogues nor fools;

That 'twixt argument and reason wise men two ways may decide;
That to ride slow there's a season, and a season fast to ride;
That to truth it is no treason both eyes to open wide,
One that things their *Darkside* sees on, and one on their *Brightside*.

Too Bad.

THE Brigands, a week or so ago, took off MR. CAMPBELL, Vice-Rector of the Scotch College in Rome. MR. CAMPBELL was returned by the brigands, on compulsion, safe and sound. Now what was the observation of the *Times* Correspondent on this matter? Why, will it be believed, an unfeeling pun; he actually wrote to the leading Journal to say that "Brigandage in this province is not killed, though *Scotched*," We shouldn't ha' thought it of him.

EXTREMES MEET.—So did MR. BRIGHT and the Gun Trade.



PITY THE POOR PRISONERS!

SCENE—County Prison: Visiting Justices on Inspection.

Visiting Justice. "ANY COMPLAINTS?"

Prisoner. "YES, YOUR HONOUR. WE'RE GUV ON'Y ONE BUCKET AT SHAVIN' TIME, SO WE'VE ALL GOT TO DIP OUR RAZORS IN THE SAME WATER, AND WHO KNOWS WOT SKIN DISEASES A COVE MIGHT KETCH!"

A CABBY QUESTION.

MR. PUNCH.—SIR,

BEING attached to a public vehicle, I trust I am not abusing the licence granted to individuals of my stamp in conveying to you my ideas on a subject of great political importance. My shafts may not be so pointed or satirical as yours, but they are much more irritating, and when chewing my oats, I often think of SHAKESPEARE'S familiar line, "Let the galled jade wince," and fancy he must have had in his fine poetic eye a London cab-horse like myself, with wheels behind wheels.

Although by habit identified with the party of progress, my instincts are purely Conservative. I have great respect for our Prime Minister, because he has succeeded (which I have not) in raising himself from the ranks. Looking at his new Reform Bill from my stand-point, I heartily approve of that clause in it which prohibits cabs from being employed for electioneering purposes. Well do I remember what sufferings I endured to bring in the popular candidates at the last election. I was completely run off my legs, and compelled to strain my sinews in a cause which I conscientiously detested. It is very singular that Blues as a rule carry more weight than Buifs, which can only be accounted for by Dublin Stout having a greater specific gravity than spirits-and-water. Those who stand up for our "glorious constitution" know well what generous support it derives from malt and hops scientifically combined, and they generally fortify themselves accordingly before they start for the hustings. Men of stable minds despise toddy.

I presume, *Mr. Punch*, that you are hand and glove with the Government Whip? Be so good, then, as to ask him, in order that the Cabby question may have a Cabinet answer, as cabs are *scratched* for the approaching race between DISRAELI and GLADSTONE, whether sedan-chairs are legal conveyances?

I am not at all clear on this point, for as no Act of Parliament, I am told, was ever framed, but a coach-and-four could drive through it, I

should be surprised if in one that has been more tinkered than any other, a loophole could not be found wide enough to admit a wheelbarrow.

In any event, Reform must be a boon to the working-horses of this vast Metropolis, whose energies are now relieved from an oppressive poll-tax.

I hate agitation, and think that many of our parliamentary leaders require curbing. There is far too much play about their heads, and their mouths are not near so tender as they should be.

You are aware that I am an humble votary of the Mews, and I beg therefore to subscribe myself by my *nom de plume*,

Very truly yours,

AURORA FLOYD.

Whetstone Park, Lord Mayor's Day.

A ROCK CRYSTAL.

WE would give a small sum—say the worth of the Cabinet's chance of life—to be so near MR. DISRAELI as to be able to see his face when he sees (as he will see for the first time when reading his *Punch*) the following conclusion of an article in which one of the "religious" papers commends him to the battle, as Achilles dismissed Patroclus, with a prayer, to the fight in which he fell:—

"May the great Protestant statesman who is now piloting the vessel of the State under Providence in a dangerous sea and amidst Rocks of peril (we do not allude to ourselves) trust not merely to human foresight however clear, or to genius however gifted, but like the wise mariner who pilots his barque by looking for guidance to one fixed star above him, so may MR. DISRAELI look to that Great Light above him which never leads astray, and never ceases to shine on all who truly seek it, and trust in it."

We must preserve this as one of the Election gems. What will the *Rock* say, if MR. DISRAELI runs his barque ashore?

MUSTERING FOR THE MÊLÉE.

FROM Lizard Point to John o'Groat's, from Fair Head to Cape Clear,
 'Tis slogan cry, and brass blown high, chink of metal, flow of beer;
 For the Great Tilt of the Session, the Electors' lists are dight,
 And, in cognisance and colour, are mustering squire and knight.

Chief of the knights defenders, arrayed to hold the field,
 SIR BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI on high hath hung his shield;
 Party-per-pale its colours, its device a rope of sand,
 And the legend—

"We fightes at ye beste that fightes for his owne hande."

Round him, in their pavilions, his knights companions see,
 SIR JOHN DE PAKINGTON-LE-NEZ, SIR GAYTHORNE-LE-HARDI.
 NORTHCOOTE, and PATTEN, and WARD HUNT, but late a simple squire,
 And, tower of strength, LORD STANLEY, cool son of heady sire.

What need to tell how to these strengths others bring ancient names,
 MANNERS and RICHMOND, CHANDOS and MARLBOROUGH—here be
 claims!

And what if somewhat slackly they sit or rashly ride,
 They charge with weight of ancestry, and acreage beside.

Now shields are hung and gages flung, and armourer-work's complete;
 Targe braced, helm laced, 'tis time, I trow, each knight were in his seat;
 But oh! 'tis heavy heaving, and many a hitch and fall,
 Ere, fast and free, in saddle-tree, they are mounted one and all.

Nor then 'tis easy guiding those steeds with bit or spur:
 Some fling out viciously behind, and some refuse to stir . . .
 Though the dark hand of D'ISRAELI show the course he'd have them ride,
 Some back, some bolt, and some, bit in teeth, are circling wild and wide.

Little look these defenders like knights to hold a field,
 Spite of broiery on housings and blazonry on shield.
 'Tis many men and many minds, there where one mind should rule:
 He may be a mighty master, but there's murmuring in the school.

Not such the show where far below on the tourney's level field,
 Are mustered the knights challengers to strike the defenders' shield,
 To break their lusty lances, fair England's grace to win,
 As she bows the unhorsed defenders out and the challengers bows in!

Chief of those lusty challengers, grim, gaunt, but blithe of cheer,
 Curvets the gallant GLADSTONE upon his great destrere:
 Sat ever warrior in selle so like a tower of steel?
 Trod ever steed so stately, or so answered hand and heel?

His shield is white, and fair to sight displays a rising sun,
 And for legend "*Lucem affero!*" around, in gold, doth run;
 And his lance is like a weaver's beam, but, in his stalwart hand,
 He sways and sweeps it lightly, as a child a hazel wand.

At GLADSTONE's side, feet planted wide, broad-shouldered, square, and
 stout,

JOHN BRIGHT, that sturdy swordsman, flings his two-hand blade about:
 'Ware swashing blow, or friend or foe, that comes within its sweep,
 It swings wider than he's 'ware of, and its edge cuts keen and deep.

And there a knot of gallant youths that their spurs have early won,
 Who take no glory from a sire, but will leave it to a son;
 FORSTER, and BRUCE, and STANSFELD, and CHILDERS, good at need,
 Bony and bright their coursers, though with no boast of breed.

And with these youth are veterans, seamed with old battle-scars,
 Whose delight is tilt and tourney, and talk of ancient wars:
 And philosophic heads are here that in helmets strangely show—
 Mild MILL, and FAWCETT needing not eyes' help to find the foe.

Now speed you, lusty challengers, for God and your good cause,
 The ennobling England's statecraft, and amending England's laws.
 The lists are clear, the hour is here—the hour and eke the man!
 Charge, gallants, charge, on either part, and let him win who can!

Books not Yet in the Press.

- A Spendthrift Tight.* A Novel, by the Author of *A Screw Loose*.
Fish all Alike. A Tale of thrilling interest, by the Author of *Dead Sea Fruit*.
Hate the Forgiver. A Romance, by the writer of *Love the Avenger*.
Gone to See. A Sensation Story, by the Author of *Ram to Earth*.
The Death Struggle. A Sequel to *A Fight for Life*.

ECHOES OF THE ELECTION.

As the curtain rises, a vast mob is seen in a frantic state of excitement. Wild shouts.

Mr. Gladstone. Economy, Justice, Reform! (*Loud cheers.*)

Mr. Disraeli. The Church! The Constitution! (*Loud cheers.*)

Mr. Mill. CONINGHAM shan't stand for Brighton!

Mr. Conyngham. Who are you?

Mr. Bouverie. Yes, ask him that!

Mr. Labouchere. LORD ENFIELD acts like a sneak!

Lord Enfield. MR. LABOUCHERE speaks falsely!

Mr. Homer. Beer, beer, any beer?

Sir John Pakington. Hooray for the Little Fairy Actress!

Mr. Bell. No money-changers in the temple!

Baron Rothschild. That bell is cracked!

Mr. Bright. Peace, economy, freedom!

Mr. Lloyd. Who opposed the Factories Bill, Yah!

Mr. W. H. Russell. The Irish want to seize the land!

Mr. Dilke. None of your Freaks here!

Alderman Lusk. I don't think much of the Elgin marbles!

Mr. Cox. Who spent £8,000 on his election?

Sir H. Bulwer. I saved you from three wars!

Mr. Salisbury. Charge, Chester, charge!

Lord Stanley. Let well alone!

Sir R. Carden. GLADSTONE's motive is jealousy of DISRAELI!

Mr. Coleridge. Abolish the flogging of soldiers and sailors!

Sir H. Hoare. I wish I was HOARE the Banker!

Lord George Hamilton. I shall get older every day!

Mr. C. Waring. I have nothing to do with the DOULTON affair!

Mr. Merewether. Never tamper with grand institutions!

Mr. Harvey Lewis. Hooray for a National Rate!

Mr. Goschen. Who's that shying Beans?

Lord Mayor Lawrence. I do desire a divided duty!

Mr. Miall. Sever Church from State!

Sir John Trevelyan. Mitigate the Game Laws!

Mr. Henry James. Be just and fear not!

Sir George Bowyer. Hurrah for the POPE and the QUEEN!

Mr. Bradlaugh. Down with all religions!

Mr. Layard. DIZZY is a great Artful Dodger!

Sir Roundell Palmer. Oxford's too bigoted for me!

Mr. Odger. The swells won't let a workman stand!

Mr. Buxton. There will be no more wars!

Mr. Hardman. Who persecuted GOVERNOR EYRE?

Mr. Whalley. Everybody's a Jesuit except me!

Lord Amberley. No large families!

Mr. Mill. Bravo! they are crimes!

Lord John Manners. I cleaned the Regent's Park lake!

Capt. Sherard Osborn. Reform in the Navy!

Mr. Vernon Harcourt. Choose no cuss but Historicus!

Mr. B. Osborne. Flog Garotters! Pull libellers' noses!

Mr. Reardon. Who'll have a donkey?

Mr. Roebuck. No ingratitude. No ratteners!

Mr. Beales. Choose the Tribune of the People!

Mr. Torrens. Better homes for workmen!

Mr. Ferrand. All Liberals are scoundrels!

Dr. Sandwith. I doctored at Kars!

Mr. O'Beirne. Reform your Dockyards!

Mr. Tom Hughes. Educate everybody!

The Speaker. Teach Latin, but not Greek!

Sir S. Waterlow. Build model lodging-houses!

Mr. Clay. Moderation—toleration—progress!

Mr. A. Trollope. Irish Church. Can You Forgive Her? No!

Mr. Merry. Nine to one on GLADDY in ponies!

Mr. Punch. Go it, my boys, and may the best men win!

None so Blind as Those that Won't See.

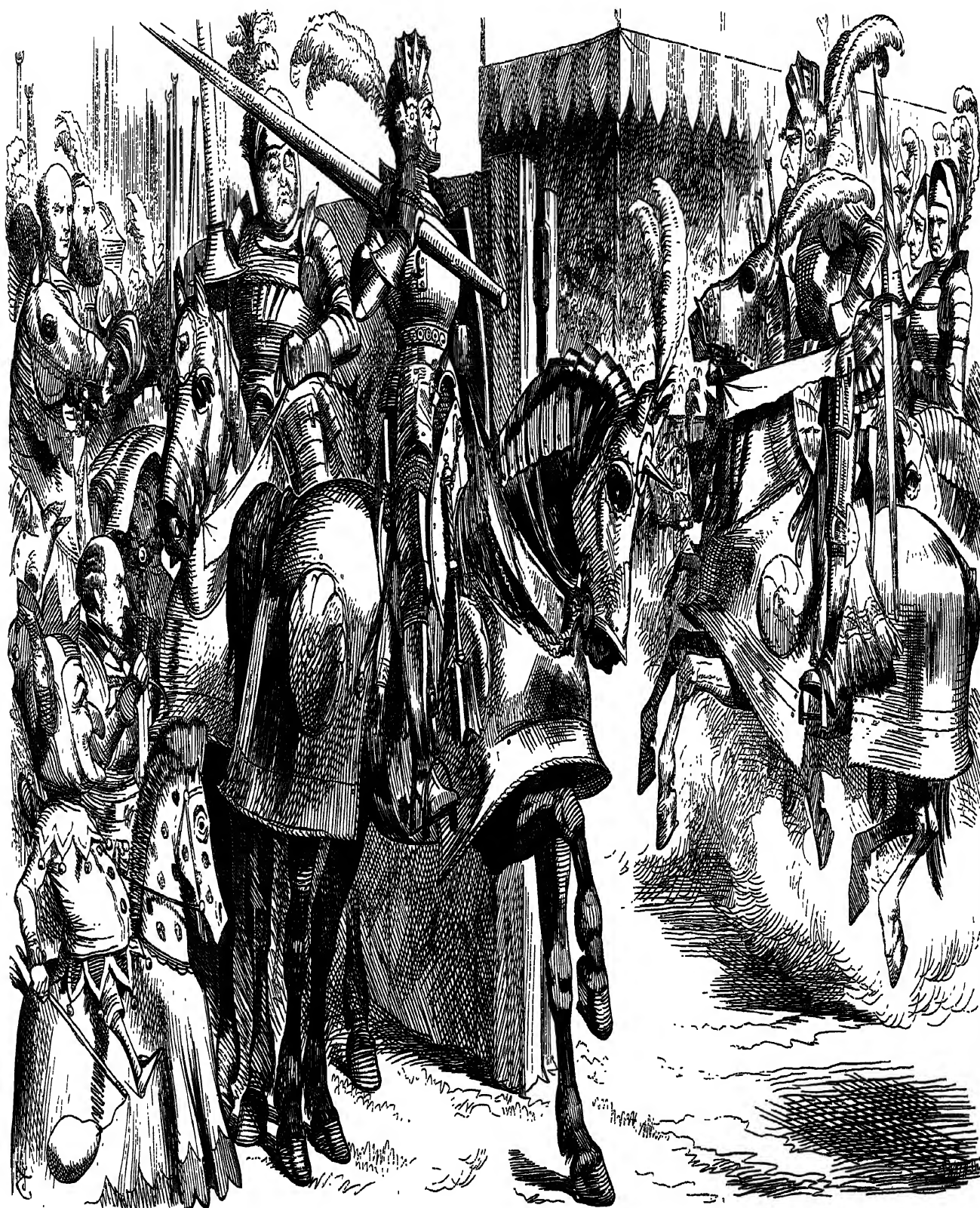
We are informed that inquiries into alleged levying of blackmail and other acts of connivance of the police, in connection with the night-houses and other kindred iniquities of the Haymarket, have caused the removal to other beats of three Inspectors and several constables of the C. Division.

These delinquents, we presume, have been found to belong, not so much to the C, as to the *wont-see* division, which grumblers say, is gradually getting to be the largest in the Mayne-Force.

CANDIDATES FOR THE COUNTY CROP.

CADS, intending to satirise chignons, have taken to insult ladies in the street by crying, "I'll have your hair!" It never occurs to them that their own hair will, perhaps, be shortly taken by the shaver to the House of Correction.

TOAST OF FEMALE SUFFRAGE.—The Chignon at the Poll.



BEFORE THE TOURNAMENT.

SPAIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)



HAT do the Oxford Dons say to the Spanish Revolution? I believe they have given in their adhesion to the Provisional Government. I have been asked why they don't offer the crown to the O'CONNOR DON. But how do I know? Or, if I did, how can I tell? I can't: I won't.

The present state of Spain is impecuniosity. ISABELLA could come back, for money: if there was any money to come back for. If she only promised to be good for the future (and she *has* made one step, you see, by shutting the Palace door, *after* the Intendant had stolen off, against future male ballet-dancers or opera-singers, and to be opened only to grantees), she might yet make friends with the people: though never with the Reds, who had much better be left to cut each other's throats, as assuredly they will do in due course of time. As your correspondent, I refuse all offers, and never take a bribe: remember that fact, if you please, next quarter. The Spaniards are not a bit like *Don Giovanni* or *Leporello*, or anybody I ever saw in their costume; so they must be wrong. Perhaps before the Revolution it was otherwise: now, at all events, will be the time for a theatrical costumier, DON MAIUS DE BOS STREETOS, *e. g.*, to come over and get first-rate dresses for a mere song, or if not for an entire song, at all events for a couple of small notes.

My national anthem has not been adopted yet. It commences—

Sing a hymn
To GENERAL PRIM,
Tall and slim,
Stern and grim,
Stout of limb,
Eyes not dim,
Likes to swim,
That's his whim,*
English PRIM,
Though a Sim,†
Was like him,
Bright and olim ‡
As Cherubim,
Or SHAKESPEARE'S *Nym*!
Call in TIM
And CARDINAL XIM—
—ENES, to the rim
Fill, to the Brim,
For he's no Crim—
—mal is PRIM,
So Drunk to him!
and
Dowse the glim!

So I went to bed, exhausted by my carouse with the joyous Muse. Don't let TENNYSON see the above before you publish it, or he'll swear he did it. I could tell you a story about—but no matter. But look here: just before the post goes, "Why is the Poet Laureate an ill-educated Person?" Mind, I bear him no spite. Well, Sir, I guess it is because he is the *Half read* TENNYSON. (I mean, *Alfred*.) Good-bye.

* This has a deep political signification, which you could only understand by being on the spot, and even then it would be difficult.

† A follower of the late REV. MR. SIMON, of Cambridge. PRIM, I am aware, lived some years before this gentleman, but he *may* be said to have followed his opinions. At all events, I *do* say it.

‡ A very North Country word, signifying much the same as bright, only different. I am aware that my use of Cherubim is not poetically correct: it is, however, licensed.

A Chime for Ch. Ch.

OXFORD, deaf to voice of charmer,
Will not hear of ROUNDALL PALMER.
If there ever comes a crisis
Threatening vested rights by Isis,
Oxford, frightened, we'll be bound, 'll
Wish for champion like SIR ROUNDALL.

TO THE THOUGHTFUL.

Not every man can grow Coffee who has coffee grounds in his cup.

BUMPKINS ON BRIBERY.

(BY MR. HOMEGREEN.)

THE canvass at Aldershot Camp, I'll be bound,
'Ood cover a good many acres o' ground.
Now canvass all over the country we see;
Some fellers come down here a canvassum me.

I went t'other day to the next market town.
There was handbills and squibs stuck all over the Crown;
Likewise the White Hart they had beautified too;
The one bills all yaller, the t'others all blue.

At that time BILL BUCKLE, the saddler, come by,
We both was athirst, and the Wheatsheaf well nigh;
About the Election our talk mostly run,
And I poked up friend BILL wi' some o' my fun.

"Well, WILLUM," I sez to un, "bisnus is—how?"
"Oh, well," he replies, "pretty middlun, jest now."
"At 'lection times, hereabout, WILLUM," sez I,
"Tis sed as how prices do mostly run high:

"I've heerd leather gaiters was last time so rare,
Some on um was sellun' at ten pound a pair.
And how about sugar? Han't nare a balloon
Brought down to this burry the Man in the Moon?

Says BILL, "Sitch fine times as they once have a hen.
I'm feared we bain't gviun' to zee here again;
But, Bribery Acts let um pass as they 'ool,
The pus as is longest will have the best pull.

"Supposin' I do sell my birthright, why not,
To gie 'n away right when no judgment I've got?
I han't a got no other rason to vote,
And better than none I accounts a bank-note."

Sez I, "BILL, that there's thought a sensible rule
By others, 'sides you, that be less knave than fool.
The end o' which is that the country gits sold
To Railwaymen, jobbers, and schemers, for gold.

"As no better rason than money you own,
For votun', your best plan's to lave it alone.
That there, BILL, 's the dooty o' fellers like you,
Your country to serve 'tis the most you can do."

"My country be blowed!" was BILL BUCKLE's reply;
"And as for my dooty I don't know, not I,
No more nor the Church Catechism do declare,
And no word I knows on agin sugar there."

Taking Things Philosophically.

READER, what is your idea of the best way of spending one of these long November evenings pleasantly? Is it not to attend a meeting of the Cambridge Philosophical Society—going, it may be, an hour beforehand, to secure a good seat—and listen to, perhaps, in the excitement of the moment, encore, "Communications on the Factorial Resolution of $x^n - 2 \cos n + \frac{1}{x^n}$;" and "On some Porismatic Problems?" We are sure it is, and we hope you enjoyed yourself, and had a tumbler when all was over.

A Constituent's Question.

WHEN Candidates, to gain your votes,
In urgent manner sue,
Their importunity denotes
That they've some end in view.
Do Railwaymen at public good,
Or private objects aim?
Of all such customers you should
Ask—"What's your little game?"

A PASTORAL IDEA.

A BISHOP's crook reminds him that he is, as it were, a Shepherd; and then, if there are any Ritualists in his diocese, he must regard them as so many silly sheep that have got the staggers.

MEDICOCHEIRURGICAL GASTRONOMY.

Examiner. What is the best local application for gastritis?
Candidate. Bread sauce.



LAST NOVELTY.

THIS IS HOW FITZWELLINGTON CREATED A SENSATION WITH THE NEW BROODINGNAGIAN SAMPLE SCARF.

A SCRAP FROM A SPIRIT'S DIARY.

To Huntingdon, where a Church Conference and my LORD SANDWICH did make a pretty short High and Dry Speech, and therein say, as I copy from a Paper:—

"He regretted that the Bishops had not the Power over their Clergy that they ought to have. He instanced the Conduct of MR. PURCHAS, at Brighton, towards the Bishop of his Diocese. A Bishop ought to have the same Power over his Diocese as a General had over his Army. Bishops ought to have Power of holding a Court-Clerical, and he hoped in the next Session of Parliament it would receive Attention."

Lard! to think what would happen if a Bishop did have the Power to try Heretics and Apostates by Court-Clerical as a General do Deserters and the like by Court-Martial! That Rogue, BUTLER, do talk of Pulpit Drum-ecclesiastic; and methinks the Notion of a Pulpit Drum-head Court-Clerical mighty pretty. No doubt we should soon see all that dare hold their own Way, and otherwise than their Judge, tied up to the next Tree, or indeed more likely the next Stake, and pretty short Work made of the Essayists and Reviewers, and COLENSO, and VOYSEY! For I always note the Clergy almost all seem fain to govern the Church and rule Men like a Schoolmaster do little Boys, making Laws for the Nonce to whip them by as Occasions require. And so I do believe if Bishops were able to hold a Court-Clerical to try People for Heresy, they would, nine out of ten, not at all regard the Plea that the Charge was no Breach of the Articles of Religion, but in any new Case and not within the Thirty-nine, the Bishop would make himself both Law-maker, Judge and Jury, all in one, and very likely Jack Ketch also.

And, Lard! to think my LORD SANDWICH should say he wished Bishops holding Courts-Clerical!

SOUNDS THE SAME.—At the Marylebone Election the Cabmen unanimously voted for SANDWICH, having been told that he had a great deal to do with Kars.

THE LATE LORD MAYOR'S FAREWELL.

GUILDHALL, NOVEMBER 7, 1868.

ATR—"Weber's Last Waltz."

Lo, mine hours of office numbered!
Ah, my reign will soon be o'er!
With the robes of State encumbered,
I shall shortly be no more.
To my name I lose the handle,
Which it bore throughout the year;
Lord by tenure, brief as candle—
Lordship not like that of Peer.

Brothers of the Corporation,
Fain my tongue to you would tell
All my sense of obligation,
Whilst I breathe my fond farewell,
For those aids you me have rendered,
In my labours taking share:
Till my grateful thanks are tendered,
Oh, I cannot leave this chair!

Fare ye well, my coadjutors,
Aldermen, and Sheriffs two;
And, my trusty prolocutors,
Chamberlain, Recorder—you!
On me, civic monarch reigning,
Oft did irksome duties fall,
Which you lightened, part sustaining:
Officers, I thank you all.

Though laborious, in a measure,
Yet my year of mayoralty,
Notwithstanding, one of pleasure
Very great, has been to me.
Profit, which, with best endeavour,
At its worth I cannot sum,
I've derived from whomsoever
Into contact with I've come.

Whilst in life I'm yet abiding,
You may see me, now and then,
At the Mansion-house presiding,
As mere Alderman, again.
Some years hence, if this November
I survive, when I sit there;
Then old times will you remember,
Saying, "He has passed the Chair."

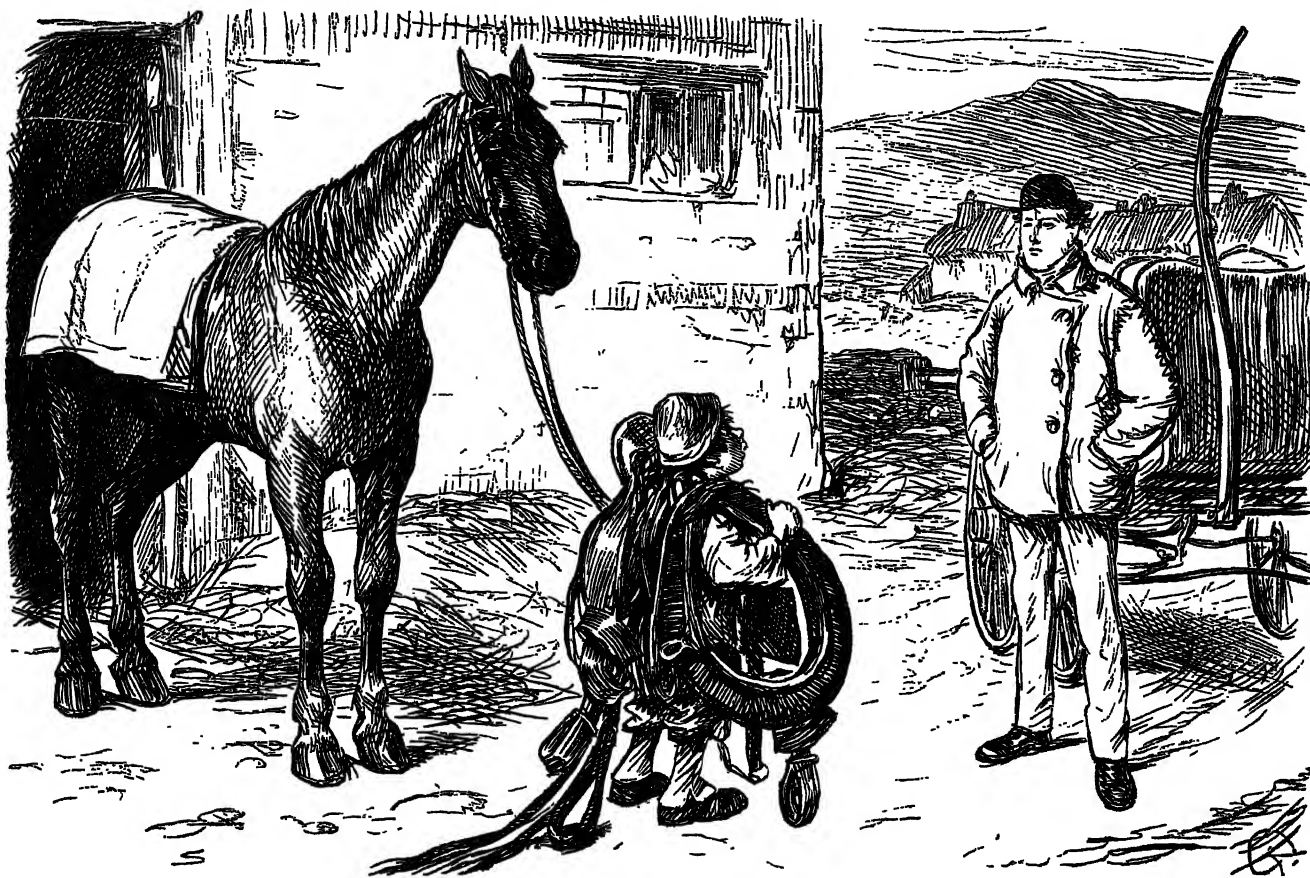
Take this Chair, then, my Successor,
Which must be no longer mine:
Of this Mace be thou possessor,
Purse and Sceptre I resign.
Sword of State, and Chain of Glory,
Take, to grace thy grandeur new.
Grandeur, oh, how transitory!
Take, oh, take, my wild adieu!

FIREPROOF THEATRES.

WE are informed by the *Morning Post* that all the scenery, and all the coverings of the seats of the new theatre Delle Logge, have been rendered incombustible by a process devised by SIGNOR BORGHI, wherein the essential element is tungstate of soda. A similar method especially designed to augment the safety of ships, commonly known in this country as BURNETT's process, might, the *Post* judiciously suggests, be more extensively applied to the purpose of protection from fire. This idea merits the attention of managers of theatres, in their own interest as well as that of the combustible British Public, of which no member would ever get killed in the crush created by a cry of fire, if there were no fear of fire, and could therefore be no crush. We quote the reference to BURNETT's process for the benefit of those whom it may concern, but may at the same time remark how odd it seems, in reference to anything inflammable, that the process of BURNETT should prevent it from igniting.

Success to Sidney Sussex.

THERE is nothing surprising in Cambridge Undergraduates protesting against their bad dinners. They have only done as the people of England are doing all over—shown a determination to have a change for the better in the "Commons."



Impatient Traveller (in Ireland). "Now, THEN, IS THIS TRAP READY? WHERE'S THE OSTLER?"
Small Boy. "SHURE, OI'LL P-HUT 'M OP FOR YE, SOR. THE OTHER MAN'S GONE IV A ARRAND!!"

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITH A VOICE.—SECOND SPECIES OF THE GENUS.—THE BIG MAN WITH THE LITTLE VOICE.

A VERY big man, six feet two in his stockings, and six feet four in his boots; that is, allowing, as they say at cribbage, "two for his heels." A prominent man, carrying as it were all before him, or certainly nearly all. Middle-aged and prematurely bald, being exposed to the nipping and eager air at that height from the ground. His voice takes you entirely by surprise, it is so small, but at the same time so sweet. After TUPTON, with his shouting, and SILFORD, with his double basso profundo, NORRINGER's voice comes as a comforting revelation.

NORRINGER warbles, or *now* he thinks he warbles as he used to warble when a young man. Now he rather wobbles than warbles, but still there are many who agree with me, that they'd rather hear NORRINGER at forty-three, than most amateur or professional tenors at twenty-five, that is as long as NORRINGER sticks to his own line.

That's it: having a voice, having been praised for his voice, having come at last to consider his as *the* voice of all voices, a pocket-voice as it were, easily taken out to evening parties, and capable of being carried up and down anywhere without the smallest inconvenience,—having, I say, become accustomed to regard it in this light, he stops at nothing.

You lament, before NORRINGER, that your musical party, so evenly balanced will come to grief, because SILFORD's basso won't be there.

"Well," says NORRINGER diffidently, he is always diffident in opening up a suggestion, "Well, is the music difficult?" You reply—No, not very.

"Have you got it?" NORRINGER asks.

"Yes, here it is." You show it to him. NORRINGER looks over it with what he intends to be the eye of a musician, and hums something indistinctly (he takes precious good care to be indistinct) which has in it the character of the air before him, and causes perhaps somebody to say, "I didn't know you were such a musician, NORRINGER," being taken in by this reading at sight.

"Oh, didn't you?" says NORRINGER, cheerfully.

"There are very few things," he continues, looking round at the company with a jolly cheery sniggle (as much as to convey, "It's very absurd my having to make this mention of myself, which everyone here knows to be true,")—"There are very few things I can't do: in music, at least." By which reservation he hints that he is perhaps not so expert in gunnery, architecture, surgery, painting, and a few other arts and sciences, although, somehow, he *does* give you to understand (by silent eloquence) that he's not such a very bad hand at even *these* matters; in fact, when it comes to conversation on any one of them he generally professes "to know something of these matters," whatever may be the topic in dispute. Of course, he knows well enough, without formulating the syllogism, that the majority, reasoning from what he *can* do in music, will give him credit for a great deal he can't do out of it.

"Well," says NORRINGER, after reading the bass part aforementioned, "this isn't out of my compass."

Some one expresses a doubt of this, whereupon NORRINGER sits down to the piano, and playing a few chords, goes down to his lowest note, "which," he says, "of course, isn't very clear to-day, because it's just after luncheon," or dinner, or supper, as the case may be, or because it *isn't* after any of those meals, either excuse being a good one for each individual constitution.

Hear NORRINGER singing something quite above his reach, or below it. You tell him it doesn't suit him. NORRINGER immediately "begs your pardon; it *does* suit him exactly; in fact, it *might* have been written for him, so exactly does it suit his organ; *only* his organ is so delicate that the slightest irritation caused either by some inconsiderable humidity in the atmosphere, or having early in the morning forgotten to take a lemon, or having, unfortunately, eaten a fig the night before, or not having had anything since breakfast—for my organ (he explains) requires much sustenance, and that at regular times—at once affects the bronchial tubes, and causing a certain roughness in the orifice of the glossal pipe, prevents the voice, which is purely from the chest, not in the head or throat—not (he assures you earnestly) in the head or throat (as if he would be indeed hurt if you thought *that*)—from issuing forth with its usual clarity." You thank him for the explanation, and probably observe—if you know nothing about anatomy or medicine yourself—that he appears to be "quite a doctor in these matters."

"I should think I was," he exclaims, cheerfully smiling, as if it is intensely amusing to him that you shouldn't know that: "I've studied these things. Lor' bless you, there are very few doctors who could pose me." NORRINGER is a Solicitor. "I studied surgery for some time under old COOPER, who used to say to me, 'NORRY, my boy, you'll beat us all, if you only stick to it.' But," he adds, as a sort of tribute to his kindhearted disposition, "I couldn't stick to it." After this confidence you begin to look with a certain amount of reverence upon a man who can sing you a song or set you a leg, whichever you like, as easily as I write this next word.

Talking of causes of vocal derangement, the quasi-discovery of ozone was a godsend to NORRINGER. "By Jove, Sir," he'd say, when he was only in doubtful voice, "I didn't get my mouthful of ozone this morning. Short constitutional for a quarter of an hour, in a thoroughly ozonised atmosphere, is the thing for my organ." He speaks of ozone as if it was bought by the pound, and put into the air every morning by some one whose business it is to look after this sort of thing: perhaps the Secretary to the Board of Health.

As a solicitor he is supposed to have lost a great deal of business through his voice. It was said his voice kept him away from the office. He was always out somewhere. A bitter critic once said of him, that this last remark would cause him the loss of all his musical friends as well as his clients. When asked his meaning, he explained that "Singing or not, NORRINGER was always out." But this was uncharitable, for NORRINGER sings beautifully in tune when taking a part in a glee or chorus.

He is always astonishing people with his voice, and the older he gets the more—by his own account—he astonishes them. Sometimes he sings so well as to positively astonish himself.

The first time I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance was while waiting for our host to come down, and introduce us, his two only guests, who were to dine with him.

We bowed to one another. He was in the room when I entered. "SMITHSON isn't down," says Mr. NORRINGER, smiling. I see he is not, I say, and look at my watch so as to check my own and SMITHSON's punctuality. "Just seven," I observe. "A little past, isn't it?" asks NORRINGER, by way of not allowing the conversation to drop merely through an agreement of time-pieces. "Then I am a trifle slow, I dare say," I return, humouring him. We settle that I am a trifle slow; or finally, that, perhaps, he may be a little fast, that if one is right the other is wrong, or if SMITHSON is going by his clock, then we are both wrong, and so we smile at one another, and I observe that town's not very full. He too has noticed this fact; but makes an exception in favour of Bond Street, where there was quite a block of carriages this afternoon. This, though, he thinks may be accounted for by the Afternoon Concert at Hanover Square Rooms.

"Oh, a Concert?" I say, and feeling that after all his endeavours to sustain conversation I oughtn't to allow the shuttlecock to drop now, I ask, "What Concert?" This NORRINGER doesn't know; but GARDONI, he says, is there. "Ah, I like GARDONI," I observe, having heard him once in something, of which I don't recollect anything definite, except that it wasn't *Les Huguenots*, when (not being well posted in musical matters) I know I heard MARIO. "Ah!" says NORRINGER of GARDONI, "thin voice, no sweetness. Do you recollect his *Ah mia madre?*" and with that he sits down to the piano, and strikes some chords. He can play very nicely, I think to myself. What a sweet voice, I say, also to myself. I find afterwards that all his accompaniments are in one key, and his entire musical knowledge is confined to those chords which do duty in various tunes to all sorts of airs, the gaps between them, when they are not quite suitable, being filled up by a good deal of action in lifting up and putting down his hands, turning his body to a three-quarter view, and stretching out his left leg as if he were so *au fait* at the instrument, it didn't matter to him how he sat; but knowing him better, I have seen him throw a quick nervous glance out of the corner of his eye, to see if his left and right hand were coming down on the correct notes for a finish.

I compliment him. He accepts it easily, and makes light of such a trifle as a tenor song.

When he is giving you reminiscences of operas, he is knowing enough never to give one entire; but only a fragment of it, as far as his chords will go (which you don't find out for some time), and stopping at such a point as leaves what he *could* have done with the remainder to your favourably aroused imagination.

SMITHSON doesn't come down; and NORRINGER, finding in me a new and willing audience, commences a eulogy upon his own organ, a lecture on chest voices, head voices, and voices in the throat, with a hint or two as to style and treatment, a passing review of some of the principal singers, English, Italian, and German, during the present century, with vocal illustrations generally tending to show how far superior he, NORRINGER, could have been to any one of them if he had liked; which opinion had indeed been expressed, so he says, by some of the leading vocalists, who must have been so dreadfully afraid of this terrible NORRINGER, that it struck me at the moment, how kind it was of him to restrain himself, and not come out of his drawing-room practice; and finally, winding up with a question to me, put suddenly, but founded,

like an examination query, upon the previous lecture, as to "what should I say was the compass of his voice?"

I feel I ought to have some idea on the subject, after all he has been telling me; but as I haven't the most remote, I look thoughtful for a minute or so, during which I wonder if SMITHSON will come down and help me out of it, and, say, at last, that I really can't guess.

The reply pleases him. "You wouldn't believe," he says, "that it took in all this." Whereupon he sings a high note, and strikes one several times on the piano, to show it's the same and no deception, like a conjuring trick. Then he sings a very low one, and repeats the same action; and then, as I see he expects it, I look utterly astonished, and say, in a subdued tone of admiration, "Really! That is a compass." And he returns, more pleased than ever, "Isn't it?" and is going to *encore* himself, and go all over it again, when SMITHSON enters, and we are introduced.

A PLAINT BY A P'LICEMAN.

I AM a P'liceman bold and true,
Stand in my highlows six foot two:
Yet what d'ye think I has to do?
Hoop de dooden doo.

They bids me chivy little boys,
And grab their hoops, them harmless toys,
Which gouty gents they much annoys;
Hoop de dooden doo.

I muzzle dogs, both great and small,
Stop little boys from playing ball,
Or move away an apple-stall:
Hoop de dooden doo.

Meanwhile garotters plays their game,
And roughs they also do the same;
The public cries, O what a shame!
Hoop de dooden doo.

The streets are quite unsafe, they say,
You're robbed and mobbed in broad noon day,
But little boys they mustn't play
With their hoop, de dooden doo.

Well, if from growls you can't refrain,
It ain't of us you should complain,
You've got to thank SIR RICHARD MAYNE.
Hoop de dooden do.

VOTE FOR THE POCKET-BOOK.

THE *Standard* has brought out a clever proof of the absolute duty of everybody to vote at this election. It shows how a single tourist, by hurrying home from Switzerland, turned a scale by one vote, and that the Member so elected, in his turn, by one vote saved the country, more or less. The story is like a beautiful romance that appeared in one of *Mr. Punch's* Pocket Books, and which showed how a European war was brought on by a button coming off. But the *Standard* is quite right. Everybody ought to vote in this struggle. British Nation, let us know exactly what you think. This reminds us (in fact, we write the whole paragraph to lead up to the announcement), that *Mr. Punch's* next Pocket Book will be the most amazing one that ever has been issued, and that we are delaying it partly because the printers cannot work for laughing, and partly because we want to get in the list of the new House of Commons.

"Not Air of the Ed, Stoopid!"

THE clever Spanish Correspondent of the *Morning Post* appears to us to have lapsed for a moment into hypercriticism. In one of his very pleasant letters he says, "An heirless old leader like ESPARTEIRO will never do for Spain." What has his baldness to do with it? The Crown would hide that, to say nothing of his laurels.

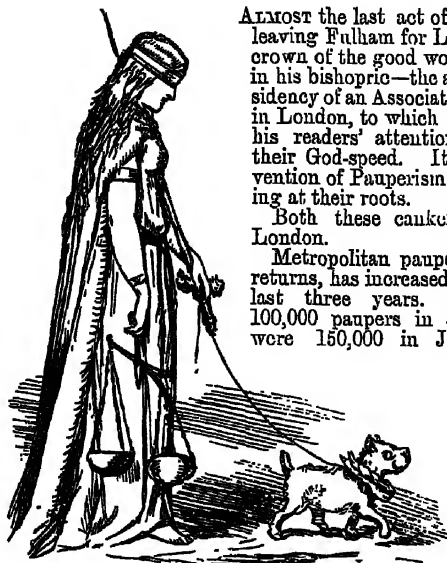
SIMONY.

If there is any force in Ecclesiastical law, Purchase can certainly establish no title to a living in the Church of England.

A SAYING IN THE CITY.—The new Viceroy of India is only LORD MAYO, but MR. ALDERMAN LAWRENCE is LORD MAYOR.

HIGH CHURCH NOTED.—The Ritualists bow to the East when they're in the West.

"DEFENCE, NOT DEFIANCE."



ALMOST the last act of BISHOP TAIT before leaving Fulham for Lambeth, was a fitting crown of the good work he has been doing in his bishopric—the acceptance of the Presidency of an Association now being formed in London, to which *Punch* is glad to call his readers' attention, and wish his and their God-speed. Its object is the Prevention of Pauperism and Crime—by striking at their roots.

Both these cankers are spreading in London.

Metropolitan pauperism, by the official returns, has increased 50 per cent. in the last three years. Where there were 100,000 paupers in January, 1866, there were 150,000 in January, 1868. Two

thousand convicts are yearly turned loose from our convict establishments, and 100,000 criminals of all sorts from our gaols. And, lastly (says the prospectus of this new Association) "it is estimated that there are

at this time in London upwards of 100,000 children without proper guardianship, education, food, clothing, or employment, ready many of them to be instructed in crime by the discharged convicts and criminals with whom they are necessarily brought into contact."

Now, *Punch*, like everybody who has gone amongst the London poor, knows, by sad experience, that London poverty has many roots. Idleness, drunkenness, improvidence, early marriages, the pauperisation of parochial doles, and ill-directed charity, all help to feed the upas-tree. But there is a vast deal of the poverty of London which arises from the saddest of all causes—want of work, where there is willingness to work. It is to this root of the poverty of London that this Association means to address itself, by promoting the co-operation of existing charitable agencies, official and private, by giving facilities and aids towards the employment of the destitute and vagrant, and the industrial training and education of homeless and uncared-for children.

There is nothing that rings more mournfully on the ear of the voluntary almoners of the poor than the sad burden of "out of work"—no sight sadder, than the return, to the cold hearth and hungry wife and little ones, of him that should be the bread-winner—foot-sore, and heart-sick—from his long and unsuccessful tramp for work. Surely something could be done by such an Association as this, to which ARCHBISHOP TAIT has just given his name, by establishing centres of communication and co-operation in each parish, with the view to discover, record, and make known where work is to be had for willing hands. There is many a discharged convict, too, who would prefer the wages of industry to the uncertain fruits of crime, with its sure consequence of detection and punishment. These the Association proposes to help in their sore struggle back to honest ways.

We have headed our notice of the proposed Association "Defence, not Defiance." Its founders are volunteers in the noble army of fighters against sin, sorrow, and suffering, and they have a right to take the Volunteers' motto. If they cannot defy those gaunt giants, Crime and Pauperism, they can rear against them the defences of benevolent effort and timely prevention. What can be done in this way is shown by the Red-hill Reformatory, where out of some three hundred lads, between twelve and sixteen, all picked out of the sink of the convict-prison, an average of above eighty per cent. is reclaimed, taught, and turned out into the world, at home as well as in the colonies, in possession both of the will and the way to earn an honest livelihood. Why should there not be such a school for each of our London parishes, and every town in England? And if this can be effected for full-fledged young gaol-birds, might not as much at least be done for our young Arabs before they have reached even the first stage in the rogue's march to perdition?

Consequences of Confiscation.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER begs to acknowledge the receipt from A.B.C., and other letters of the Alphabet, of 10,000 notes applying for donations and subscriptions, rejected on account of Income-Tax.

ONE FOR MR. WEBSTER.—"The Yellow Passport"—Gold.

Y^E NEW ARCHBISHOP; OR CANTERBURY RHYMES.

KNAYES, ring y^e belles, and, good Syrs, make yee merry;
Sing y^e new ARCHBISHOPPE OF CANTERBURY!
Now have y^e gotten, for ye Church's prop,
My masters, something like an Archbischoff.

Y^e Archbischoffes of Canterbury, for longe,
Y^e most they coldè doe was doe noe wrong,
Hush up all bute, and smoothè down all strife,
Anything onely for a quiet life.

Now looke you in SEYNCT AUGSTIN's chair to see,
Another sitting than an effigie;
A Prelate that ys up unto his worke,
A Doctor who schall nothing blink ne shirke.

Y^e clergè, that wolde got the upper hande
Of the realm's law, I wis hee wyl withstaude;
And eke y^e crewe which moveth every rope,
To set up Popery without y^e Pore.

All Canterbury's Archbischoffes, of late,
Have gone as doth a clocke pulled by a weight;
Or stood stuck fast in pomp, as pumpe in draught,
Which soe as they be worked will only spout.

Thys one, sans doubt, a will and wit wyl showe,
Sithence hys GRACE doth bear a brain I trowe,
Which few before him, an the truth be said,
Have borne since when the last dyd lose his head.

More use and wisdom schal in TAIT be seene,
Than to speak mandlin words which no sense mean;
Thys wyl be an Archbischoff of a newe sorte,
For Canterbury not called Cant yu shorte.

There ys a saying which ys old and true,
And soe give Dizzy, by that rule, his due.
For, certes, whatsoever els he lacke,
He hath, at making Bysschops, a good knack.

Soe may hee, yff the Commons turn hym out,
And GLADSTONE send him to y^e righte about,
Say, with hys howe, "I gave you yonder man,
Choose an Archbishop better when ye can."

May GLADSTONE, that schal govern byo-and-bye,
Live long, but never have the chance to try;
Ne who else Minister meanwhile may be,
Need to fyl Canterbury's empty See.

DUKE AND DUKE.

ONE DUKE OF BEAUFORT was a man of the most elegant manners. We were to dine with KING GEORGE THE FOURTH, one day, at Brighton, and his Grace was to be of the party. But he did not arrive, and our Fat Friend liked to be punctual at table. We all went to dinner, and the King said, "*Punch*, my boy, of course we shall be sorry if anything unpleasant has detained BEAUFORT; but if he has been made late by a trifle, I shall be glad of it, for it will do these young fellows good to see how a perfect gentleman excuses himself." "Right you are, GEORGE," said we, and soon afterwards the Duke came in, and his apology was grace itself, which probably the King thought a good reason for having no other grace. This Duke must not be confounded with another, who wrote to a clergyman that he was "impertinent" for daring to ask aid for his parish school, when he did not vote for the Duke's candidate; nor was it the same Duke who declared that what the Conservatives had got to do was to "get MR. GLADSTONE between their fingers and thumbs." Perhaps, however, there was no need to warn people against mistaking the gentle for the ungentle Duke.

The Latest Remedy Out.

FROM his speech at Aylesbury, it may be inferred that MR. DISRAELI thinks Ireland's "damp climate" has a great deal to do with the atmosphere of misery in which that country is mostly enveloped; and that "a melancholy ocean" is the cause of its sea of troubles. Most opportunely, according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "an ingenious Frenchman has patented an invention by which he supplies artificial climates, tempered to order, to invalids, tropical steam-packet companies, &c." Cannot the ingenious Frenchman be induced to try his wonderful invention on invalid Ireland? Will not MR. DISRAELI head a subscription for a new climate for her?



XXX CELLENT REASONS.

Free and Independent (to wavering Elector). "YOU DON'T ADMIRE HIS POLITICS! POLITICS BE BLOWED! LOOK AT HIS PRINCIPLES! THAT MAN ALLCS BREW FIVE-AND-TWENTY BUSHELS TO THE HOGSHEAD!"

"THE SMUGGLER AT BAY."

THIS picture by PURCHAS (exhibited a few weeks ago at Brighton) is illustrative of scenes familiar to all who are acquainted with Canterbury and York, and the curiously-rigged vessels which traverse those stormy seas. The Church-guard are constantly being signalled to keep a sharp look-out, but no active attempt until recently has been made to board the bold smuggler, and overhaul his saucy craft. At length, however, BISHOP, an intrepid guardsman, resolved on his own motion to make a dash at a contrabandist on the south coast, and in the present picture we see the smuggler at bay, BISHOP being armed with a slender crook; and his opponent defying him with a candlestick.

The contraband traffic is confined chiefly to Roman candles, millinery, and articles of very trifling *virtu*, which are run in open daylight from the Pontifical States into the middle aisles. Gallantry forbid that we, by slip of pen, should cause unnecessary pain to those fair voyagers who, last summer, on landing at Dover, never told their love of Brussels lace, but let concealment feed on their damask cheeks. Nevertheless, candour urges us to declare that the smuggler we have in view can scarcely avoid sinking in his own esteem while sailing under false colours. Hugging the dangerous coast of Heresy, he turns his back on the ancient lights of the adjacent quicksands, and is constantly tacking about to take advantage both of the shallow and the deep. England expects that every man will *do* his duty—not the customs by which it is enforced. An old proverb tells us that we cannot touch the produce of the fir without receiving a stain (to put it softly); and certain it is that no man, however dexterous or ambi-dextrous he may be, can play a smuggler's part with clean hands.

The Book for a Wet Night.

ONE of the books in MUDDIE's list of forthcoming works is GOBLET'S *Theory of Sight*. The theory of sight with which a goblet is usually thought to have most to do is a supposed power to cause us to see double.

THE WAR-CRY OF THE VESTRIES.

HARK to that angry growl!
'Tis the waked Lion's roar.
"Let burglars and garotters prowl
Our streets at large no more!"
The Vestry's banner waves;
The Parish trumpet's blown:
The war-cry is "Police!" "To Staves!"
Foremost shouts Marylebone.

St. Pancras "Ditto!" cries;
The shops and squares around,
And Kensington's, afar, likewise,
Echo the resolute sound.
St. George's-in-the-East
Uplifts a voice as brave;
The Martyr, too, though last not least,
St. George beyond the wave.

The Ratepayers rage and chafe:
"Knocked down and robbed! Why! How!
The streets no longer safe!
The law known thieves allow
To lurk and roam about,
From molestation free!
High time it is that we speak out:
It must not, shall not be!

"An Act we will get passed,
As quickly as we can,
To make notorious villains fast.
That is our only plan.
Till then we needs must fight
For purse, and watch, and chain;
And that with all our might,
Together with our MAYNE."

The Worst of Wealth.

ROSSINI is stated to have left a fortune of two millions and a half of francs. Few composers have been so successful as he was in turning notes into cash. Fancy leaving a fortune of above two million francs! But perhaps that is what you wouldn't fancy. The worst of having made a large fortune is being obliged to leave it.

MR. DISRAELI'S MITRE.

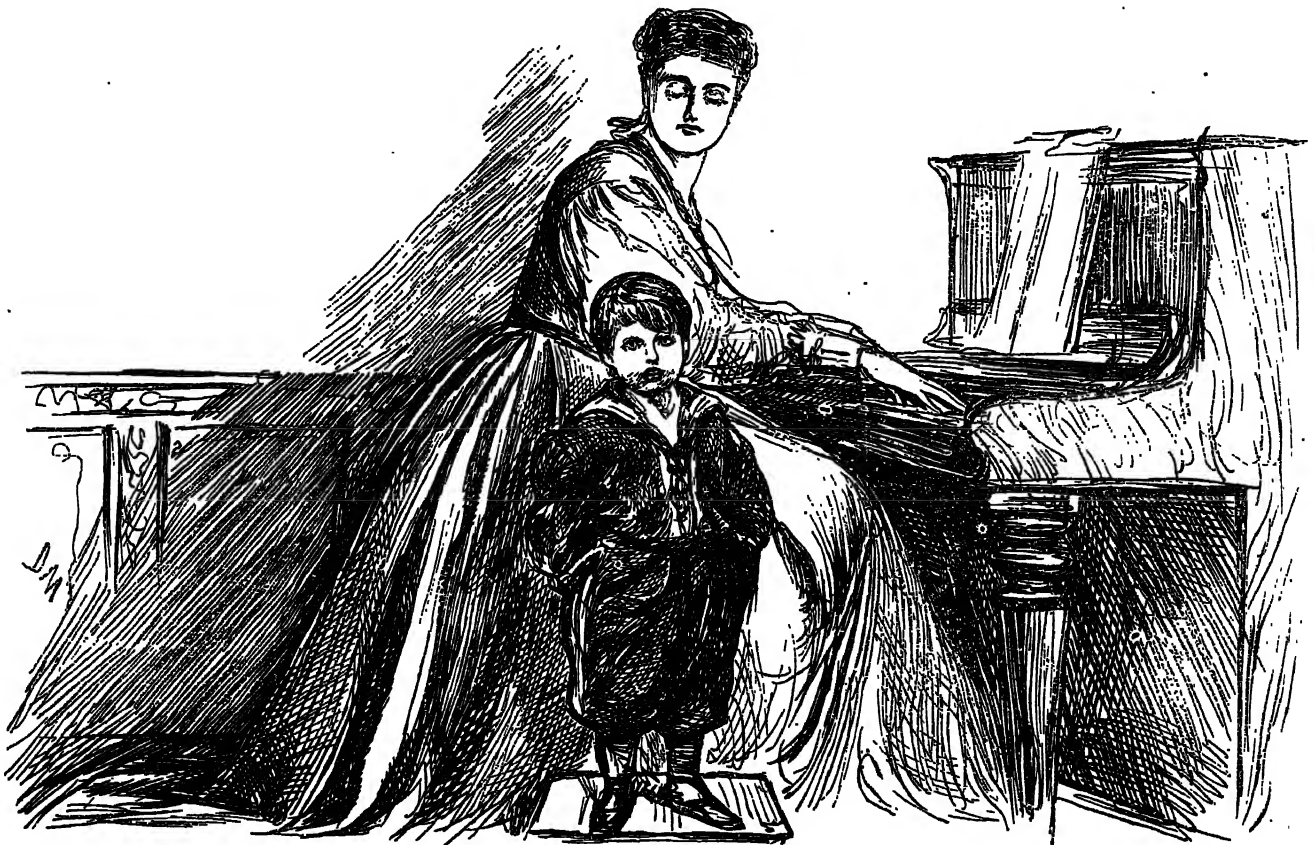
WHATEVER appointments MR. DISRAELI may have made are satisfactory. Particularly so is the appointment he has made to meet Mr. GLADSTONE in the middle of December. Excellent good are the three he has just made in "that department of the Civil Service called the Church of England." A better Arch-Primate than DR. TAIT could not have been found. He knew that when a man desireth the office of a Bishop, he desireth good work, and he took the office, and did good work, and for what he said to the silly little boys who wanted to bring their toys to church, the BISHOP OF LONDON obtained from *Mr. Punch* an historical picture, which is doubtless the proudest ornament in 22, St. James's Square. The new ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY honours the office he accepts. London and Lincoln are also fortunate in DOCTORS JACKSON and WORDSWORTH; and *Mr. Punch*, who may have less pleasant things to say to the PREMIER before many days, makes him three respectful bows, and places on record that in the matter of ecclesiastical patronage the author of *Coningsby* has shown that, in the language of his speech on his re-election, he has "always studied to maintain the greatness of his country."

Compensation for Her.

LORD MAYO's off to rule the East:
Insulted India cries "Boc-hoo!"
Tears are not wanted in the least,
Has not LORD NAPEER gone out, too?

SOME CONSOLATION.

MANY of those ladies who were disappointed at being refused the franchise are now quite contented to be without a vote; for they have been told that one of the questions Electors are bound to answer at the polling booths is, "What is your age?"



MORNING REHEARSAL FOR AN AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE.

Master William (in the character of "Little Billee"—Verse xiv.)—

"I thee Jeloodledum and Magadacktha !
I thee Jeloodledum and Magadacktha ! !

And Norf and Thouf Amellikee ! ! !

And Norf and Thouf Amellikee—ee—ee ! ! ! !

[Such of our readers as have not heard the song of "Little Billee," are hereby advised to procure themselves that treat at whatever cost, and immediately.]

NEW MAYORS.

OUR M.P.'s must not make us forget our Mayors, a list of whom suggests a few practical observations, which, to prevent municipal jealousies, shall be registered with alphabetical impartiality.

A stands for Abingdon, which furnishes a PAYNE, and if you require a GLASSIER you will find him at Lincoln. Who would have thought it?—When we were introduced to him by our Mutual Friend, Mr. DICKENS, we little expected to live to see GUPPY Chief Magistrate of Barnstable, probably his native place. Bath is thoroughly happy with a Mayor who is JOLLY, and a Member who is TITE. Berwick's Mayor is YOUNG—so were BYRON, RAPHAEL, MENDELSSOHN, MASTER BETTY, &c., when they first became famous. Has not Birmingham troops of good men of its own? Why on earth then betake itself to HOLLAND? But Birmingham is not singular in this respect, for magnificent Liverpool has recourse to DOVER, and a good old town, Newark, negotiates successfully with WARWICK. Winter this year is setting in early, for from Chester comes a report of FROST, and the news from Clitheroe is BLEAKLEY. Darlington's motto is PEASE at any price, so re-elects him. Who ought to be at the head of a town?—one of its leading inhabitants: so Derby thinks, and appoints a FORMAN. Grimsby clings for support to a BANNISTER. Kingston-on-Thames has selected a MARCH—the March of intellect, we hope, for these are days of progress. Is not Leeds a little too familiar, calling its new Mayor GEORGE? (Salford is still worse, for there even a Member of Parliament is commonly addressed as CHARLEY.) Middlesborough, which ought to be but is not in Middlesex, is an example to other places, for it relies entirely on LAWS, unlike Oxford which requires the protection of a CASTLE. Though Morpeth shows a preference for a JOBLING, we do not for a second suspect it of any leaning to a little job. Nottingham requires a BARBER for the second time, but the list does not state whether his election was a close shave. Can a

clergyman serve the office of Mayor, especially if he is likewise a Regius Professor? Yet Stratford-upon-Avon, with the full approval of SHAKESPEARE, has covered itself with honour by doing rather a novel thing in choosing KINGSLEY. (This, perhaps, is the proper place to notify that the MANSELL, at Rochdale, is *not* the same person as the new Dean of St. Paul's.) Stockport—HEGINBOTHAM: where did we last meet with him? Was it not in "Rejected Addresses?"—More honours for fiction. At Truro the Mayor was re-elected; a rising man, we imagine, certainly a CLYMA, perhaps some day to be an M.P., which would be a climax. Windsor is unique—the Royal borough has a CHAMBERLAIN for Mayor. For the third time the voice of Weymouth is for TIZARD—we suppose he likes it, else he might murmur "'tis hard." Yarmouth, which from its position might have been expected to produce say a Gull, delights in a NIGHTINGALE—far before Tamworth, which can only show a RUFFE. Fitly enough, York brings this list to an end with a—CLOSE. (Latest evening edition. CLOSE declines to serve, and, in fine, has paid the penalty.)

Zoological.

ONE of the Scotch papers made LORD MINTO say that something or other was going to rise from its ashes "like a Sphinx." Well, it is something to have spelled the word right, an achievement not common to the press. Of course, LORD MINTO, who graduated at Trinity, did not say it, but he might as well have done so. Until DR. SCLATER exhibits a PHOENIX at the Zoological Gardens, as he will probably do next year (having now got everything else but that and a Kraken, which is coming), *Punch* declines to believe in any Phoenix but Himself.

THE CURRENT COIN.—In the event of a contested election for Orkney and Shetland, it is understood that all bets are to be paid in "ponies."

A LADY WITH THREE EYES.



OXFORD and Cambridge, as we all know, have been called the Two Eyes of England. We don't object to the designation, whether it were originally given sentimentally, or because they contain pupils, which would be a base and contemptible jest. Sometimes those eyes would be the better for a little wiping, notably when one of them is blind to the merits of men like GLADSTONE and PALMER, and so dim as to see much in MR. MOWBRAY. But now that the University of London is not only famous, but has got a Member of Parliament, and has made choice of no debility, but of ROBERT LOWE, surely England has a Third Eye. London claims ocular honours. *Macbeth* talks of having Three Ears, and here is a case of Three Eyes. The new eye has more Speculation than the old ones, and evidently sees more clearly what sort of man should represent a seat of learning. MR. LOWE

is hereby apprised that, in the coming Session, he must do all that he knows; and that, if he takes office with MR. GLADSTONE, we look for an Education Bill. And if he wants to refresh his memory as to the sort of Bill which *Mr. Punch* desires, that gentleman refers him—and everybody else—to the last chapter of *MILL* on Liberty, which chapter *Mr. Punch* takes the *MILL* and Liberty of saying gives, exactly, what he himself would have written on the subject; that is to say, a lucid development of a wise design. *Mr. Punch* concludes by taking an Eye-opener to the health of BOB LOWE and his Constituents.

VERY HARD NAMES.

MANY of *Punch's* readers are in the habit of reading *Punch* out loud to their female relations and others whose apprehension of subtlety needs assistance from elocution. This is a very laudable practice. It would be well, indeed, if societies for the elevation and instruction of the masses were to appoint *Punch* readers, duly remunerated, though their labour, to be sure, would be, in most people's opinion, its own sufficient reward, to read *Punch* to the people at penny readings, and in the cottages of the poor. But here is something which any reader of *Punch* had better read to himself. It occurs in an obituary notice of the late KING of SIAM in the *Morning Post*:—

"PHERA BARD SONDETCH PHERA PARAMENDZ MAHA MONGKUT, also named PHERA CHOM KLAN TU HUA, the supreme King of Siam, was the eldest legitimate son of BORROMATHAM MIKARA XATHARAT PHERA CHAO PRASAT THONG, supreme King of Siam, who died in 1824."

There is in existence, if not in print, a little book, written by a disinterested dentist, entitled *Ten Minutes' Advice on the Care of the Teeth*. It is an imperfect work unless it contains a grave caution against any attempt at the enunciation of such names as those of the late KING of SIAM and his predecessor. No less of a crackjaw character are the seven names of his subordinate Siamese Majesty; for:—

"Siam, as is well known, has two kings, and the second king of the country was PHERA BARD SONDETCH PHERA PWARENDZ RAMESO MAHISWARESO."

Such names as the foregoing may be regarded as almost as perilous to utter as the mastication of cheap college-pudding, or the plum-buns sold by inferior pastrycooks. They are nearly, if not quite, as hard as the small pebbles which commonly occur in those articles of food and all others of the same stamp apt to contain gritty currants.

Note.—That the Siamese Kings are not as the Siamese Twins. One King is above another, whereas the Twins are upon a par. Also, that the two Kings of Siam differ materially from those of Brentford. A sub-King and a super-King cannot, with any congruity, be imagined smelling at the same rose.

LORD MAYO.

TELEGRAM last week from Italy, "Psyche is waiting for the EARL OF MAYO." What a charming Cupid—and what rhymes to Cupid?

AFTER THE MÊLÉE.

Now trumps are blown, and warders thrown,—forth like two waves they go,
Challengers and Defenders—crests high and lances low!
Hark! The roar of shouting thousands—and the ring of shields and glaives;
Lo! the emptying of saddles, and the splintering of staves!

The dust-clouds fly so thick and high, they almost shroud from sight,
The rushing gleam of plumes that stream o'er *housse** and harness bright;

Scant time to test device or crest, as the *mêlée* hurleth past,
Of knights that reel, and knights that roll, and knights that still sit fast.

But now the clash of conflict's o'er, the great tilt hath been run:
Men's hard-held breaths are freely drawn, and talk's pent tide may run;
And eager eyes may traverse the tell-tale field of fight,
For count of gains and losses, and fate of squire and knight.

The knights defenders have the worst: the challengers have won
The prize that waits the conquerors, when the great tilt is run.
But though victor-chief of victors, GLADSTONE comes from the *mêlée*,
He will miss good names at muster, and find gaps in his array.

Where is *MILL's* ten-man power of brain? Where *BRUCE*, with mind and hand,

Ever as ready to obey, as able to command?
Where *MILNER GIBSON*, *fainéant* in fight, but glib of speech,
Aye powerful at a parley, if of small count on a breach?

And these are noted captains, who high place would have ta'en,
When GLADSTONE wipes his forehead, and counts his loss and gain:
Less grave, but not less notable, the blanks your seats display—
ROEBUCK, the rude and rough of tongue, BERNAL, the blithe and gay!

The stalwart SMITH of Westminster, with strength that baffles skill,
Hath earthward borne, in wisdom's scorn, the philosophic *MILL*:
Why saved he not for tilt the force that all to waste has gone,
In patting BRADLAUGH on the back, and cheering CHADWICK on?

Some have fallen to fair fighting, some to might of coin and beer,
Some to the terror of a cry, and the phantom of a fear,
Some to hatred of the POPE, and some to feeling for the Church,
Some to dread of GLADSTONE's ferule, some to trust in DIZZY's birch.

But be the losses what they may, the victory is ours—
The gallant GLADSTONE rideth, chief of resistless powers.
Queen of the lists, prize of the fight, BRITANNIA bends to lay
Her hand in his, to find therein her guidance and her stay!

* *Housses*—housings.

FLOREAT ETONA!

SAID *Mr. Punch*, as he was walking through the playing-fields with DR. BALSTON.

"Why is Football at Eton a demoralising pastime?" The worthy Doctor started. "Inasmuch," continued the sage, calmly, "as it teaches the boys a vain and meretricious art?"

The excellent Doctor looked more astonished than ever he did since BOLTER MAXIMUS took leave of him, without putting a ten-pound note on his library table.

"If I thought *that*," he exclaimed, "I would make the boys give it up."

"Nay," returned *Mr. Punch*, pleasantly; "do not do that, but do you yourself give up the conundrum?"

"I do," answered the Master, responding for himself, as if he were at a baptism, and had "renounced them all."

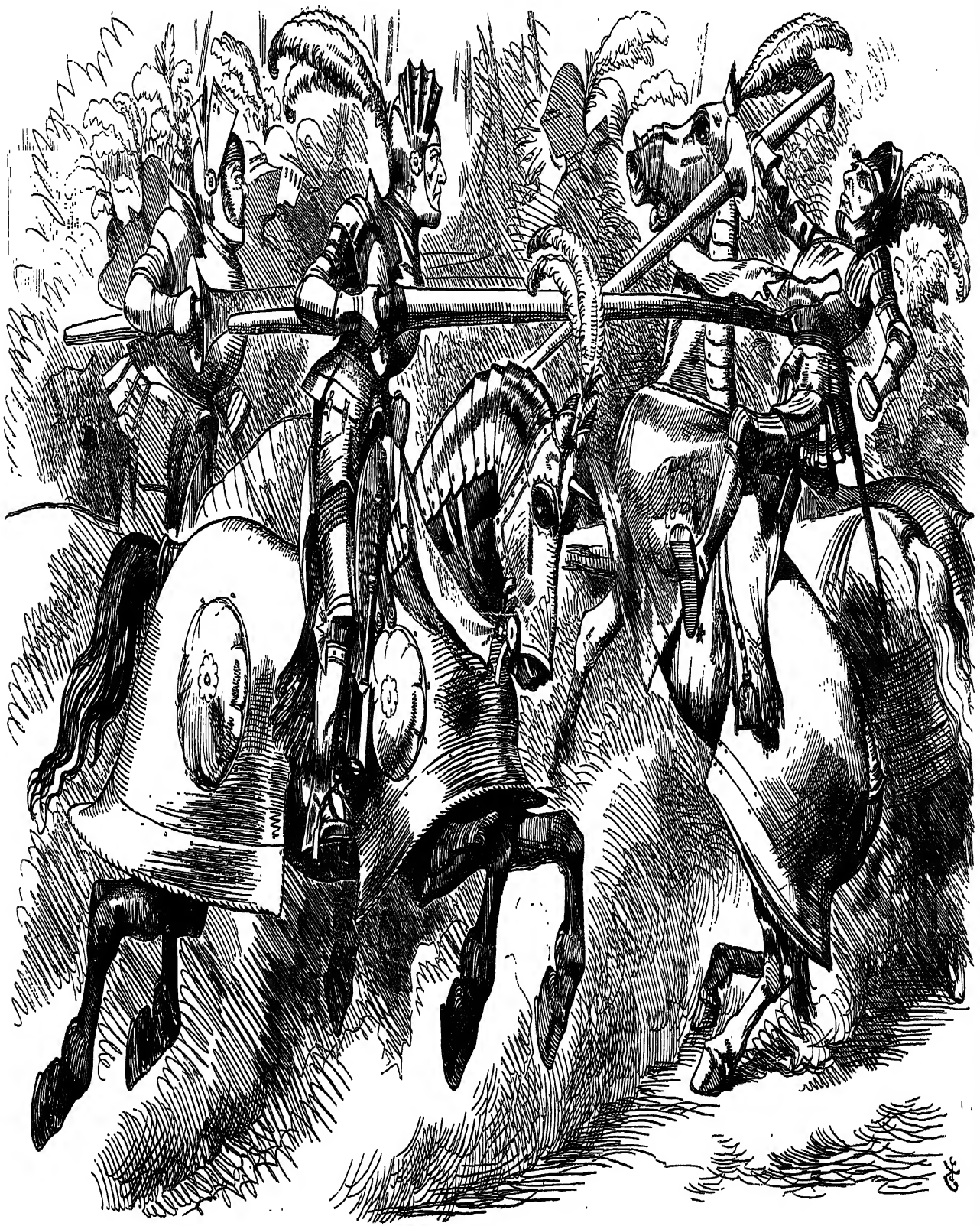
"The practice of your Eton Football, then, is demoralising," quoth the amiable and learned *Punch*, "because it teaches the boys to *Rouge*."
So they went into DR. BALSTON's house and sherried and biscuited.

Napoleonic Burlesque.

So M. LEMER, publisher in Paris, has been condemned to 100 fr. fine, and a month's imprisonment for smuggling the *Lanterne* into France. The French Government binds its Prometheus by means of Strength and Force. What a very small burlesque of *Prometheus Bound*!

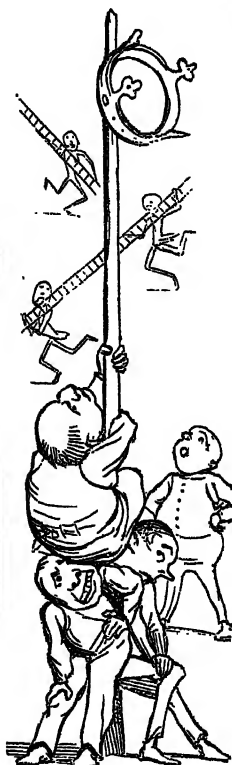
WHAT music ought to be played to LORD LYTTON's drama at the Lyceum?

The *Ri'fol* air. (With his, the Comic Singer's compliments, and his tol lol, thank you—how are you?)



IN THE MÊLÉE.

A CAUTION TO CAPITALISTS:



MR. PUNCH.—Some consolation may be derived by large minds in narrow circumstances from the following statement in the Paris correspondence of a contemporary relative to a great capitalist:—

"There was no repose for that mind—figures, money; more figures, more money. At table he knew not what he was eating, and the servant sometimes reminded the Baron that he had not taken wine or tasted something before him. He could scarcely ever have seen a play or enjoyed music; no doubt his dreams were all about money. His art-treasures he knew he possessed, but had no time to contemplate."

Certainly, Sir, pea-soup, which you tuck in with a relish, is preferable to turtle which you eat without knowing it; would eat, that is, unconsciously, if you were capable of being so insensible. Better also is swipes or bitter ale, which you enjoy at all, than the Château d'Yquem or Chambertin that you care not to take. Not to know what you are eating is about the unhappiest of all ignorance, and indifference to your liquor is the most wretched apathy. You are happier, if you can take pleasure in a public sculpture or picture gallery, than you are in the possession of no end of art-treasures which you have no time to look at. All work and no play, and no music, will certainly result in making JACK a dull boy, how rich soever; and, as for dreams all about money, if they are the dreams of avarice, and avarice has none other; avarice has bad dreams.

But, Sir, if anybody, from the above-quoted bit of biography, argues that opulence is undesirable, give him thistles, until he asks for a penny to buy a roll.

Whoever infers that money is not happiness, is either a truist or a moke. To be sure, money is not happiness if you spend all your time in making it, and no time in converting it into flavour, or some other joyous sensation. Our capitalist had to make no end of money. Very likely he could have been happy on a certain allowance. Of course, money in a box is not happiness in itself; but you can be happy in thinking of the good you are going to get with it, or perhaps to do; or if, whilst you contemplate the cash, you applaud yourself, although the public may be hissing you. Oysters cost money. Say they are two shillings a dozen. If so, many oysters are so much money; then money is oysters, for one good thing out of many. In so far as oysters are happiness to the oyster-eater, money is happiness, unless, having swallowed his oysters, he bolts without paying for them, as DANDO did, even in the good old times of cheap oysters. In eating oysters we may now indeed be said to eat money.

As money is oysters, so it is every other luxury or comfort. Money is meat, money is clothes, money is fire. The increasing cold reminds us that money is coals, and money is blankets, and there are rich people to whom money is the happiness of distributing them, and soup likewise, among the starving and shivering poor. I am, Sir, one whom circumstances compel to be shabby and mean. I should be happy if they allowed me to be splendid and generous. A would-be PRABODY, I am an actual

ELWS.

P.S.—Money not happiness! Why, Sir, you yourself are 3d.—4d. stamped. *Punch* is the happiness of millions.

CONGRATULATION TO H.R.H.

THE PRINCE OF WALES and all his family (except Baby, who stops with Grandmamma at Windsor) have departed for the long tour that is to take them to the Second Cataract. *Mr. Punch* would have accompanied them, but for his duty to his country. He wishes them all sorts of pleasure and joy, but does he not envy the PRINCE for being out of the way of the Preternatural Cackle which has begun with the elections, and will endure until the Second Prorogation? A report of the speeches that will be made in the meantime would, if laid on end, reach from Charing Cross to the Pyramid, which the PRINCESS is going to see for the first time. And the Royal Party are out of sound of it all! There is something in being a Prince, and if we were not *Punch* we would be H.R.H.

TAIT-À-TÊTE.—The Church of England being in want of a head, DISRAELI has shown his sense by giving it a Tête.

PYROTECHNICAL CHEERS.

AT Ultra-Protestant Demonstration Meetings enthusiasts sometimes make a noise called "Kentish Fire." It indicates approbation. A similar kind of fire has been adopted, if not invented, by the students of Princeton College. It may, perhaps, be said to be New Jersey fire. This fire is indeed, so to speak, a firework, being named a rocket. According to the *New York Times*, the new President of the above-named seat of learning, DR. M'COSH, delivered his inaugural address the other day, when—

"He spoke with a very strong Scotch accent, and is by no means a graceful orator, but he produced throughout a most favourable impression upon all his hearers, and especially upon the students, one of whom shouted as the speaker closed, 'Long live PRESIDENT M'COSH!' and then proposed three cheers, which were given with a will, followed by the usual tiger and 'rocket.' This rocket, by the way, is a thoroughly Princeton institution, and as such deserving a word of description. It is given with a f-z-z-z—boom—ah! The first exclamation is supposed to imitate the flight of a rocket in the air; the second the explosion, and the third the admiring exclamations of the enthusiastic spectators as they witness the burst of coloured fire."

Surely this rocket is a very dangerous firework. In this country, at least, its display would be attended with great risk. Let off in the open air, at an election for instance, it would, to be sure, do little personal damage. But in a theatre its effects might be most disastrous. The sound of f-z-z-z uttered on the appearance of an actor, or at the fall of a curtain, would, if intended to express commendation or encouragement, be entirely misunderstood on the British stage. The noise made by a rocket differs only in loudness from that which a squib makes, and amongst us a squib is considered to hiss. In addition, it may be observed that the "tiger cheer" of Princeton would in London be far from cheering. An English audience is not used to express its satisfaction by growls, and if it were to greet an eminent tragedian, at his entrance, with a noise like the yell of a tiger, he would think himself invited to retire with shouts of execration. To his ears the "tiger cheer" would have simply the signification of "Yah!"

MORALS FROM THE ELECTIONS.

INTELLECT will not seat a man.—*Mill*.
Nor gold.—*Rothschild*.
Nor faithful service.—*Roebuck*.
Nor handsomeness.—*The Attorney-General*.
Nor wit.—*Bernal Osborne*.
Nor its reverse.—*Darby Griffith*.
Nor raising railway fares.—*Sir E. Watkin*.
Nor philanthropy.—*Sir Poncell Buxton*.
Nor causticity.—*Horsman*.
Nor educational science.—*Bruce*.
Nor love of one's Pope.—*Sir G. Bowyer*.
Nor a Duke of Devonshire.—*Lord Hartington*.
Nor a Duke of Buccleugh.—*Lord Dalkeith*.
Nor a Duke of Abercorn.—*Lord Claud Hamilton*.
Nor a philosopher's recommendation.—*Chadwick*.
Nor popularity and amiability.—*Milner Gibson*.
Nor vulgar atheism.—*Bradlaugh*.
Nor windbagery.—*Beales*.
Nor brilliant novels.—*Anthony Trollope*.
Nor longwindedness.—*Mason Jones*.
Nor gallant exploits.—*Sherard Osborne*.
Nor staunch Dissent.—*Miall*.
Nor the Pen of the War.—*W. H. Russell*.
Nor loyal Catholicism.—*Lord Edward Howard*.
No, even with high talent.—*Sir John Acton*.
Nor devotion to the Wiltshire.—*Homer*.
Nor making beer.—*Coope*.
Nor blatant bellowing.—*Ferrand*.
Nor forensic skill.—*Sleigh*.

Better luck to some of you next time, Gentlemen.

3PUNCH.

The Archbishop of Canterbury.

"Is ARCHBISHOP TAIT's Christian name RICHARD?" asked a Ritualist on hearing of the appointment.

"No," replied CHARLES, his friend.

"I am glad of that," returned the self-willed Incenser; "because we won't be *Dic-tat-é* to by Canterbury."

A DREARY PROSPECT.

SIR JOHN GRAY, at Kilkenny, spoke of the Irish Church as the "cause of division." We are afraid it will be the cause of a great many Divisions before SIR JOHN is another Session older.



PROMOTION. (A FACT.)

Milkman. "THAT'S A POOR-LOOKING BEAST O' YOURN, BILL."

Bill (potato and apple seller), "AY, SHE BELONGED TO A LOW CHAP WITH A SAND CART, YOU KNOW. SHE'LL LOOK BETTER NOW THAT I'VE GOT HER!"

QUEEN WESTMINSTER DEPOSED.

MR. PUNCH is much displeased with Westminster, and doesn't care who knows it. The election of CAPTAIN GROSVENOR, when it involved the rejection of JOHN STUART MILL, was something worse than a mistake. It was seen that the Conservatives had rallied round MR. SMITH in a way which made it clear that he would be at the head of the poll, and seven thousand Tories have as much right to be heard as six thousand Liberals. MR. SMITH is an able man, and will make a very good Member. But the six thousand ought to have exercised discretion, and when the choice lay between the son of LORD Ebury and the father of Political Economy, the Westminster Liberals should have known better than to choose the wrong man. Had they plumped for MILL after one o'clock on that Tuesday, Westminster would have been spared the disgrace of hearing MR. MILL say that "a sensible man ought not to be much moved by losing a contested election." People have said that MR. MILL has made some mistakes, and thereby alienated the regard of friends, but what is the friendship worth that forgets a hundred noble services and remembers a few twopenny errors? Westminster is not sufficiently educated, as yet, to comprehend how great a man MR. MILL is; and *Punch*, by this writing under his hand and seal, deposes her from her position as Queen of the Representation, and degrades her to the ranks of mere boroughs.

November, 1868.

PUNCH.

L. S.

Poetry from the Potteries.

At Stoke-upon-Trent
They were quiet;
For though they'd a MELLY,
There wasn't a riot.

ELECTION COLOURS.—Too often black and blue.

A PRETTY QUARREL

(Prettily ended).

DRAWLS LABOUCHERE, "You'll coalesce?"
Says ENFIELD, "I can't answer 'yes.'"
Drawls LABOUCHERE, "You are a sneak."
Says ENFIELD, "Talk like that next week;
Beg pardon, *now*, for your detraction."
Drawls LABOUCHERE, "Want satisfaction?"
Says ENFIELD then to LABOUCHERE,
"You couldn't give *that* anywhere."
And adds, "I'm not one who soft-sawdurs,
But we're not going to take your orders."
"You must," says LABOUCHERE, and drawls,
"They're my *Queen's* orders—for the stalls."

[They walk up Long Acre and disappear.

HORACE GREY AND HIS SON VIVIAN.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI. "I admit that there is a certain degree of morbid discontent in Ireland. But we must look to the race, and that may probably afford a solution of the matter. The Irishman is a very imaginative being. He lives in an island with a damp climate, and contiguous to a melancholy ocean. With extraordinary talents, he has no variety of pursuits. There is no nation on the earth which leads so monotonous a life as the Irish, because they have only the cultivation of the soil before them. Men are discontented because they are not amused."—*Speech at Aylesbury, Nov. 19.*

ISAAC DISRAELI. "It was not the coffee houses which produced political feeling, but the reverse. Whenever Government ascribe effects to a cause quite inadequate to produce them, they are only seeking means to hide the evil which they are too weak to suppress."—*Curiosities of Literature. Art. "Proclamations."*

NEMESIS has been down upon SIR E. WATKIN. He raised our railway fares, and is turned out of the Parliamentary train. Hooray!



LIBERAL TO A FAULT.

The Missus (affably). "MY 'USBAN'S OUT JUST NOW, SIR. CAN I GIVE HIM ANY MESSAGE?"

Liberal Candidate. "AH—I HAVE CALLED WITH THE HOPE THAT—AH—HE'D PROMISE ME HIS VOTE AT THE APPROACH——"

The Missus. "OH, YES, SIR. YOU'RE CAP'M BLYTHE, THE 'YALLOW,' I'SPOSE, SIR! YES, I'M SURE HE'LL BE MOST 'APPY, SIR!"

The Captain (delighted). "YA-AS—I SHALL BE MUCH OBLIGED TO HIM—AND—AH—HE MAY DEPEND UPON MY——"

The Missus. "YES, I'M SURE HE'D PROMISE YOU IF HE WAS AT HOME, SIR; 'CAUSE WHEN THE TWO 'BLUE' GENTS CALLED AND AS'ED HIM THE OTHER DAY, SIR, HE PROMISED 'EM D'REG'LY, SIR!!"

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITH A NOSE—HIS MELANCHOLY STORY, COMMENCING WITH HIS EARLIEST HOME AND SCHOOL DAYS.

OF all the Odd Men Out, it is a toss up—as is natural in the present instances—whether the Oddest Man Out is not, all cases considered, the Man with a Nose. Do we not remember a German fairy tale, one by the Brothers GRIMM, bearing this title, wherein, as you may recollect, an unfortunate soldier ate an apple, and straightway his nose set off growing with such rapidity that it was encountered by the man's comrades six miles off, who, tracing this nose upwards to its source, and also following their own as well, came at last upon their friend seated under a tree in a woeful plight. Well nigh as wonderful, fairy agency excepted, is PUTTYK's nose; taking, as usual, PUTTYK as my representative man.

Not that his nose is long: on the contrary; that is, I mean it is rather short. It is an ordinary nose. You wouldn't stop in the street and say, "What a nose that fellow has!" if PUTTYK passed. Consequently it is a nose which would escape notice in a crowd. It is neither Roman, nor Grecian, nor of any other order of Nasal Architecture. It is a nose pure and simple, and as such, judging by sight alone, would not place its owner in my gallery of Odd Men Out. But it is not by sight alone, if by sight at all, that you will arrive at the conclusion, that, in the presence of PUTTYK's nose, you are near something very much out of the common. The remarkable phenomena connected with PUTTYK's nose are those of sound, objectively and subjectively, of muscular tension, of membranous irritation, and extraordinary pressure upon the nervous system. After the above description (as far as it goes) I need scarcely add that I am no anatomist, nor doctor, nor surgeon.

It is a delicate subject to touch, this nose of PUTTYK's; everyone will, I am confident, recognise the picture as I scumble it in. [I have said I am not a professional medico, neither am I a painter, but if "scumble" isn't a good word, I don't know one when I hear it. I once knew an elderly gentleman, an artist, who was always "scumbling." He was perpetually at the backgrounds of his pictures, and never seemed to get forward with them.

"Well," I'd say, "How are you getting on this morning, eh?" alluding to his historical picture of the wife of the first Ptolemy preparing for the ball, for which I was to find out appropriate lines in some Poet.

"Oh," he'd say, working away with his right hand, "just scumbling in a little." Then I'd look and see a clean place left for Ptolemy's wife to come into presently, in the middle of all the scumbling.

Midday I'd find him standing a little way from his easel, with his left leg forward, his head well back and on one side, like a raven in a difficulty, and his hands in such an attitude as he would probably adopt were he going to fight any one with his palette for a shield, and his paint-brush as a sword.

"Well; how are you getting along?"

"Oh," he'd reply, "just got the scumbling in."

Poor gentleman! he scumbled himself into his grave before ever MRS. PROLEMY appeared on his canvass. Scumble, scumble, toil and scumble, and so somehow I've an affection for the word. Here ends the parenthesis.]

I have known PUTTYK for years, he was a very much younger child than I was, and I still have the disadvantage of him in point of age.

His nose was always getting him into trouble. His father, old PUTTYK, was a strict and most cleanly man, the more strict and the more cleanly at home from his being his own master, and very many other people's too, in a dirty dingy manufactory, where they made all

sorts of things in a general way (paper bags for bakers, and screw-papers, with riddles on 'em, for the tobacconists and public-houses, I believe, were a large source of income) by the aid of complicated and powerful machinery, which began whizzing and steaming, and consuming old PUTTYK's snoko by Act of Parliament, from eight in the morning until six at night. So when old PUTTYK came home (I was often there for young PUTTYK to play with, but I despised him in those days, having stick-ups myself, and he was hardly out of frocks with curls like a girl), he went up to his room, and returned thence very clean and neat, with a shirt-front as irreproachably spotless as was his moral character underneath, supposing it to be on the left side—call it heart.

Young PUTTYK, JIMMY, was admitted to see his father dine; and as sure as PUTTYK Senior had sat himself down to his soup, so certainly would PUTTYK Junior sniff. This would lead to an inquiry as to the whereabouts of his pocket-handkerchief, followed by a search in all his pockets where it wasn't, succeeded by a short stirring lecture on noses, handkerchiefs, and stupid dirty little boys (whereat I used to smile pityingly at little JAMES), and finally an order to go up to Nurse ("to Nurse," ha! ha! mine had been gone three years since) and bring one down.

The next difficulty with my friend PUTTYK's nose was the use of the handkerchief. His father had a regular drill for this. There were words of command, such as "Take it out of your pocket," "Hold it well in the middle,"—JIMMY's eye on his father all the time—"Now then!" which was the signal, as it were, to fire.

Oh, such a failure! A little tweaky, stringy sound, like a penny trumpet, with the squeak very much out of order. Then Papa PUTTYK would illustrate on his own nose. It was to be done thus. Example with pocket-handkerchief. Nothing more simple, he would say—but so would have been, to JIMMY at least, the little doll's head in a green bag, or the omelette in the hat, which ancient mysteries he had seen the venerable magician, MR. SPRATT, perform in the dining-room at Christmas, had the wretched little boy known how to do them.

"I can't make out," he said sadly, one day to me, "how Papa makes such a noise," and I saw that the poor boy had been rehearsing until his eyes were dangerously bloodshot.

He little knew then what eminence in the line he would achieve some day; nor had his father the slightest idea of what amount of misery and suffering to his son, and others, he was laying the foundation, when he went through the nose-drill every morning with the unfortunate JIMMY, and paraded his own organ as the model.

The tears JIMMY PUTTYK has shed over that nose of his in his poor father's life-time would have washed a pocket-handkerchief. Growing older and less able to brook a scolding, he would retire into corners for a gentle blow, or choose the moment when the front-door announced his father's return; anything to avoid a blow in his parent's presence. I notice now that JAMES PUTTYK's son has it, in embryo, and I should thence conclude, if I might without offence, that this was a Nose which ran in the family.

At sixteen, JIMMY's nose had got beyond him—it was uncontrollable. I was six form then, and in my last half. I had occasional opportunities of seeing Young PUTTYK, to whom I had promised, on consideration of certain tips from his father (*O ingenuus Puer!*), my powerful protection.

In the middle of a construing lesson before a sharp and severe master, PUTTYK's nose would make itself heard, and immediately get its owner into a scrape: its owner having the best reasons for keeping himself as much as possible out of the master's sight and mind.

The Rev. Mr. Smick (Master: to Timkins Major, who is construing). Well, Sir!

Timkins Major (who is standing up in quite an opposite part of the room to where Puttyk is). "Ὁ τίμων—ὁ τίμων—ὁ τίμων—I have not come—τοῖς πολλοῖς τοῖς τοῖς—to all these persons, many as they are—βοῦτε—ας—(MASTER JAMES PUTTYK blows his nose: everybody is alarmed.)"

Rev. Mr. Smick (sharply). Who was that? (Looks towards the quarter whence the sound came.)

Master Puttyk (with pocket handkerchief still in his hand). Please, Sir, I was only—(Some boys laugh aside, and MR. SMICK thinks that he is being "put upon" by PUTTYK.)

Rev. Mr. Smick. There was no necessity to make such a noise. If you want to play the fool, Sir, you can keep it for out of school hours.

Puttyk (helplessly). But please, Sir!

Rev. Mr. Smick (determined to catch him somehow). Go on, Sir, construe. Sit down, TIMKINS MAJOR.

Master Puttyk rises, with a vague idea as to where the other boy had left off; he looks about for the place in the book: he tries to interest the next boy in his unhappy situation. Next boy, however, feels SMICK's eye is on him, and ignores PUTTYK's distress.

Mr. Smick (foreseeing the ultimate end of Puttyk at this lesson, hastens his doom by telling him where to begin). "Ἄσπερ ὁ τὸν πλοῦτον—Go on, Sir.

Master Puttyk (trying to brighten up for an effort). Ἄσπερ—as—hem—δὲ—τὴν—δὲ—δὲ—δὲ—(Some boy, sotto voce, says, "Boat ahoy," and PUTTYK thinks it very unkind.)

Rev. Mr. Smick. Well, Sir, δὲ must agree with something. Ὁ τὴν what? Master Puttyk (catching at the idea, and venturing it rashly). "Ὁ—τὴν Wat. (Is about to continue hastily) τὸν—"

Rev. Mr. Smick (pretending to overlook the mistake). No, Sir. I said δὲ must agree with Something. (PUTTYK sees his awful blunder, and wishes he might sit down again peaceably, or that the clock would strike the end of the school hour before he can reply.) Oh yes, δὲ—(with delight at seeing the evident word at the end of the sentence;) δὲ agrees with τὸν τὸν τὸν. (Thinks he has saved himself.)

Rev. Mr. Smick (calmly). Well—what is δὲ—what is τὸν τὸν τὸν? Puttyk (feeling that, as the song says, "All is lost now"). δὲ is "The"—

Rev. Mr. Smick (most calmly). What is τὸν τὸν τὸν?

Puttyk (sincerely wishing he had written the translation of this word down in pencil.) Τὸν τὸν τὸν is—is—(Thinks of various familiar Greek words beginning with τὸν. At last he hazards) "The ones about to die"—(Sees SMICK smile superciliously, and knowing he's wrong, adds quickly), No—I mean, "to drink," "Those about to drink"—

Rev. Mr. Smick (in a chilling tone). You will write out and translate the lesson twice, and bring it me at one o'clock. (Makes a note of it, and adds the moral.) Another time when you don't know your lesson, I advise you to keep quiet, and not attract attention by playing the fool.

By "playing the fool" MR. SMICK means the blowing of poor PUTTYK's unfortunate nose, which has led to his being "called up and put on to construe."

The above is a sketch (scumbled in) of the early career of PUTTYK's nose. The rest to follow.

FRA DIAVOLO'S PICK-ME-UP.



ACCORDING to the *Post's* Own Correspondent, several of the brigands who seized upon the REV. MR. CAMPBELL, "have been picked up in the environs of Rome." Let us hope that more of them will be picked up, not only there but also about the hills whereto they slink. With a view to picking as many of them as possible up, the utmost endeavour should be made to shoot them down. Accordingly, the French troops maintained at Rome might be utilised, and the wonders which the Chassepot rifle did at Mentana might be more creditably repeated at Terracina, or any other neighbourhood infested by the gang of a Fra Diavolo.

RECREATIVE RITUALISM.

THE Court of Common Pleas has decided that the "Recreative Religionists" have a right to perform services, including sacred music and instructive lectures, on Sundays, and receive payment for reserved seats. Such payment has long been usual at chapels and churches maintained by voluntary support; sacred music has constituted one of the chief attractions; and lectures have been delivered under the name of sermons, at least professedly instructive. This is all very well; and the service of Recreative Religion is a reasonable service, which persons of that persuasion may surely practise without just ground of offence to those of any other. But ought not the line to be drawn somewhere? Have not our Mahometan fellow-subjects, or guests, a right to mosques, as our Jewish have to synagogues? Might not the possible establishment of a mosque possibly lead to a performance of dancing derishes under the pretence of a devotional exercise? If this were permitted, it would be difficult to prevent the ballet from being introduced into conventicles such as a building like the Alhambra open on Sundays under the denomination of a Jumpers' Chapel.

FOOD FOR CATTLE.

How luxurious living is spreading! The very beasts of the field are turning epicures. They have long had their appetites tempted with various delicacies in the form of "Foods," and now the last novelty in cookery for Cattle is feeding them with cocoa; chocolate, we presume, being reserved for the more aristocratic animals—race-horses, prize oxen, successful Southdowns, and the like. Rare times these for horses, cows, sheep, and pigs! No more common oats and hay; no more plain turnips and oil-cake and meal; but almonds and raisins, and asparagus nicely boiled with melted butter, and macaroons and pound-cake, and Ribston pippins, and truffles (specially for the pigs) with iced water, and lambs' wool and possets, and all SAINSBURY'S summer beverages to drink. We do not despair of hearing that the times are so much improved, that even poor old rheumatic farm-labourers are able to enjoy a jorum of hot cocoa, sweet and strong, before they set out to walk four miles to their work on a raw November morning!



THRIFT.

Peebles Body (to Townsman who was supposed to be in London on a visit). "E-EH, MAC! YE'RE SUNE HAME AGAIN!"

Mac. "E-EH, IT'S JUST A RUINOUS PLACE, THAT! MUN, A HAD NA' BEEN THE-ERRE ABUNE TWA HOOORS WHEN—BANG—WENT SAXPENCE!!!"

FINLEN'S ALLOWANCE.

AT rascaldom's demonstration in Hyde Park on Sunday week, MR. FINLEN is reported to have expressed himself in a speech chiefly characterised by abominable words; but containing a declaration which many respectable people will be glad to hear:—

"He declared that he had been kicked that day by the police because he was the 'only prominent public man' who dared to stand up in defence of Fenianism."

It is only to be hoped that in making this statement MR. FINLEN spoke the truth. Not that it is desirable that MR. FINLEN should have been kicked by the police for his advocacy of treason. The police have no right to take the law into their own feet in dealing with even such a subject as MR. FINLEN. It may be the opinion of some that a law which subjected him to being kicked would have been a wholesome law; but his mere advocacy of Fenianism is better treated with simple contempt. Of itself it is not of sufficient consequence to require so much as the notice of a kick. No kick can be administered without giving pain, and humanity forbids the infliction of unnecessary pain even on a FINLEN. Necessary pain is another thing. MR. FINLEN tried to collect a mob on Clerkenwell Green. He was compelled to move on. Perhaps he had to be kicked to make him move on. The police were then under the necessity of kicking him. He endured the necessary pain of necessary kicks. This is probably the true account of the fact that he was kicked by the police, and, if so, that fact is eminently satisfactory. The police only did their duty in kicking MR. FINLEN. Let us hope that they will never have occasion to do it again, but will do it again if, and whenever, they have. All that MR. FINLEN has to do is to be careful to move on when he is told by the police, instead of waiting to be kicked. Under the ignominy of which he has proclaimed himself the victim at the feet of the police, he had better, in the meanwhile, sit down as well as he can.

A CONSOLATION PARAGRAPH.

THE Tories have gained several signal victories in Lancashire. People ask how this is, Lancashire and Liberalism being supposed to have other links than the only one which sensible men say connects Modesty and Merit—the initial. The answer which is given is that the Lancashire men know the Irish Catholics well, and don't like them, and won't support candidates who are friendly to their interests. That has something to do with it. But *Mr. Punch* guesses at another reason. The fact is that the Irish girls are so lovely, that the Lancashire Witches are jealous of the rivalry. Lancashire men are always running over and losing their hearts in Ireland. Therefore, the witch influence has been powerfully exerted, and the Liberal candidates in Lancashire have really been sacrificed at the shrine of English beauty. If this does not console them, nothing can; and *Mr. Punch*, ever ready with balm and oil, thus picks them up, and blows a slightly reproachful kiss to the beauties of Lancashire.

HOW SOLD BREAD.

MR. ARNOLD gave his decision the other day that "Cottage loaves" were "Fancy Bread," and were not amenable to the laws which regulate the sale of the ordinary "stuff of life."

"Oh tell me what is 'Fancy Bread'?"

The public unto ARNOLD said.

"Should it be weighed like tea or lead?"

"No," worthy ARNOLD deci-ded.

"If you get cottage loaves instead
Of that on which you should be fed,
And will new-fangled food-paths tread,
Not those your fathers follow-ed,
You must put up with being bled,
If you will fancy Fancy Bread."

"Haussez les Mains, Messieurs!"

WE read in the papers the announcement that "the House of Commons and its approaches have been thoroughly cleansed." *Punch* hopes this is true—particularly the approaches—as, from some stories he has heard of the Elections, he finds a difficulty in believing it. He can only hope that honourable Members will all show clean hands on meeting in their clean house.

WASON v. WALTER.

WE never thought to have to mention RIGBY WASON's name again. But it must descend to posterity, and thus we place it on the groove for immortality. He has been the cause of a final and solemn decision, by the Queen's Bench, that the Public has a right to reports of Parliamentary proceedings, and that a journal publishing faithful reports is not to be liable to an action by anybody touching whom Parliament men may have said what he does not like. "WASON v. WALTER" will be the case to squash any such attempt. But all the gratitude we can find in our hearts is to MR. WALTER, M.P. for Berkshire, the Defender of Right; and, as he will have sundry costs to pay, it would be but a graceful thing if all the readers of Parliamentary Debates were to raise a fund to pay them for him. Of course, he would hand the money to some charity, and thus two good things would be done. We could indicate the most appropriate receptacle for such charity, under the circumstances; but this might offend MR. WASON.

Another Clerical Caper.

THE unlucky parson who wants to be set up as an Opposition prelate to DR. COLENSO, Lord Bishop of Natal, has been induced, it is said, by a recent promotion, to believe that he has no chance of getting qualified here, so he takes himself off to the Cape. A voyage that way improves certain wine, but we never heard that it would do any good to small beer. The Natalians will decline to have anything to do with him—they are merry colonists, and cut Capers.

FRANK.

At the first meeting of the Reform League after the fatal election day, MR. BEALES stated that he should have been elected if it had not been for the police, who hindered his friends. This is not unlikely.

ELECTION REPORTS.



new Foreign Office, that they might satisfy themselves there was no truth in the story of secret dungeons having been constructed in that edifice, expressly for the reception of such foreigners sojourning in London as Continental Tyrants might signify their wish to have placed in safe keeping.

MR. GLADSTONE (how ashamed and penitent South-West Lancashire will be before the end of next year!) gave up one whole day and night to correspondence in refutation of the following (amongst other) charges:—That, as CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, he defrayed all GARIBALDI's expenses, when in this country, out of the Secret Service money; that he once entertained at dinner CARDINAL CULLEN, MR. BRIGHT, ARCHBISHOP MANNING, MR. EDWARD MIALI, SIR GEORGE BOWYER, MR. MILL, and the Editor of the *Star*, when the demolition of the Established Church of England and Ireland was settled in a quarter of an hour over a dessert, served on the finest old Dresden, a present from the POPE; that in his younger days, when Member for Newark, he danced at the Annual Dispensary Ball held in that town with the sister-in-law of a Roman Catholic Earl; and that he was once found smoking in a railway carriage, and without a ticket!

MR. DISRAELI declared in the strongest possible language that he did *not* write, when a very young man, *The Maid*, *the Mummy*, and *the Mausoleum*, in penny weekly numbers illustrated; that he did *not* lay, with Masonic rites, the foundation-stone of a Particular Baptist chapel at Shrewsbury, when Member for that borough; that he had never killed a fox; that he did *not* induce MR. GATTOERNE HARDY to sing comic songs to his own accompaniment whenever he dined with him; and—worst of all—that he did *not* take a new greatcoat which belonged to somebody else, after one of the COUNTESS OF DERBY's Assemblies.

The University of London before electing MR. LOWE were satisfied, on strict inquiry, that there was no truth in the allegation that he sympathised with cannibalism when living in Australia.

Those who knew SIR JOHN PAKINGTON best were slow to believe that he had for years been in the habit of subscribing secretly and largely in support of Mormonism.

The whole county of Middlesex reeled under the blow—there were men hardy enough to assert that they had seen LORD GEORGE HAMILTON having his boots blacked at the Piccadilly end of St. James's Street.

At Bristol, MR. SAMUEL MORLEY found it advisable to publish handbills denying the tale that he was an admirable performer in private theatricals.

At Carlisle his opponents gave out that SIR WILFRID LAWSON had been seen in the London Docks with a tasting order.

HERE has been a large circulation of strange reports affecting many of those, both commanders and subalterns, who were engaged in the Parliamentary War. Now, when the lawyers, and the printers, and the publicans have got in their harvest, and the bill-sticking (and the bill-sticking it on) is done, there can be no impropriety in mentioning a few of these unaccountable rumours.

Immediately after the meeting between MR. BRIGHT and the gun trade, Birmingham was shaken by a report of MR. BRIGHT having invented, in his leisure hours, a new breechloader of the deadliest quality, which he had sold to the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH for a large sum of money and the Legion of Honour. The same distinguished politician was also confidently asserted, on the very best authority, to have taken a leading part in a great Duke's great *battue*, and to have shot the head-keeper in the calf of the leg, contrary to his professed opinions on the Game Laws.

LORD STANLEY was obliged to contradict an extraordinary statement that he had solemnly promised the Poles LORD NAPIER and twenty thousand British troops, if they would only rise against the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA; and he volunteered to show his constituents at King's Lynn) over the *whole* of the

A rumour prevailed that the DUKE OF BEAUFORT had written the handsomest letter of apology to the REV. F. BURGESS, inviting him to stay at Badminton, offering him a much better living, and undertaking the entire cost of rebuilding the school in his parish; but this report, like the others we have mentioned, was not believed.

The worst report about MR. MILL was—that he was thrown out.

THE OLD TORY'S YOUNG DAYS.

(Occasional Song at an Election Dinner.)

O THOSE old days when I was young,
We ne'er again such times shall see,
When horse and sheepstealers were hung,
And likewise rogues for forgery!
Then thieves and robbers had their due,
By twenty at a time upstrung;
A spectacle not rare to view
In those old days when I was young.
Sing foodle, doodle, doodle doo.
It is a chorus which was sung,
Before your fathers dreamt of you,
In those old days when I was young.

Then, when a rabble raised its head
Against the Government and Crown,
The Riot Act forthwith was read,
Thereon the mob at once put down.
The Law and Judges then could teach
A demagogue to hold his tongue.
None of your liberty of speech
In those old days when I was young!
Sing, &c.

Our food was cheap then; poultry, meat,
For those who had the cash to buy.
We grew the bread we used to eat;
Were happy when its price was high.
The beer we brewed, bright, brisk and strong,
Was kept in barrels, under bung:
No engine ever did it wrong
In those old days when I was young.
Sing, &c.

'Tis true no railways then we had;
Folks were contented still to keep.
They wanted not about to gad
When they could quiet sit or sleep.
And if they were obliged to roam,
To their firesides in mind they clung,
And wished they were again at home,
In those old days when I was young.
Sing, &c.

People, to travel who had need,
Coaches with ample means supplied.
Or, rather than on foot proceed,
On horseback gentlemen could ride.
The surgeons had some work to do
On them that were upset, or flung,
But monster accidents we knew
Not in the days when I was young.
Sing, &c.

No telegrams, with fresh alarm,
Disturbed our minds from day to day.
Few letters ever plagued the farm,
High postage if we had to pay.
'Tis said taxation crippled trade;
But land was not so hardly wrung:
Succession duty not yet laid
On in the days when I was young.
Sing, &c.

Much India-rubber we had not,
And gutta percha we had none.
Now we've enough of both, I wot;
That's the chief good Free Trade has done.
We all did very well without
All those light wines that up have sprung;
Drank port and sherry, ale and stout,
In those old days when I was young.
Sing, &c.

Some I remember who still wore
Pigtails and powder, long unknown.
And they had seen, they said and swore,
Young days yet better than my own.
It seems, if back and back we go,
Till ADAM first walked flowers among,
The farther back the better, so,
The days, from those when I was young.
Sing, &c.

When some museum shall contain
This rare brass-buttoned coat of blue,
Young fellows, there may still remain,
Then queer old fogies, some of you.
And they, to mind when they recall
The bells at this election rung,
May say, "These times are not at all
Like those old days when we were young."
Sing, &c.

CONCERNING SCOTLAND.



fun of other days) declare to be a most pitiable creature, a Cockney. Moreover, he is an Alderman. Of course, this could not be forgotten on the hustings. "A Cockney Alderman, who knows nothing of Scotland, has been brought away from his turtle and champagne, to disturb our representation." However, the Cockney Alderman came in triumphantly, even though, as has been pathetically remarked, he did not show the quickness of MR. PARKER, and learn up a bit of BURNS. He might as well have taken this trouble, as his doing so would have afforded an innocent pleasure to the electors, and one of BURNS's best songs is specially connected with the shire SIR SYDNEY represents. Who forgets the "Dumfries Volunteers"?

"The wretch that would a tyrant own,
And the wretch, his true sworn brother,
Who'd set the mob above the throne,
May they be (*big drum*) together!
Who will not sing 'God Save the King'
Shall hang as high 's the steeple,
But while we sing 'God Save the King,'
We'll ne'er forget the people."

SIR SYDNEY WATERLOW begs us to say that he meant to have given this, *ore rotundo*, from the hustings, and will do so on his re-election. In the meantime, and by way of a reward to the Dumfries men for having despised the old-fashioned cant about Cockneys, Mr. Punch informs Scotland generally that SIR SYDNEY WATERLOW is about as like the typical London Alderman, who "wallows in turtle" (as dear old SIBTHORPE used to say of the Whig Ministers), as Ben Nevis is like Primrose Hill. He is, personally—Mr. Punch's right to personality is a divine right—a tall and handsome man, who would look very well in the garb of old Gaul; nextly, he is a travelled gentleman, and, whatever he may know about Scotland, knows a deal about the East; and, finally, he is an energetic labourer in the good work of improving the dwellings of the humbler classes. Mr. Punch is not much in the habit of praising people, remembering *Sir Peter Teazle's* dictum thereanent; but the exceeding good behaviour of Scotland upon the present occasion merits guerdon. Punch bides by the Buff and the Blue, when the Buffers who sport it are True Blue.

PUNCH'S DREAM OF 1868.

ONCE when prophets were loud on the changes to be,
After England had taken her Leap in the Dark—
How tails in the places of heads we should see,
And strange creatures galloped in Westminster's Ark,
I, *Punch*, dreamed a dream*, which I hear has come true—
How nought was so like the Old House as the New.

Her Leap in the Dark, they say, England has taken,
And, as far as she knows, found no mischief therefrom:
Not e'en shooting Niagara seems to have shaken
JOHN BULL's constitution, in spite of old Tom.
And those who count heads or count noses, aver,
That the New House's motto will be, "As you were!"

One change we shall see—"ins" and "outs" shifting sides,
But its heads won't be fuller, its pockets less full;
Some sense it will lack, and some nonsense besides;
More decorous it *may* be, it *must* be more dull.
We may miss the good work that a BAUCE might have done,
Or, when flat, sigh for BERNAL to poke us some fun.

So they say: so I said: and I thought of my dream,
And on Poor Humanity's text, "As you were,"
And pond'ring that text for my next sermon's theme,
Ere I knew it, had dozed off again in my chair.
And with my head running on things old and new,
Dreamed again, and I'll tell you my Dream number two.

Methought that I walked in a wood wild and wide,
Where many men walked, among pathways that spread
In maze labyrinthine, on every side,
And this way and that way those wanderers led:
But so devious the tracks, and the pathways so crost,
No wayfarer tried them but soon he seemed lost.

Now hither now thither, now forward now back,
I saw them still stumbling, and blund'ring along:
Yet none would confess he had strayed from the track,
But declared himself right, other wayfarers wrong:
And to hard words and even to blows they would fall
O'er a "whither" and "whence" that was myst'ry to all.

Oh, many the pit-fall where wayfarers fell,
And were smothered, or struggled, half choked, back to air,
And many the furze-brake and thorn-guarded dell
Where they stuck, sunk, or scrambled, all bleeding and bare.
Yet now and again would these wand'ers form bands,
And cheer and halloo, and as comrades join hands.

Till it happened while I watched, how to left hand and right
The tumbling, and stumbling, and blundering went on,
Of a clearing those wand'ers had struggled to sight,
Still at odds with each other which way they had gone:
Some declaring 'twas forward, and some that 'twas back,
And each chiding the other for blocking the track.

But now when they met at this clearing, behold,
Under two heads the wand'ers confusedly drew—
And the downcast grew cheerful, the cowards grew bold,
As no pitfalls they'd 'scaped, and no thorns struggled thru'—
And all sung in a chorus, complacent and clear—
"Our wand'rings are ended—our haven is here!"

"They told us the road that we took led to woe,
That darkness and danger surrounded our way;
But we went on, nor heeded the warning, and lo!
We have found pleasant places, and fair light of day:
Nought is changed save for better: Earth's Eden is here:
Then Halloo—boys Halloo! Of the wood we are clear!"

Then I saw in my dream, how surrounding the wood,
Where those wayfarers halted to raise that halloo,
Vague shapes, lovely some, and some terrible, stood—
But of all, fair or fearful, was none that I knew.
"And be they for evil," I thought, "or for good,"
"You were best not halloo, till you're out of the wood!"

* See *Punch* for May 25, 1867:—

"No working-men Members were there:
Save the spouters' no fustian I saw:
No Shop-Solons, hand-labour to crown,
And bring capital under its law."

"No more mighty thinkers: no more
Wondrous orators: as many botes:
Muddlers, Meddlers, and Millionnaires:
Directors, place-hunters by scores."

"No more palpable wisdom I found
In Reform's new-quintessence sub-
limed:
Not cleaner or harder their hands,
Who Democracy's ladder had climbed."

"In short, 'twas amazing to find,—
One feels loath the result to avow—
How unaccountably like at most points,
Was the new House to that we have
now."



Agent. "HOW DO YOU VOTE, MR. FLANIGIN?"

Paddy. "I'VE HEARD SOMETHIN' ABOUT NOT GIVING ME A NEW LEASE, MR. O'ROURKE, SO I SHALL VOTE ACCORDIN' TO MY EVICTIONS!"*

* "Convictions" he would have said.

TO MRS. DISRAELI.

LADY of Hughenden, *Punch*, drawing near,
AFFABLY offers a homage sincere:
DEIGN to accept it,—though playful its tone,
YOUR heart will tell you it comes from his own.

BATTLE full oft with your Lord he has done,
EVER in fairness and often in fun,
ADDING, as friends and antagonists know,
CHEER, when his enemy struck a good blow.
OPPORTUNE moment he finds, nothing loth,
NOW, for a tribute more pleasant to both.
SMILE on the circlet a husband prepares
FOR his Guide to the triumph she honours and shares:
IN it acknowledged what ne'er can be paid,
EARNEST devotion and womanly aid.
LONG may the gems in that coronal flame,
DECKING Her brow, who's more proud of His fame.

Health for Anglo-Indians.

THE capabilities of the Himalayas, in a sanitary point of view, are undeniably pointed out by the *Times*. No doubt when roads and railways are extended to the hills, Englishmen and English troops will find health as much within their reach in India as in Europe. Still the recovery of health will be uphill work.

ELECTION FACT.

ALL the waiters at the Trafalgar voted for MR. GLADSTONE, in the hope that if he sat for Greenwich, he would lighten their labours at the Ministerial dinner by reducing it to Three Courses.

TELEGRAM TO TOBY.

DEAR TOBY,
Bow wow wow!! Our muzzle-loaders have gone off after SIR RICHARD MAYNE'S charge!! Bow wow for DR. WATTS, and a little one in.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For 'tis their nature to:
Let bears and lions growl and fight
While "Walking in the Zoo."

Thou mad wag, 'tis enough to make even a cat laugh who is less easily pleased than our venerable little ancestor who rejoiced "to see such fun."
[Down charge!]

Ritualism Unmasked.

THE REV. ORBY SHIPLEY (Ritualist parson) advertises an "ascetic" work on "Preparation for Death," as "translated from the Italian of ALFONSO, Bishop of St. Agatha." The *Pall Mall Gazette* points out that this ALFONSO is no other than the notorious ALFONSO LIGUORI, neo-Catholic Saint, and casuist of a certain unpleasant stamp. May we be allowed to observe that the REV. ORBY SHIPLEY has evidently a Liguorish tooth?

Leviathan.

"WHAT admirable Reasoners," said the meditative BROWN, "our dishonest railway porters and other officials must be."
"Why do you say this?" said the inquisitive JONES.
"Have you read HOBBS?"
"Yes, but I fail to recal a passage illustrative of your proposition."
"He says that Reason is the Subtraction of Parcels."

MOCKERY AND MUMMERY.

WHAT a Purchas naturally demands—A Cell.



“ POUNDED ! ”

The Result of the “ Leap in the Dark.”

(See Punch for August 3, 1867.)

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITH A NOSE.—HE MERGES INTO THE GENUS "LIVERY-MAN."

To College PUTTYK's nose, so to speak, followed him. It saved him, I believe, from attendance at lectures, for what lecturer on classics or mathematics would of his own accord invite the presence of a constant interruption, which he was utterly powerless to stop?

For if PUTTYK was asked to try his hand at a passage in *Herodotus*, in which he was only put on with the design of stopping his nose, PUTTYK would get over two lines of open Greek country at a fair pace, and then, seeing what Americans call "a difficulty" (with *them* its meaning would be illustrated by a precipice in front and a mad bull in the rear during your afternoon's quiet walk), would come to a standstill and take refuge behind his pocket-handkerchief. The Lecturer, at first would be inclined to wait patiently till PUTTYK had finished; but you might safely back PUTTYK's nose against the Lecturer for holding out. So the "call," as convivialists say, being with the Lecturer, another Undergraduate was "called" upon for a translation, and not until the Lecturer had got well into some learned explanation of a phrase, or was bringing forward a variety of proofs, or disproofs, of the Greek historian's veracity, would PUTTYK's nose turn up again.

"I think, MR. PUTTYK," said the Lecturer to him, choosing, in the most gentlemanly and kindly manner, the conclusion of his hour after the dismissal of the class, for his "word with PUTTYK," "you *might* manage to control the noise; for you see it disturbs everyone, and robs us of at least fifteen out of our sixty minutes."

PUTTYK was most apologetic: "It was a source," he said, "of far greater annoyance to *him* than it could even be to the Lecturer. He was afraid"—here he became melancholy—"it was a disease. He had deferred consulting doctors about it, but now he should certainly do so."

It was a difficult case; for if PUTTYK's nose was a *bond fide* affliction, not even a College Don—no, nor the Master of the College himself—could have the heart to insist upon a man overcoming an illness on the spot, as it were, or getting rid of a disease "to order," so that he might attend his duties in hall, chapel, and lecture-room. It was like saying, "Be quite well to-morrow at ten o'clock, or rustication will be your portion."

So, gradually PUTTYK's name dropped off the Marker's list, and Lecturers never summoned him to their schools, nor complained of his non-attendance, too pleased at his absence to express more than a passing regret that such a promising young man should be debarred by natural (that is, nasal) causes from filling his pails at the College fountains.

PUTTYK's was not a *mere* excuse: like the guide who came at last to take his own lies for historical facts, PUTTYK soon worked himself into a belief in his own theory.

He was worth four customers at least to his haberdasher in pocket-handkerchiefs, and to his laundress in washing them.

I have been with him to the theatre, and have seen an entire audience, justly irritated by his interruptions, hiss his unfortunate nose, while the Manager himself has begged him to accept his entrance-money and retire. Tragedians have scowled at him while taking poison, and villains of the deepest dye have directed their last curses at him as they were borne off, struggling, in the arms of the officers of dramatic justice. I have seen all the fun taken out of a Low Comedian by one blow of PUTTYK's nose: I have heard the finest tenor's finest chest-note pitched in vain contention with this remarkable organ.

PUTTYK awake is powerful, but PUTTYK asleep is irresistible. If you want to give a dull, long-winded preacher a hint, take my friend with you, after a good lunch, to an afternoon's service in winter time. He will fall as fast asleep as Euthychus, and the greatest pulpit-orator will not make headway against him.

As I have said, the Man with a Nose, becoming aware of his own nuisance, forms an explanatory theory on the subject, and, after consulting several medical friends (whose advice he doesn't follow unless it jumps with his theory), and after some superficial examination of medical treatises, with a view to establishing his theory, finally decides that his (which no one can persuade him is simply the consequence of a nervous habit) is a most extraordinary case arising entirely from Liver.

It is at this point that my Man with a Nose is merged into the Man with a Liver; or, to put it more delicately, a Livery-Man, say, of the City of London. Some one or some book has shown him that the cause of most ailments is Liver: his nose-difficulty is an ailment: *ergo*, the cause is Liver.

PUTTYK made this discovery early in life, two years after he had quitted the University. From that moment he became a perambulating druggist's shop. Pills were in his waistcoat-pockets: if he sat down suddenly he was soon reminded of the existence of various draughts in phials in his coat-tails; he had a minim glass and a larger one marked with the quantities held by tea or tablespoons, in his breast-pocket; prescriptions were in his trouser-pockets, ready for an emergency in case he should travel and find himself without a supply.

Since PUTTYK has become a Liveryman, he has, I am glad to say, ceased to be, regularly, the Man with the Nose. At intervals there is a return of the organ with all its old trumpet power; but these relapses are few and far between.

But *now* PUTTYK has always *something* the matter with him, and I don't wonder at it.

Tell him that (as is the fact) he looks the picture of health, he will smile at you, and shake his fuzzy head. "Only the *picture*, my dear fellow," he will reply, with a mournful enjoyment of his sad state—"only the picture, not the reality."

"But," I say to him heartily determined, if I can, to shake him out of his hypochondria, "I never saw you looking better."

"Very likely," he will return in a resigned tone, as if his hours were numbered, and your dinner with him to-night is to be the last, in this world at all events.

"I know what it is," he says, cheerfully, of himself, "it's Liver."

A friend suggests walking exercise. "Well," he says, "he does walk." Regularly? "Regularly."

Then another recommends riding. "He does ride," he replies, becoming somewhat irritable. "Ah! but not every day," his adviser says. "Yes," says PUTTYK, boldly stretching a point, "I do; at least," he interpolates as a correction, so as to save himself from a positive untruth, "every day I possibly can."

You'll never see PUTTYK without a pain somewhere. He acts concealment, occasionally, of his miseries. He will breathe hard while speaking to you, and put his hand to his side. You stop—what is the matter? "Nothing," answers PUTTYK the martyr, affecting to hide his agony and return to the subject of conversation. This is done only in the presence of an unbeliever, who, he'll tell his friend afterwards, he was afraid would have laughed because he didn't understand his case.

He does not, like my relative mentioned incidentally in the sketch of the Man with an Ear, complain of loss of appetite, and then fill his plate and himself from every dish and bottle (except the water one) on the table.

No (he is a first-rate gourmet, by the way, and you can do worse than dine with PUTTYK), he professes an appetite; but he calls it a deceptive sign. He eats of everything generally, "Just to taste it, to see if the cook has exactly followed out his directions." He is, at all his meals, in a chronic state of poisoning and antidote.

He commences dinner with two pills in half a tumbler of water, as a general corrective, and generally tells you, if you make any observation on the practice, that "you're a lucky fellow to be able to do without 'em."

The soup he may only just touch, but he asks the servant in waiting, "Has Mrs. LUCAS, the cook, put sherry in it?" JOHN doesn't know. PUTTYK tries it. "If there's sherry in it, it will play the deuce with him," he tells us. However, he doesn't think there is (the flavour of wine being as palpable as it should be) and eats a plateful. Between the courses he calls WILLIAM, the page, and gives him minute instructions as to where he'll find, in his bed-room, a small bottle labelled with CARRICK the Chemist's label and his directions. WILLIAM returns with it, and PUTTYK, who has in the meantime explained the properties of this draught, which appear to be antagonistic to sherry and soup, empties it into a wine-glass and drinks it off.

Now he says it doesn't matter if he *does* take a glass of sherry, and he accordingly takes that and another.

Fish invariably disagrees with him, except done in a particular way. This is done in a particular way by his particular directions, and he partakes of it heartily. When finished, JOHN arrives from the kitchen with an apology from cook, saying that "she had been unable to manage the fish as Master wanted it, but—"

There is no but. PUTTYK is angry it wasn't mentioned before; however, it is not too late, there is a remedy. WILLIAM is summoned, and informed that, "in the top drawer, on the right-hand side of the chest of drawers on the right, not the *first*, but the *second*, nearer the looking-glass; does he understand?" to which he says "Yes," and looks hopelessly helpless. But we hear him asking JOHN outside, "What he *did* say, blessed if he knew." Thence WILLIAM will bring down a small square blue box, labelled "To be taken during meals." This, says PUTTYK, is a French remedy, and an admirable one. We warn him against his nostrums; but you might as well tell the Monument not to stand on Fish Street Hill. He won't hear, and he won't be moved.

He has up, for his guests, some rare champagne. "Champagne is death to him," he tells us; "but, on this occasion—" and so WILLIAM is again dispatched, and this time returns with a full-grown medicine-chest. PUTTYK apologises for its appearance, and for his leaving the table for one moment to go to the sideboard where he doctors himself (I think, *this* time, homeopathically), and returns to the head of the table. So the dinner proceeds: Afterwards, though we prefer getting to our cigars and coffee at once, PUTTYK insists upon our tasting some of the Port wine and the Claret, which comes from his father's cellar on purpose for us; "We will," he says, "get to pipes and cigars when we take our Grog." Grog! after all this. So we, out of politeness, taste his wines, which are excellent, but unnecessary. Judging by myself next morning, I don't wonder, if this is PUTTYK's usual course, at his never being well.



NOT QUITE "COMB IL FAUT."

Foreign Friend (who wants to buy a tortoiseshell comb). "HAVE YOU ANY OF ZE LITTLE COM' OF VAT YOU CALL MOCK TURTLE?"

WHALLEY.

Convivial Song for Lucky Candidates.

POOR MILNER GIBSON'S in the cold,
And so is BERNAL O. the bold,
Though with the vote of many a lodger
False Chelsea has rejected OGDER;
But fill a bumper, fill boys fill,
We have, we have our WHALLEY still!

And as we sing and rattle on,
Two well-known lines of TENNYSON
Will suit, by altering just a word,
The case of proud Plas Madoc's lord—
"At ease and warming his five (?) wits,
The Welsh owl in St. Stephen's sits."
So fill a bumper, &c.

A dull debate can never be
With WHALLEY'S wobble-bility:
No end to bigotry and folly,
Whilst WHALLEY hath in hand his "wolley."
To fire into that dark abyss
Whence rise all ills—Catholicism.
Then fill a bumper, &c.

He never fails—for seldom shy
Is he—to catch the SPEAKER'S eye;
But when he rises parties dense
Can seldom catch the speaker's sense.
Forth doth that sweet song's title ring—
Not "Birdie," but "Sing, WHALLEY, Sing!"
Yes, fill a bumper, &c.

The votes at Peterboro' show
"The weakest to the whall-ey go;"
But let us hope that he will keep
His speech more moderate, nor heap
Anathemas, and shout that we
May trace all ills to popery.
Let's trust he'll hold his tongue, so fill,
With hopes to have our WHALLEY still.

THE MAN FOR THE PLACE.—The President-elect is throwing all applications for places into the fire: evidently a case of *Grant, a non-Grantando*.

MARTIN v. MACHONOCHE.

(Before MR. PUNCH, Special Ecclesiastical Commissioner of the Bench of Common English Sense and Justice.)

THE proceedings in this case were brief and simple, and may serve as a model for the dispatch of business in other Courts engaged in the hearing of ecclesiastical cases.

The learned Commissioner said he was not there to hear the facts confused by counsel on both sides, but to decide whether the rites and ceremonies used at St. Alban's, Holborn, were in accordance with the letter and the spirit of the English Church as set forth in the Articles and Prayer-Book. The point was, *what does MR. MACHONOCHE mean by it?* Now, as no one can inform us of his own intentions better than the person himself, provided always he be honest, which I take MR. MACHONOCHE to be, I will call upon the reverend gentleman *in propria persona*, to give us his explanation.

MR. MACHONOCHE was then called and examined.

First, said the learned Commissioner, as to the two lighted candles on the Communion-table during the Communion service. They are not lighted for the purpose of giving light?

MR. MACHONOCHE. No. They are symbolical: and direct the thoughts of my congregation to the True Light. It is an ancient practice of the Church Catholic. It is used in all branches of the Church.

Commissioner. So much I find in DR. ROCK'S *Hierurgia*, a Roman Catholic book on ceremonies. Your reason, then, for lighting them is, first, because you consider them as aids to devotion; secondly, because of their antiquity; thirdly, because such is the use of the Greek and Roman Churches?

MR. MACHONOCHE. Precisely so.

Commissioner. I see, Sir, that I may trust you to answer my questions honestly and fearlessly. I now come to Number Two—the elevation of the consecrated elements.

MR. MACHONOCHE. The lifting up is in illustration of the great action typified by the lifting up of the brazen serpent. It is lifted up, or elevated, so that all the people in church may see and adore.

Commissioner. Quite so: and honestly answered. Now, in your answer you have just given is involved the answer to Number Three. Why do you kneel after the "consecration"?

MR. MACHONOCHE. I kneel to adore.

Commissioner. Now, MR. MACHONOCHE, I am sure you are too sensible, not to say too pious, a man and clergyman to give adoration where it is not due. You would not, that is, adore a piece of bread? You would abominate such a notion.

MR. MACHONOCHE. Undoubtedly. My adoration is paid to Its Highest Object.

Commissioner. I am sure of it, Sir. But why on that special occasion, after the Consecration and at the Elevation?

MR. MACHONOCHE. Because the Highest Object is *then* specially present. Understand me, Sir, I do not hold transubstantiation or consubstantiation—both are equally forbidden by our Articles. But I believe in a Special Presence, which no word can adequately express.

Commissioner. Setting aside the name as a mere scholastic question, do you believe that a special miracle is worked by your hands the same in effect as is believed by persons belonging to those Churches, to be worked by a Roman Catholic Priest, or a Greek Priest, at their Communion Services.

MR. MACHONOCHE. Yes, undoubtedly. For I have the same power by virtue of my orders to perform the same sacrificial act as they perform, and I am as much a Priest as is any Roman Catholic clergyman.

Commissioner. MR. JOHN BULL, MR. MARTIN, and Gentlemen of the Church of England, MR. MACHONOCHE has spoken out fearlessly and honestly. For my part I have no hesitation in deciding that his form of worship, logically consistent with his belief, has no place in the Established Church of these realms. We will not, as he will not, stickle for names. He believes in a miraculous change in the elements which, though he can not call it Transubstantiation, *because the word is literally forbidden by our Articles, is the same thing to all intents and purposes as what Roman Catholics mean by their name for it*, and involves the leading Roman Catholic tenet, which it was one of the chief objects of the Reformation emphatically to condemn and utterly sweep away. For if we do not stickle for names in any case, what difference is there

between MR. MACHONOCHE and a Roman Catholic Priest? *None, that he knows of.* None that we can see, excepting that the Catholic Priest is in his proper place in the Roman Church, and MR. MACHONOCHE is not, in the English Church, so I decide that henceforth—

1st. There shall be no Candles lighted at morning or evening service, except for purposes of giving light.

2ndly. That Elevation must be discontinued, as being totally contrary to the letter and spirit of the English Church.

3rdly. That kneeling after the Consecration be also discontinued for the same reason.

And, finally, this Judgment must be taken as condemning the doctrines, not the practices only, as not agreeable to the teaching of the English Church. And so, MR. MACHONOCHE, fare you well. And, MR. MARTIN, also, fare you well; remember that the Church of England is not intended to be a Puritan Conventicle, but a decent, inornate, form of worship, of which a well-executed Cathedral or Collegiate service is the highest point allowed. Let nothing be added or subtracted from the rubrics; and thus ends a most important case.

THE TWO SIDES OF THE SHIELD.

MR. PUNCH found the following in a recent copy of the *Standard*, and he thinks it exceedingly just. Attacking a contemporary for alleged partiality to its party—the *Standard* says:—

"Every Liberal Member is in its columns an angel of light and purity; every Conservative a bigot and an oppressor, a foe to freedom, civil and religious, in this country and elsewhere. If a Conservative writer ventures to say a word for the working-man he is hypocritically touting for votes. If a Tory landowner, through his agent, requests his tenants to vote as they please, he is guilty of an impertinence; if he is silent, he is, of course, guilty of coercion. So we learn that every Radical meeting is unanimous, enthusiastic, a noble demonstration, a convincing expression of electoral sentiment; whilst a Conservative gathering has no importance whatever, is a packed assembly or ticketed mass of unintelligence."

Just so; and by a curious coincidence the other side says that, *mutatis mutandis*, this is the exact way that the Conservatives describe Liberals and their doings. Suppose then, instead of such incriminations, each side tried to be fair. Only then the papers would be dull reading. True, we forgot that; and things had better go on as they are.

NOTES AFTERWARDS.

ODGER, ODGER, poor old Codger,

What good to you

Was the vote of the Lodger?

You are ousted: somebody else he

Is the Member now for Chelsea.

MR. FEEAKE, it's very funny,

Didn't get in,

Though he'd got the money.

The people for votes he did importune

He lost. Another Feeake of Fortune.

Explanation.

A LADY of Stepney requests us to say that she has read a cock-and-bull story about a pillar letter-box in that district suddenly exploding, a gas-pipe being accused of having leaked into it. She wishes justice to be done, even to gasmen (though they do cheat, and she doesn't believe in the meter a bit), and she thinks it right to say that, having good cause and occasion to rebuke her husband very severely, she did so in a letter which she posted in the box in question. What exploded she has no doubt was her Blowing-Up letter, as her husband has never apologised.

More Martyrs.

THE fires of Smithfield appear to be lighted again. In the midst of the festivity which prevailed at the opening of the Metropolitan Market in that historical quarter, poor MR. HORACE JONES, the architect, and MESSRS. BROWNE and ROBINSON, the builders, all of whom deserved a happier fate, were—toasted.

IS THERE NOT A MISTAKE?

A LIBERAL was returned for Christchurch, where it seems LORD MALMESBURY has considerable influence. The place we should have pitched upon as likely to be influenced by his Lordship would have been—The Isle of Harris.

UNDERGROUND INTELLIGENCE.—Since the opening of the new Market beneath which this railway runs, the Metropolitan has changed its title to the Meat-ropolitan.

MR. GLADSTONE IN LIVERPOOL.

(From *Punch's* Special Commissioner.)

It was a capital idea of yours, *Punch*, getting me, as I was in the neighbourhood, to run over and see how the great WILLIAM EWART was getting on in this magnificent town, where the Middle Ten are called "gentlemen" in contradistinction to their humble neighbours of Manchester, who are contented with the more modest title of "Men." Though I had no vote, I, of course, "rushed to the poll" with alacrity, and was present—as in duty bound to be—at the proceedings at the hustings, which culminated in the rejection of GLADSTONE, who has fallen back upon Greenwich, I should imagine, with some considerable contempt for the South-West Lancastrians. But, Sir, it is the fortune of war. Everyone who puts up, must not mind being put down, and the great Liberal Champion can afford to grin—or rather Greenwich—and bear it. The Tory element—and if I may be allowed the expression—the "Snob" element, is strong in Liverpool. There are very many of these "Gentlemen" who are horribly afraid of what they call the Democratic sentiments of the dreadful man who would deal out Justice to Ireland, and elevate the working-man to his right position. Conservatism is rampant here, and these touch-and-go, speculative, time-bargaining, gambling, cotton-broking Electors have a refined manner of expressing their sentiments, that far transcends in Billingsgate invective all the howling personalities supposed by many to be the special property of the rowdiest Radicals.

It is no use crying over spilt milk, *Punch*. What's done can't be undone—at present; but it is the duty of your special commissioner, whilst forbearing to dilate on the unhappy result of the election—it is his bounden duty, I repeat, to let your millions of readers throughout the universe know what was the behaviour of the Conservative mob of Liverpool gentlemen towards the noble statesman who honoured them by contesting South-West Lancashire. Now, we expect a little rowing, and no one is thin-skinned enough to object to a little personality. The struggle in a large place like Liverpool is certain to stir up the muddy waters of abuse, and should there be a few hand-to-hand encounters between excited and busy partisans, why, what great election is complete without them? But we are living in the nineteenth century, *Punch*, are we not? Liverpool is a town of gentlemen, and The Right Honourable W. E. GLADSTONE is a foe to be respected, not to be treated like a briefless barrister, shoving his fist into the election lucky bag; he is not an adventurer ready to pledge himself to any principle or want of principle in order to obtain a seat at St. Stephen's. He is a gentleman of the highest mark, and in Liverpool, of all places, one would imagine that he would receive decent treatment, to say the least of it. But, oh! *Punch*, I wish you could have been there! No; on reflection, I do not. You would have been shocked, hurt, cut up; you would, indeed. You would have blushed—albeit, that is a difficult operation with you (no offence, I allude to the "natural ruby" of your genial countenance)—blushed, I repeat, for your fellow men—I beg their pardon, "gentlemen." See what the *Liverpool Mercury* says:—

"Tory merchants, bankers, magistrates, and town councillors vied with each other in roaring opprobrious terms at MR. GLADSTONE, and throughout the proceedings conducted themselves in a manner which would have disgraced the vilest 'roughs.'"

This is true, *Punch*. One beauty called out, "Who starved his servants?" another honour to the town swung up an effigy of MR. GLADSTONE, and one offensive idiot attempted to drown MR. GLADSTONE's voice with a penny whistle. He should have paid dearly for that whistle had I—but, there, I'm only a Special Commissioner, and my muscles are not in training. It struck me as typical of the state of affairs—the Tory penny trumpet trying to drown the "deep diapason" of Liberal enlightenment. For the present, in South-West Lancashire the trumpet has it; but it's a poor instrument, and can only play one monotonous and selfish note. Other Liverpool gentlemen indulged in frequent rounds of "Kentish fire" during MR. GLADSTONE's speech, and one exquisite specimen of local gentility called the Liberal candidate "a liar."

There are generally a great many Americans in Liverpool. We are apt to look upon their mode of managing these matters as somewhat raffish, not to say ruffianly. I wonder, *Punch*, what they thought of our way of doing the business, eh?

Nothing like Bounce.

"It is calculated that 1,000,000 copies of the Address [of the Protestant Association to the Electors of the United Kingdom] have been circulated and read by between 5,000,000 and 10,000,000 people."

Is not this wonderful calculation rather an abuse of round numbers? To be sure, 5,000,001 may be said to be between five and ten millions.

BEST STONE FOR THE CONSTITUTIONAL FABRIC.—GLADSTONE.



TRAPPED. (A CAUTION.)

VERY DELIGHTFUL TO HELP NERVOUS LADIES IN THE WOODS, PARTICULARLY WHEN HOUNDS ARE RUNNING.

FUEL SAVED BY FELT.

PROFESSOR JEVONS, and other men of science, differ in their estimates of the time which we shall take in using up all our coal, at our present rate of consumption. Is there no remedy for this consumption of the coal? Economy, if the Government could enforce it; but Government can't. All that we can do, therefore, is to economise, as well as we may, our own private and particular coal measures, namely, certain quantities, deposited from sacks, in cellars not containing more than a few tons. One way of doing this is that of adopting a method of dressing meat, most truly described by a contemporary as—

“**SENSIBLE COOKING.**—The Norwegian felted boxes now on sale in Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, deserves notice. When a leg of mutton is to be boiled, instead of its being kept on the fire for three or four hours (on the good old English method, which wastes fuel and hardens the meat), it is sufficient to keep it boiling for only ten minutes; and when it has been boiled for that time, the fire is no longer needed, but the saucepan containing the meat is to be inclosed in the felted box till three or four hours later, when dinner-time arrives. The heat in the saucepan is prevented from escaping, as it cannot pass through the non-conducting felt, and the process of cooking therefore goes on gently for hours with no new application of heat. A leg of mutton eaten by the Food Committee is stated to have been quite hot three hours and a half after it was taken from the fire and inclosed in the box.”

Another leg is said to have been brought from Paris to London in a Norwegian box without getting cold. The Norwegians know the value of fuel, and they have also known how to make fuel go as far as it can in boiling meat. Their felted box is a contrivance for boxing heat up, so as to compel a given quantity of heat to do all the cooking that it can, and to render the generation of any additional heat and therefore the combustion of any more fuel, needless. Your felt, you see, Ma'am, keeps your boiling water hot. How? Because it is what you may call a cad on the step of an omnibus—a bad conductor. The Norwegian felted box must be a real blessing to servants as well as to housekeepers, in summer no less, if not more particularly, than in winter. During hot weather your cook would like to put the fire in the kitchen out as soon as possible. In

the case of boiled meat your felted box makes this possible as soon as the meat has been boiled ten minutes. In these days there are many persons who find it a very hard matter to make the pot boil. The difficulty of effecting that object, occasioned by the present extravagance in female dress, under a thousand a year, keeps many young people single. It certainly has been simplified, and persons about to marry are enabled to do so on proportionally lower terms, by the invention of the Norwegian felted box.

THE MEMBER FOR GREENWICH.

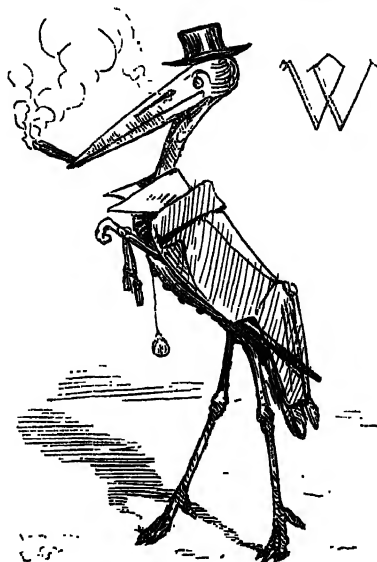
THE graceful GLADSTONE has been rejected in Lancashire for a gentleman who is so large in the girth that when he had to be girt with the sword it was impossible to make the ends of the belt meet. The electors have preferred a big man to a great one. However, if MR. GLADSTONE ever condescends to stand again for the district that has shown such bad taste, he had better previously go through a long course of the dinners the idea of which is the only one that arises when his present borough is mentioned. We shall have great pleasure in dining with him at Greenwich, (at the national expense, of course,) four times a week until further notice. The hotels are kept open in the winter. The splendid conceptions which MR. GLADSTONE and MR. PUNCH will strike out during these repasts will amply repay the country for the six or eight guineas which each may cost; and should the latter gentleman happen to recollect any part of the conversation, he may give it to the world in his own columns. He heartily congratulates Greenwich on the honour which has been conferred upon her, and respectfully advises her to tidy herself up a bit, as she is now going to be Somebody.

Acts of Courtesy.

DISAPPOINTMENT teaches useful lessons—politeness, for instance. How many rejected candidates during the last fortnight have been bowing to the decision of the Electors!

A VOTIVE URN.—A Ballot Box.

THE NEW HOUSE.



What a promising House!
YOUNG, STRONG, HARDY,
BIRLEY, BRIGHT, WYLLIE,
and WISE, with MANNERS,
POWER, and HOPE!

What a useful House!
With its SMITHS, TAYLORS,
POTTERS, CARTERS, CART-
WRIGHTS, ARKWRIGHTS, BA-
KER, BREWER, MILLER,
COLLIER, FORESTER, TUR-
NER, and GOLDSMID! (Who
says there are no working-
men in the new Parliament?)

What a Country House!
Containing WOODS, WELLS,
HILLS, BEACHES, CAVES,
MOORES, MILLS, BOURNE,
DYKE, LEA, CROFT, HOLT,
GROVE, LOCH, FORDE,
PLATT, BARROW, REED,
HAY, and STONE!

What a familiar, free, and
easy House! With its
RICHARDS, WILLIAMS, ED-
WARDS, HENRY, PERCY,
WALTER, SIMON, SIMON,
LAWRENCE, CECIL, CLE-
MENT, GREGORY, CHARLEY, DAVID, and DICK!

What a Jolly House! TITE and MERRY, with RAIKES, GLADSTONES,
good FELLOWS, and PORTMAN, with CAVENDISH and a CLAY, with
LUSH, BASS, and GUINNESS, a GLASS, and a GUEST!

What a Serious House! Has it not PALMERS, MONK, CHAPLIN,
VICKERS, KIRK, and GRAVES?

What an Accommodating House! With CHAMBERS, HUTT, BOOTH,
DAVENPORT, LOOKE, and BELL, with CLOWES, COLE, and DYOTT, with
PEASE, WHITBREAD, and a ROUND! N.B. PRICES LOW.

What a Belligerent House! Supplied with WHITWORTH, ENFIELD,
and LANCASTER, and dealing both in BALL and KNOX!

What a Sporting House! HUNT, DELAHUNTY, SCOURFIELD, MOW-
BRAY, FOWLER, BAGGE, BAGWELL, and, alas! POCINN!

What an Intellectual House! BURKE, SHERIDAN, WALPOLE, ERS-
KINE, GRENVILLE, WYNDHAM, NORTH, PEELE, and RUSSELL; BAXTER,
BERKELEY, CRICHTON, DISRAELI, HAMILTON, MITFORD, ROBERTSON,
and SHERLOCK; BARRY, BLAKE, NORTHCOOTE, and WEST; GRAY,
COLLINS, COLERIDGE, HERBERT, HOOD, OTWAY, CAMPBELL, COWPER
(not forgetting, GILPIN), SCOTT, GOWER, GORE, AYTOUN, MONTGO-
MERY, SHIRLEY, BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, MILTON and P.M!

What an Odd House! With MURPHY, VANCE, E. T. SMITH, COX
(without BOX), BRADY (parted from TAIT in the Upper Chamber),
ADAM, and ABEL SMITH, READ and WRIGHT (and here and there a
cipher), DOWSE, DE LA POER, and MACKINTOSH, TIPPING (although
Bribery is strictly prohibited), a MAGNIAC, and a MELLY, a CHILD, a
DON, and a FRENCH-man!

FELLOWS AND FELLOWS.

In the case of a Duke, an Earl, a Bishop, a Nobleman of any rank,
a Baronet, a Squire, a Barrister, a Clergyman, an Alderman even, the
victim of a railway accident, what would be thought of a reporter
writing as follows?—

"It was at first thought that some of the unfortunate fellow's ribs were
broken. Such is not the case, though he has sustained some internal injury
about the chest."

This is an extract from a contemporary's account of an "Alarming
Railway Collision." The sufferer described as "the unfortunate
fellow" was the driver of an express run into by a mineral train. No
doubt he was an unfortunate fellow. Every fellow who meets with a
bad accident is an unfortunate fellow. But that is not what a reporter
would call any fellow, who had come to grief in a first-class carriage.
He would describe any such fellow as "the unfortunate gentleman."
A small shopkeeper, in a similar case, but second class, he would
probably term "the unfortunate man." First Class and Second Class
passengers, correspond, in his nomenclature, respectively, to gentleman
and man. Third Class, mechanics and their like, answer to Fellows.
When he speaks of an engine-driver, hurt by a collision, as "the un-
fortunate fellow," he inspires us with mere sympathy for the engine-
driver, whereas, if he applied the same description to a bruised trades-
man well-to-do, not to mention a peer or a prelate, he would amuse
some of us, shock others, and rather astonish everybody. Yet, on the
principle of equality, we are all fellows, only some are finer fellows than
others; but they are fellows never reported as such in our British
journals.

RESIGNATION OF MR. D'IXION.

The following letter speaks for itself:—

MY DEAR PUNCH,

MONTAGU COREY is the best fellow in the world; but he does
not know everything yet. I find that he has sent you the same cir-
cular as that which I told him to furnish to the daily papers. Of course
you would know that there was a mistake. I hasten to send you the
one I want you to be kind enough to publish.

Ever yours,

Grosvenor Gate, 2nd December, 1868.

B. D'IXION.

"If Parliament were sitting, I should not have adopted this course,
because I do not very well see how I could have done so. You don't
write to a man while he is in the same room with you. I should have
made a dignified speech, with some compassionate references to the
Member for Greenwich, and some professions of almost unspeakable
reverence for the House of Commons, and then I should have announced
that we held our places only until the Member for Greenwich and his
followers could arrange the disposition of their plunder.

"But having resolved, to retire as soon as the election returns could
be got in (I might certainly have waited to see whether there were a
re-action in Orkney and Shetland), I decided on doing so in the most
gentlemanly manner. I not only gave up office at once, but I did not
advise HER MAJESTY to send for my dear and valued, if effete, friend,
the EARL RUSSELL. I advised that a telegram should be dispatched
to Hawarden Castle, and I can fancy the Member for Greenwich sitting
in a turret commanding the portcullis, and immediately on seeing the
electric boy, thundering out his orders that the bridge should be let
down in three ways at once. No doubt he had a gig waiting to take
him to the Station instantly.

"When, in the spring of this year, Her Majesty's Government were
placed in a minority on the Irish Church question by a Parliament
which had been elected in the name of LORD PALMERSTON, who can
hardly be described with exactitude as a violent reformer, of course I
could not believe that a new Parliament to be called together, in the
name of the Member for Greenwich, from a new constituency to which
thousands of Liberals had been added, would confirm the vote of the
Palmerston Parliament. For people seldom do what they may reason-
ably be expected to do.

"Having a right to dissolve, I dissolved, and not only were all means
taken by the Ministry to expedite the appeal to the people, but all
means were taken by the Carlton and other clubs, and by all agencies at
their disposal, that such appeal should be decided in our favour. I am
told that the eminent judge, MR. JUSTICE BLACKBURN, is likely to be
able, from information which he will receive, to confirm this latter
statement. On this subject I know nothing. If there has been excess
of zeal I regret it, but no follower of mine ever learned it from my
teaching.

"We have fought the election desperately hard, have flooded a good
many notorious Liberals, and have secured a strong and compact
working minority—I suppose about 280. But the most rudimentary
acquaintance with arithmetic will enable even a Parliamentary Colonel
to comprehend that what remains, when the above sum is deducted from
658, places the Member for Greenwich in command of the situation—
my situation.

"He has it. But 280 'great-hearted gentlemen singing one song,'
as MR. BROWNING writes, will make their voices heard in due time;
and I strongly advise a wise statesman, like the Member for Green-
wich, not to disregard their possible harmony. Meantime, like
DEMOSTHENES, we will improve our vocalisation out in the cold.

"I wished to give no unnecessary trouble. I go out with a polite-
ness which has won me popular plaudits; and I may just remark that,
as if there is no division there can be no defeat, it will be competent to
me in some future stage of proceedings, to state that I am unaware
that the defenders of the Irish Church have ever been condemned by
the British Legislature.

"We shall be perfectly ready, and I may say, happy, to discuss, at
any length, any proposition that may be submitted to the House; and,
while I think it probable that it may conduce to the just influence of
the Conservative party to debate with calmness, I shall be perfectly
prepared to avail myself of any weakness along the enemy's line, and
to execute any Napoleonic strategy which may appear likely to be
beneficial to Religion, and to the Constitution of these happy Realms.

"I will only add, having named NAPOLEON, that I did not select
this date for my own *coup d'état* in compliment to my friend the EM-
PEROR OF THE FRENCH, but that the coincidence is as fortunate as it
was fortuitous.

"Downing Street, Dec. 2"

"BENJAMIN D'IXION."

MILITARY EXAMINATION QUESTION AND ANSWER.

WHEN does a man's case lie in a nutshell?
When he's a Colonel.



BIBLICAL HISTORY.

Boy. "THAT'S DAVID."

Girl. "No, it's a WOMAN."

Boy. "BUT THAT DOESN'T MATTER. LOOK AT THE SWORD!"

RUSSIFICATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette*, in one of its occasional notes, publishes the very natural complaint of a conscientious Russian school-inspector in Lithuania.

Russia is benevolently anxious to Russify—another, and rather different word for civilising—this part of her Holy Empire.

Now, it is notorious that *polish* can't be diffused without extirpating *Polish*, and accordingly Russ law forbids the use of that demoralising language in the Polish schools of Lithuania. But the perverse little wretches who attend them are guilty of talking Polish with their fathers and mothers when they go home, and thus all the Russ varnish so laboriously laid on in their school-hours during the day is rubbed off every night. M. BATOUSCHKOFF, the zealous school-inspector who makes the complaint, draws the obvious conclusion, that unless the Polish children are entirely removed from the influence of their parents, there can be no real Russification. Still, he does not propose to punish the parents, as one might expect, for talking to their little ones in what he mildly calls their "pernicious" native tongue. He contents himself with the charitable observation, that "these imprudent parents do not understand what a demoralising influence they exercise on their children."

For the present he contents himself with recommending, "as a preliminary measure, that all children, except those who live with their parents, should, after the hours of study, be placed under the surveillance of committees composed of educational officials."

Happy little Lettish-Poles! Blessed with the perpetual guidance and example of their Russ pastors and masters—not only in, but out of, school-hours! Ah, if we had but the paternal Czarism of Russia established among us for a Session!

But we cannot understand why M. BATOUSCHKOFF, who sees the evil so clearly, stops so lamentably short in the remedy. He proposes, we have seen, to put all the Polish little ones under official *surveillance*, "except those who live with their parents." Why, it is just the unhappy children who *do* live with their parents who are poisoned by the "pernicious" Polish element!

What M. BATOUSCHKOFF ought to have recommended is the substitution of Russ *remplacants* for Polish parents throughout Lithuania. Thus he would have struck at the root of that "pernicious" national feeling which neutralises all Russia's

benevolent efforts at Russification. She will never stifle the language unless she can put down the parents. Till she has done *that*, her mission of civilisation will be but half accomplished.

BOBBY'S DOG-DAYS OVER.

Bravura.

RELIEVED from service mean and low,
That shamed ROBERTO's pride;
With Valour's former warmth I glow,
And thrill again inside.
Rescinded's MAYNE's canine behest,
I feel a man once more:
And, whilst I slap my swelling chest,
A Briton to the core!

No longer I, the street along,
With whoop and with halloo
Derided by the jeering throng,
The vagrant cur pursue.
No longer yield the multitude
Amusement and delight,
Him when they see my grasp elude,
Or caught, my fingers bite.

No more of these ignoble scars,
All marked with sable brand,
With snapping foes which oft, in wars,
I took in either hand!
And all, O surgery severe!
Had first to be excised,
Of Hydrophobia for the fear,
And after—cauterised.

From task to clutch dog's collars free,
By edict of thy Chief,
My right hand, thy sole game shall be
To collar rogue and thief.
To grasp the foul garrotter tight,
To gripe the Fenian fell,
And drag the wretch, with main and might,
Away to station-cell.

O would I had the power to seize
The burglar on his way,
With "jemmy," and with picklock keys,
And balk him of his prey.
O would I might o'erstep my beat,
The bolting prig to chase!
The House should then be safe—the Street
Not what is now the case.

Enact me but the law I need,
Arm me with legal right;
The caitiff, bent on felon's deed,
I'll stop by day or night.
In Home's defence, and Beauty's aid,
Meanwhile my staff I wave.
Move on, ye Roughts, or you'll be made,
By X, Policeman brave!

SEQUELS.

(In the Press.)

To follow *Nature's Nobleman* (by the author of *Rachel's Secret*), *Society's Snob* (by the author of *Beautiful for Ever*).

To follow the *Sunshine of Greystone* (by a Lady), *The Dulness of Blackstone* (by a Law Student).

To follow *The Log of my Leisure Hours* (by an Old Sailor), *The Bore of my Business Moments* (by an Old Clerk).

To follow *Wrecked in Port* (by EDMUND YATES), *Swamped in Claret* (by HAROLD POWER).

To follow *A Thorn in his Side* (by the author of *Edith's Marriage*), *A Flea in his Ear* (by the authoress of *Edwin's Disappointment*).

SEVERE.—Somebody having broken some windows at New College, Oxford, all the Undergraduates have been punished with rustication. Panes and penalties this with a vengeance!



"MISTAKES WILL HAPPEN."

Mamma (alarmed). "WHAT IS IT, MY DARLING!"

Pet. "YA—AH, BOO—OOH—AH!"

Mamma. "WHAT'S THE MATTER, THEN? COME AND TELL ITS OWN——"

Pet. "BA—H—OO—H—SHE—SHE DID—WASH ME ONCE—AN'—SAYS—SHE DIDN'T—AN'—SHE'S BEEN—AN' GONE AN' WASHED ME OVER AGAIN!!"

BAITED CIRCULARS.

MR. PUNCH,

I AM old enough to be the father of grown-up daughters; but I am neither a father nor a husband. It is well. A wife of nearly my own age would most likely not be so hale and strong as I am. The only delight she could well afford me would be that of alleviating her numerous complaints, and of this pleasure I should be very much deprived by narrow circumstances. The same limitation would forbid me to make my children happy. As for my daughters, if I had any, they could not, for anything I could do, but be the reverse of happy. My means would not enable them to appear in the expensive dresses now exacted by society, and as necessary, with any view to matrimony, as the silk, and hackle, and gold and silver thread, with which hooks are adorned to make artificial flies, and catch trout.

Puffing linen-draper, however, Sir, are unaware both of my indigence and celibacy. At least they are ignorant of the latter; knowledge of the former would probably not prevent them from sending their circulars to my abode, on the chance of tempting thoughtless girls, or a foolish old woman to mis-spend money, run me up a bill, or coax, or badger me into extravagance.

MESSRS. TAGG AND RAGE, the other day, sent me one of their announcements of sales of depreciated stock, accompanied by three different specimens of silk, with their respective prices. The least costly was 60s. the dress, the next 75s., the highest 78s. 6d. "WALKER!" was the exclamation which audibly burst from my lips, as, winking mine eye at TAGG AND RAGE in idea, I pressed my thumb hard on the end of my nose, and forcibly twiddled my fingers.

"Ah!" thought I, "how many a poor fellow like myself, and having incumbrances which I am not saddled with, has been let in by means of that circular and its enclosed patterns for from fourteen or fifteen to twenty or thirty pounds, if not more!"

"Matrimony," said DR. JOHNSON, "has many pains, and celibacy

few pleasures." Sir, I experienced one of its pleasures as I cast the silken baits for my imagined females into the fire, and proceeded to convert the paper which had contained them into spills. Which whilst I used from time to time in lighting my pipe, I tried to work myself into a state of mind approaching to content with my lot by comparing it with what it might be if I were poor PATERFAMILIAS, and not

DIOGENES TUBHOUSE.

P.S. Whenever a weak sense of loneliness comes over me, I comfort myself with the reflection that, whilst others are necessitated to incur linendraper's charges, my whole expenditure on apparel is limited to infrequent transactions at the ready-made clothes-shop.

News from Newgate.

AGAIN two base garotters, stripped,
Have been tied up in turn, and whipped
At Newgate, but, the truth to tell,
The rascals uttered ne'er a yell,
Though each did forty stripes receive;
This failure to report we grieve.
More power, in paying savage crime,
To CALCRAFT'S elbow the next time.

Snug.

CHESHIRE'S six County Conservative Members have but three names amongst them. There is one TOLLEMACHE, two LEGHS, and three EGERTONS.

Another curiosity is, that there are two Boroughs which return M.P.'s with the same names—Devonport and Marylebone both send a CHAMBERS and a LEWIS.

AN ARCHIDIACONAL FUNCTION.

From ARCHDEACON PUNCH to all Ritualists in his Archdeaconry.

GENTLEMEN,

I KNOW, and you will not deny it, that you avowedly and openly hear confessions. I feel it my duty to make a few remarks upon a letter to the REV. JAS. A. ANDERSON, O.S.A., a Catholic priest, from his Bishop, DR. O'BRIEN. Here is the letter:—

“Waterford, Nov. 9, 1868.

“REV. JAS. A. ANDERSON, O.S.A.—I hereby withdraw from you all faculties and approbation to hear confessions from the date hereof within the limits of the diocese of Waterford and Lismore.

“Yours faithfully,

+ D. O'BRIEN, Bishop.”

You see from this, Gentlemen, the system of the Roman Church. The clerical practitioner is licensed to hear confession on the premises, not off them, and that licence can be revoked by his superior. Your Archdeacon, Gentlemen, is no admirer of the Confessional, and he looks upon the Rubric as vaguely permissive in an extraordinary case, while the form in the Visitation Service is, demonstrably, for a special case. If the English Church Reformers had intended confession to be generally and usually practised, it would have been guarded as jealously as it is in the Roman Church. But your Archdeacon wonders who is to restrain you? You have no confessional boxes in open church, in the sight of the entire congregation. No; your studies, your libraries, your friends' rooms, your vestries, your sacristies, these be your holes and corners.

Would you not be astonished to read:—

“To the REV. MACHONOHIE (e. g.), *St. Albans*.

“I hereby withdraw from you all faculties and approbation to hear confessions, from the date hereof, within the limits of the diocese of London.

“T. LONDON.”

Of course you would be astonished.

But I, as your Archdeacon, must put a prior question; namely, “Have you ever received ‘such faculties or approbation’ from your Bishop?” No. “Have you ever asked for them?” No. I advise you to ask for such licence at once. Let all Ritualistic clergymen apply for their licences to their respective dioceses.

I do not, I will not, anticipate the answer, but if the powers exist you will obtain your licences.

Everybody can keep wine and spirits in his cellar, but everyone may not retail them to customers.

Gentlemen, as your Venerable Archdeacon, I agree with you that, having due regard to your liberty, you are better placed as Anglican Clergymen than if (which with your opinions you might easily do) you joined the Church of Rome. There you'd be laymen, and have to *make*, not *hear* confessions.

There you'd be taught, not allowed to teach.

There, if you would be Priests and hear confessions, 'twill be under grave restrictions.

Or if you are, as I trust most of you happily are, married, you could not, if you would, be a Priest at all.

But, Gentlemen, why move, when you can hold all Roman doctrine, hear confessions, absolve, expound antiquity, and be married? *Vos estis Di. diui.* Better to be Popes all, than serve one.

Gentlemen, may your Priestesses convert you to an honest mind, or if they will not, but on the contrary, be inclined to agree with you (as even good wives sometimes will) why then do you be FATHER DABBY, let her reverence be POPE JOAN, and hear the young ladies' confessions. But, ah, me! I tremble to think of the penances. I am, faithfully,

Your Venerable Archdeacon,

PUNCH.

P.S. And to you, my dear BISHOP OF ELY, yours and many of 'em. You are wrong, my dear Lord, in your supposition that because Prayers *de mortuis* were officially pronounced not illegal in that celebrated case that *therefore* “A Mass for the Repose of a Soul” as performed by that Clergyman of the Established Church in your Lordship's diocese, at Cambridge is permissible as a corollary. If you think so, my Lord, then permit me to say that on this point you are no theologian, and perhaps don't want to be.

Acclimatisation Overdone.

So, Australia is in danger of being eaten up by the progeny of rabbits imported from the mother country. The Australians should import foxes to keep them down. It must be understood that the too prolific rabbit of New South Wales is a totally different creature from the Welsh rabbit.

UNPOPULAR OPERA JUST NOW.—The Trova-tory.

IXION'S FALL.

IXION scaled Olympus; with the Immortals
Like an Immortal sat, and held his own:
Made mocks at Jove, and even passed the portals
Of the Great Queen and whispered by her throne.

Flung topsy-turvy the Olympian board,
And taught its gods their natures to reverse:
Made Bacchus drop his cup, and Mars his sword,
Turned Venus vestal, and Minerva worse.

Daring—for what had he not braved, defiant
Of low beginnings, to reach realms so high?
As tough in purpose as in practice pliant;
Still keeping on his goal a single eye.

Merging all arts in one, the art to rise,
Holding no way forbid that upward led:
Scorning all bars between him and his prize—
And leader most, when seeming to be led.

Marking his feats of wit, his force of will,
His victories o'er scorn and low estate,
We own, were greatness but successful skill,
Ixion well had earned the title “Great.”

But as men's greatness never yet has stood
Gauged by the height they oft reach but to fall;
As will and power to do great things and good,
Make mortals great, who wanting these are small,

Ixion, at his highest, stood but low;
And few there are will grieve his fall to see,
Who nought beyond himself e'er seemed to know;
And, not being god-like, claimed a god to be.

And if, when he aspired to fold a Queen,
A phantom cloud to his embrace was given;
If, when he thought Jove's master to have been,
He found himself hurled down by Jove from Heaven,

'Tis only Justice, nor can we desire,
Nor he hope, to Olympus his return:
His fate is in the nether world of fire,
Bound to a wheel, to turn, and turn, and turn.

That wheel, his fitting punishment who taught,
The Ruler's Art was but to turn in time;
That nether world, with keener suffering fraught,
For him who had the strength so high to climb.

But hark! Ixion's voice,—whose courage strove
With pain, defiant still though faint and flooded:—
“Deem me not from Olympus kicked by Jove,
If I've come down, 'tis of my own accord.”

A LONG SHRIFT.

THE POPE, waking up with a Happy Thought, suddenly cut off the heads of a couple of men who were sentenced about a year and a quarter ago. Their crime was a dastardly one, worthy of Penians, and their fate needs no pity. But the Italians are making a grievance of it, and calling it an insult to Italy, because these criminals blew up a barrack of sleeping soldiers who were among the guards of Rome. With all *Punch's* desire to see that done for the POPE which Catholics desire to see done for the Irish Church, he cannot applaud the Italian demonstration, which is justified only by the dogma that we may do evil that good may come. Only, we should have thought that short shrift might have met the justice of the case. As our friend SIR GEORGE BOWYER has leisure from Parliamentary duties (and we are sorry for it, as also that the two excellent English Catholics, LORD EDWARD HOWARD and SIR JOHN ACTON, are out), perhaps he will, taking competent time to ascertain, tell us why it took fifteen months to “justify” a couple of assassins.

See Advertisement.

“WHO'S YOUR LAWYER?” I haven't required one since I took the law into my own hands, kicked out my landlord, and told my servants that if they brought in any bills, I would discharge the bringers.

ELECTION RIOTS.—The elections made England for the time being a perfect Bear-Garden, with candidates at the top and bottom of the Poll.



IXION OUT OF HEAVEN.

(Being a Tail-piece to MR. DISNEY'S delightful Novellette, "Twain in Heaven.")

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITH AN EYE.

In the kingdom of the blind the Man with an Eye would be king. But as it doesn't happen to the Man with an Eye to live in a "Blind Country"—which I suppose a hunting man would define as a country full of blind hedges and blind ditches—he erects himself into an absolute monarchy, and pities those who with their two eyes are not blessed with such correct powers of vision—which are indeed but visionary powers—as he is with his one.

Not that he hasn't got two good useful serviceable eyes. He has: but he always prefers to speak of them, as the French republic, one and indivisible.

He will tell you that he has "an eye for colouring." Which eye it is he doesn't say. He has also "an eye for effect." Perhaps it's the other eye; not the one he uses for colour.

He has got "an eye to the main chance," like a raven "twigging" a worm upon which he'll presently come down sharply, as with our One-Eyed Calendar in his character of early bird on the main chance.

He has "an eye for comfort," he has, generally speaking "an eye for this sort of thing," whatever it may be at the moment, and such an eye as no one else possesses for the same thing, nor can he conceive the possibility of there being another eye belonging to any other person equal in any kind of way to his.

The question may occur to some, isn't he rather an Argus, speaking of every one of his eyes individually, than a man of only one eye?

This he may be, but to all intents and purposes he is, in every case, the one-eyed man.

BENTON, my one-eyed friend, is most annoying.

When he comes into the room, nothing is straight in his opinion.

You have a headache, perhaps, and having given up business for one day only, you are sitting comfortably before your fire, with the tea and toast of invalid tradition, when in comes BENTON of the Eye.

"My dear fellow, sorry to find you seedy; what is it?" And while you are answering, his eye is commencing a tour round the chamber. It makes you fidgety; you know that something is wrong; you would almost like to ward off the blow by telling him that "you know what he is going to say," only that this course you foresee may just draw on you the attack you want to avoid. For this power of the Eye makes BENTON the most particular man you ever met. He is so neat in himself that he wouldn't even cock his hat on one side, not on account of the raffish look, but because it would put his entire self, as it were, out of the perpendicular. His rooms are the perfection of neatness and good taste; there is no doubt about it. And while his Eye enables him to pick holes, or rather to point out the holes, and then, by picking at 'em, to make 'em larger in other people's habits, yet there's not one of all his acquaintance who can honestly point out a hole in his domestic arrangements; that is, as to furniture, *bric-à-brac*, articles of *virtu*, or the colour and position of any chair, curtain, stool, sofa, fire-screen, or what-not from kitchen to attic in BENTON's chambers.

Therefore, being encased in mail himself, he can charge others fearlessly; but at the same time it is less in the spirit of a knight of the tourney than in that of the crusader that BENTON brings his lance up to the rest against you; for he wants to convert you from the error of your ways. He would have you all as he is—all BENTON. "If his standard of taste is correct, and it is admitted by his friends and enemies to be admirable, and nearly perfect, what is not up to his standard," he argues, "comes short of it, and is not correct; that is, is incorrect. If I am right," he says, "You are wrong. There is a right and a wrong in these matters, and it is wonderful to me," continues BENTON, "how men can go on as you do, allowing their rooms to be all higgledy piggedly anyhow, and not taking a pride and pleasure in seeing them look neat and artistic."

This is dreadful when you're unwell. You can only say, "Oh, dear, it doesn't matter," or the here-to-day-and-gone-to-morrow theory, which, BENTON will at once (being a High Churchman and strongly Gothic) tell you is not the way to look at anything however small; such a view being the lowest old Pagan morality known to the ancients. Whereupon (if your headache is really bad) you will say you "prefer being an old Pagan moralist," and will try to show by your manner that this is where the full stop comes (stop, and count four) in the conversation.

"Not a bit," BENTON says, standing up and putting his glass in his eye (the eye), "my dear fellow; you haven't got that lamp straight." It is a hanging one, and the chains somehow or other never will remain the same length for two days together.

"I couldn't stop in the room with such a thing as that," says BENTON, fidgeting. "It quite upsets me. 'Pon my life, I don't wonder you're ill."

"Well," you say, feebly, "BETTY shall put it to-rights; in fact," you add, suddenly admitting to yourself that you haven't been strict enough about these matters, and they ought really to take more care, "I'll speak to her sharply."

"I wouldn't make a row about it," says BENTON—which is just his

annoying way—after stirring you up with a long pole as it were until you're only too glad to get some one on whom to let off your anger,—he says, "Oh don't make a fuss about it."

"Fuss!" you growl, "surely 'tisn't making a fuss to ask them why the deuce they don't hang a lamp properly—it's too bad." Here BETTY enters in answer to your bell. She looks as if she had been suddenly disturbed in commencing the colouring operations on her face to qualify herself for a part in the Female Nigger Minstrels.

"BETTY," says her master, in a tone enough to bring a pallor even to her cheek, and the more startling seeing she had only expected to be summoned either for more tea and toast, or to remove the tray, or for a bottle of soda-water, or some such mild and gentle order in the way of stimulants with which the headachy bachelor is apt to regale himself. So BETTY looks for one second as if she'd seen a ghost, and the next she braces herself up to meet "what's a comin'!"

"BETTY, why on earth can't you keep this lamp straight? I've been going to speak to you about it every day,"—this is your excuse to her for being so suddenly furious; a mere excuse, which she sees through, and you know she does too, and would give something if BENTON hadn't come in with his confounded eye—"but I haven't, because, somehow, it slipped my memory. Just see to it *at once*." And you look across at BENTON, as much as to say, "See what a Turk I am when I like—there's a man of business for you!"

BETTY advances towards the lamp, and examines it cautiously.

"She don't think there ain't not much the matter with the lamp, it's the chains as 'olds it: the man 'ad better come and do it, as she only might break it a touchin of it, and that's why she aven't liked to do it before."

"Then why not," you ask still severely, for you feel you are answered, and that BETTY has the best of it—always confounding that fellow BENTON, who *will* interfere—"why not mention it to me, instead of letting it go on in this way?"

BETTY replies that "I'd ave a mentioned it, Sir, before, only that Mr. RIPPES up-stairs 'aving a friend for a week, and Mr. WIGGLESWORTH down-stairs 'aving just left down-stairs in order to let Mr. BLASSONE as is going to 'ave a brass plate on the door; he's a dentist, Sir, and cleaning the house down, and one thing and another, it quite slipped out of my thoughts."

"Slipped," a quotation from your own speech a while ago. Things have not hitherto gone so well for you during this scene that you can afford a side-attack from BENTON, who says, as if remonstrating, mind, with you for your harshness to the poor maid about such a petty matter as the lamp not being straight, "I dare say," observes this traitor, "BETTY has quite enough to do without looking after your lamps hanging exactly as they ought," (the double-faced villain), "and after all it's the proper hanger's business, not hers."

You can't say, before her, that BENTON oughtn't to talk like this, making you appear like a tyrant lodger to the servant.

When she is gone you will talk over this seriously with BENTON; and you will also find that you have, up to this time, forgotten your headache.

Of the Man with an Eye more hereafter.

OLD COLLEGE LAW AND NEW COLLEGE JUSTICE.

A NEW COLLEGE man breaks a New College window,

The Dons won't admit "an excuse for the glass":

And as they can't hit on the midnight offender,

They rusticate all of their students *en masse*.

That none can touch pitch without being defiled,

The Dons of New College still hold a wise saw:

And while sin of the parent's paid off on the child,

Who can grumble if such is, and was, Oxford law?

As that law was of old, so it is now-a-days:

And all England, beholding the act, must acknowledge

That Oxford's still Oxford, and stands on old ways,

And that Old College justice is dealt at New College.

"Up in a Balloon."

MR. WILLIAM FINNIE is elected for Ayrshire, but surely it is MR. GREEN, the celebrated aeronaut, who ought to have been the fit and proper person, knowing more about Air-shire than any one else, bar COXWELL. How many gentlemen might have stood for this seat, by right of property in Ayr, generally *castles*! However, MR. FINNIE's good health! I've no doubt, as LORD LYTON would say, that the present Member is the *Rightful Ayr*, and as I've finished what I've got to say, *c'est fini*.

INFORMATION WANTED.

WILL some one satisfy the curiosity of "A Puzzled Reader," and tell him what "Powers's Oiled Feather Tracts" are?



"(NOT) THANKFUL FOR SMALL MERCIES."

Cat's-Meat Man. "WHAT 'A YER GOT FOR DINNER TO-DAY, JOE?"

Crossing-Sweeper. "OH, A BIT O' ROAST WEAL, SENT ME UP FROM NO. 6 IN THE CRESCENT 'ERE—AN' YER WOULDN'T B'LLIEVE IT!—NOT A MOSSEL O' STUFFIN—AH, AN' NOT SO MUCH AS A SLICE O' LEMON!—AND (with a sneer) CALLS THEIRSELVES RESPECT'BLE PEOPLE, I'VE NO DOUBT!!"

IDE YER DIMINISHED EDS.

THE British Puffer is impudent, and much disfigures the journals. But his most audacious blare is as the croaking of a frog to the roaring of a bull, when he is contrasted with his American brother. In the last Transatlantic paper that has come to our hand we find an invitation to join a Telegraph Company on the ground that it has a grant to lay cables

CONNECTING ALL THE PORTS ON THE

ASIATIC COAST,

WHOSE FOREIGN COMMERCE AMOUNTS TO

ONE THOUSAND MILLIONS ANNUALLY!

Even the fellows who send linen-drapery puffs to our wives when we are away are fools to these Yankees.

A BIT OF BRIGHTNESS.

THOSE who totally deny that England has ever behaved worse to the United States than the United States have to England, may nevertheless entirely approve of the suggestion thus made at the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce, when the pacific American Minister dined there the other day, by MR. BRIGHT:—

"Then let us here, if we can, originate or help on a new idea, which is, that the American people are the same people, and that every man, be he a Member of Parliament, or a mere private citizen, or Minister of State, and every writer who endeavours to create jealousy between the two nations, is an enemy not only to those two nations, but is an enemy to the human race."

As above, at any rate, ditto to MR. BRIGHT. His proposal, endorsed, has hereby the advantage of a world-wide circulation. Copy, however, and approve, likewise, American newspapers.

CONSERVATIVE CALCULATIONS.

(After the Latest Models.)

It certainly happens that the Liberals have a numerical majority of one hundred and ten, or some trifle of that kind, in the new House, and that, just as matter of form, MR. D'IXON has resigned the Premiership. But we need hardly say that the state of parties is to be estimated in another way. Of course, nothing more can be done to the Irish Church; that is beyond doubt. The majority of one hundred and ten is easily disposed of—thus:—

Irish Liberals who could not think of voting on a Protestant Church question	66
Scotch Liberals, who could not think of interfering with a question between England and Ireland	50
Total	116

There, of course, the majority is done away at once. But, if we add that there are 7 Jews, who cannot vote on a Protestant topic, and 11 Liberal Quakers out of the 12 who cannot have anything to say to a Church at all, and about 50 Dissenters to whom the same remark must apply, and SIR JOHN SIMON, who is a Catholic, and therefore will have too much good taste to vote, we get 69 more, which, added to 116, reduces the Liberals by 185; and, leaving them with only 199, places MR. D'IXON in the magnificent majority of SIXTY-NINE! We see no reason why he should not at once resume office.

WIN HIM AND WEAR HIM.

WAREHAM if an eminently respectable, is not, as far as we know, a particularly distinguished borough. It has at this moment, however, a rare and ready chance of distinguishing itself. Its newly-elected Liberal Member, CAPTAIN CALOCRAFT, is dead. Let its Liberal majority offer the vacant seat to the Right Honourable H. A. BRUCE, whom Merthyr Tydfil has discredited itself by rejecting—and thus Wareham may win the honour of being represented by the steadiest and staunchest promoter of education, and about the most sensible and unpretendingly capable public man who sat in the last House of Commons, and who now represents a good deal more than the 658th part of the collective wisdom, still missing from the present Parliament.

AN ILL-TIMED THING.—A Doctor's stop-watch.

SINGING SMALLEY.

MR. SMALLEY, the London Correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, has written a long letter, by way of opening JOHN BULL's eyes to his Cousin JONATHAN's indignant repudiation of all the HON. REVERDY JOHNSON may say or do, to promote peace and goodwill, heal old sores, and settle irritating differences, between BRITANNIA and COLUMBIA. MR. SMALLEY assures us, that MR. REVERDY JOHNSON absolutely stinks in the nostrils of the United States, that his negotiations with LORD STANLEY are to be bootless, his convention repudiated, and himself ignominiously recalled, as soon as GENERAL GRANT takes office, because he has been wicked enough to dine at the same table with MESSRS. LAIRD, ROEBUCK, and LORD WHARNCLEFFE, and has not thought it necessary to make himself personally disagreeable to these black and bloody "Southerners."

Punch can only say, that if the Correspondent of the *Tribune* really represents American feelings and intentions in this matter, such susceptibilities are so small that their organ could not well be other than SMALLEY. For his own part, he will not believe it of UNCLE SAM till he sees it.

The Real Court for the Ladies.

WHY should women their rights protest
The Court of Common Pleas in?
Women's rights are most confest,
When they are uncommon pleasin'.

HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR IS DUE.

At the Annual Meeting of the Royal Society, the Romford Medal was awarded to DR. BALFOUR STEWART. Was not this a mistake? Ought not the Romford Medal to have been awarded to LIND, COOPER & Co.?



DELIGHTFUL FOR A BALD HEAD.

Gent in the Ditch. "HULLO! Hi! STOP, SIR! YOU'VE GOT MY HAT!"

WE ARE NINETEEN.

TWELVE Jolly Quakers, or those who were such,
Are elected M.P. not a Quaker too much.
Twelve jolly Quakers, and Seven jolly Jews,
Were the right sort of birds for electors to choose.
For none than a Quaker's more ready to fight,
When he thinks, as he usually does, that he's right,
And none than a Jew is more ready to pay,
When he sees that the money will go the right way;
And when our War-Estimates come, will come too
The pluck of the Quaker, the sense of the Jew.
We look to them both, though the Colonels may storm,
For liberal provision, but searching reform.
So hooray for the voters with wisdom to choose
Our Twelve Jolly Quakers, and Seven Jolly Jews!

ANTHROPOLOGICAL DISCOVERY.

In a report of a paper lately read before the Anthropological Society by MR. L. OWEN PIKE, M.A., on "The Claims of Women to Political Power," occurs a passage announcing an indisputable truth:—

"The various fields in which women have won distinction were surveyed; and the conclusion arrived at was, that however great the capacity of the female mind may be, it has a natural tendency to occupy itself with those pursuits that most adorn the mother."

The study of the fashions, especially, for example. It is true that this pursuit adorns the daughter no less than the mother, and perhaps generally rather more of the two; yet, as the daughter is adorned by it with a view to matrimony, in adorning her it adorns, in intention at any rate, the future mother: so that the truth of MR. PIKE's statement about the tendency of the female mind is as plain as a pike-staff.

BAD BACKER FOR THE LATE GOVERNMENT.—The Election Returns.

TO THE YOUNG AND HANDSOME.

WE do not take unqualified delight in all the writings of MRS. FANNY FERN, but she often talks good sense in plain English. For instance, denouncing the follies of dress, which runs as wild in Broadway as in Bond Street, she says:—

"Oh, how I wish that a bevy of young, handsome girls, of good social position, would inaugurate a plain lady-like costume for street and church wear. I say young and handsome, because if an old woman does this, the little chits toss their heads and say, 'Oh, she has had her day, and don't care now—and we want ours.'"

A very good suggestion. If a bevy of young and handsome English girls would like to act upon it, and will send us their photographs, and an intimation of their wishes, our office shall be at their service, and *Punch* will be happy to preside. Cigarettes and maraschino—tea constantly ready. No old ones, please; not that we consider age a crime, exactly, but we prefer the little Chits.

A Card to the Corrupt.

I do hereby give notice that I have taken off my bandage, and taken up my scales, for the purpose of looking into and weighing evidence in charges of electoral corruption. Bribers and bribees will take warning that henceforth their cases will be cases for

"MY EYE, AND BARON (NOT BETTY) MARTIN!"

JUSTITIA.

The Latest Quotation.

MR. DISRAELI, though beaten and forced to retire, is manly and uncomplaining, as his Election Speech at Aylesbury and his Address on resigning office, show. There is a line of SHELLEY's which seems to suit the ex-PREMIER's present position:—

"Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!"

PERAMBULATOR RACES.



LOGIPEDS are all the go at Paris, and, unless some check be put to the proclivities of nursemaids, we may expect, ere long, in London to see races with perambulators. We shall not be surprised to hear that MARY JANE has backed herself to wheel two babies round Hyde Park in five-and-twenty minutes, and doubtless matches will be made in most adjacent nurseries, and winners will be handicapped by having heavy babies added to their load. Indeed we doubt not that ere long perambulator races will be noticed in *Bell's Life*, and we shall read that SUKEY SCROGGINS, *alias* "the Flying Spider," is open to a race with SALLY SKEGGS, the Brompton Pet. Or the sporting world will learn, with mingled wonder and delight, that MRS. LEAVEGUILD'S "Novice," on Monday afternoon, raced her perambulator alongside of a hansom, for upwards of a mile upon the Hampstead Road.

As nursemaids now, when told to take the children for an airing, desire invariably to stop and stare at all the bonnet-shops, it becomes of course their object to go at a good pace over the pavement intervening, that they may have fair time for their flirtation in the park. By having periodically races with perambulators, they will learn to keep in training, and acquire both speed in progress and skill in steering quickly through the crowded streets. The chief business with our nursemaids being mostly their own pleasure, their object naturally is, when ordered out for exercise, to get to their flirtation-grounds as quickly as they can, after wasting a good time in the allurements of the shops. They pay little heed of course to what accidents may happen, while they recklessly are urging on their wild career. Caring little for the little ones entrusted to their charge, they trust to their good luck to prevent bones being broken, and keep ever at their tongue's tip a whole volume of excuses, to account for the upsets their stupidity and carelessness are certain to induce.

A PAPER FOR THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

MR. PUNCH,

I KNOW I am stupendously ignorant, as I have more than once confessed penitentially in your ear, but is it absolutely indispensable to be versed in the geography of Central Asia? I read in an evening Gazette, the very one which drove me to confide my uneasiness on the same subject to you before, the following:—

"So preternatural a blunder in the veriest elements of Central Asiatic geography as the confusion of Little Tibet or Baltistan with the newly consolidated Turkish realm of the Kushbegi of Yarkand can hardly be the result of anything but mere oversight."

In my case I felt it would have been the result of mere ignorance, as I could not remember ever to have heard of the Kushbegi or his dominions before, and the only way in which I could comfort myself was by reflecting that the paragraph did not refer to the usual ignoramus like myself, but to a correspondent's letter in another paper. My complacency, however, such as it was, was soon disturbed, for not many nights had passed when the same journal plunged into Central Asia again, saying:—

"We cannot possibly tell whether the two events—that is to say, the defeat of a force of the Kushbegi in a collision with a Russian force on the Naryn, and the demand of the Russians for a post at Gumah—be well authenticated or not, &c."

The easy familiarity with which all this was treated, as though the journalist were writing of the defeat of MR. DISRAELI, or the widening of the Cam, or the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, convinced me of the disgrace it was not to be as thoroughly acquainted with the Kushbegi and the Naryn (assumed to be a river, but which may be a cape or a promontory) as I am with the movements of the PRINCE OF WALES and the course of the Thames, and I deplored more than ever the unfinished state in which my education had been left.

During the elections it was sufficiently embarrassing to be asked at dinner where Eye or Cricklade was, and to be expected to know the exact position on the map of Linlithgowshire, and the names of the places forming the Wick District; but if the conversation is going to turn on Yarkand and its ruler, on Gumah, and Ichi, and the Changchenmoo route—and we know that people will talk newspaper, and this particular journal is a good deal in society—I must procure the

latest Gazetteer, and refuse all invitations, until I am as well up in the towns and rivers of Central Asia as I am in the Stations of the Metropolitan Railway.

IGNORAMUS.

A BEER REFORM BILL WANTED.

I SAH *Punch* owd frind ha' yow sin that there speech o' LORD ERSTACE CECIL my bor JIM he call him LORD MOUSTACHE CECIL cos he say his lordship be a member of the badry stockracy, but blame me! he du talk like a book he du particalar what he sah 'bout them adulteration blaggards who goo an' rob a poor man of his beer an' gone [give?] him rank pison to drink when he step into a pothouse—

"The national drink—the drink that the labourers looked upon as both meat and drink, was systematically poisoned. He had taken the trouble to look into a few of the ingredients that were commonly put into the liquor; and among other articles, there were *cereales indicus*, grains of Paradise, and coppers, the latter being nothing less than green vitriol. He would leave it to those who understood these things better than himself to calculate how much harm such things as these must do to the physical strength and health of the labourers. As employers of labour it was a serious question for them to consider, for it not only depreciated the value of their labourer, but it also depreciated his whole capital—his health and strength. It was commonly said that the great curse to the country was the beerhouses, but he believed a much greater curse was the stuff that was sold in them."

Bravo yar lordship! thats what I call speakin right down sensible! Nex time I git the chance o' gittin half a pint blame me if I dont drink yar lordships right good health and success to yar election! Taint the beer as make us drunk--tis the drugs as there be put in it and if yew pison men in this way yow rob em of their health and drive em to the poor house or it may be to the horsepittle. Taint their fault if they git drunk. A labrer who work hard on nine shillin a week he aint much overfed and he harnt got the stammer for to hear up agin bad beer and the first sup as he take it git into his head which aint nit overstrong and it make him right down dizzy. Then may be a frind drop in and GILES and he they have a half pint both thegither and poor GILES he git right drunk all through the beer a bein drugged and nex mornin master tell him he may goo about his bizness. So I hope yow'll sah a word for us pore labrers and git a Beer Reform Bill passed for to purvent our bein pisoned and me and my bor JIM we'll be right proud to drink yar health if so be as yow ull stand a half pint when nex yow come to Suffuk

So I remain yar most obedient

CRISTOFER CLON,

More nor forty year a labrer workin fur owd Farmer Skingliat down by Holver way in Suffuk.

PS My bor JIM he sah he allys thowt green witril was used only for Blue Ruin.

FRENCH MEDITATIONS.

SIR HENRY BULWER (*Punch* is very glad to see Tamworth had the sense to elect him) has made a tremendous sensation by his revelation of a diplomatic secret. In 1840 he says that the French Government was so angry with us, that "it was considering whether England should not be attacked without giving her any warning." This amiable meditation has been denied by M. THIERS; at least, he says it was not in hand at the time LORD HOWDEN, who had asked him about it, mentioned. But, with all respect for M. THIERS, we incline to think that SIR HENRY BULWER was sufficiently well served to ensure first-class information as to the plans of his enemies; and, though it is highly proper and decorous for M. THIERS to deny the statement diplomatically, we should not from the whole case exactly deduce the moral that England ought to disarm; in confidence that no friend will ever play her a trick. As SHAKESPEARE remarks—

"Nought shall make us rue
While England keeps a stick, and pistol too."

Colonial Rule.

In a leader relative to New Zealand the *Times* judiciously remarks:—

"The scale must be revised according to which it would appear that one Maori's life is computed to be worth the lives of ten Englishmen."

Yes, truly, it should be revised; and had it not better also be reversed?

Parliamentary Nightwork.

WHEN women have got the franchise, one use which they will make of it may be expected to be the exaction from candidates of a pledge to keep earlier legislative hours. They cannot but sympathise with the wives of Honourable Members who very often do not come from the national public house till half-past two or three in the morning.



CUTTING HIM SHORT.

Hair-Dresser. "WE CAN 'IGHLY RECOMMEND THIS——"

Grim Customer. "YOUR COMMISSION'S ABOUT TWOPENCE ON THAT RUBBISH, ISN'T IT?"

Hair-Dresser (taken aback). "YE—YES, SIR."

Customer. "THEN HOLD YOUR TONGUE, AND FINISH CUTTING MY HAIR, AND I'LL SEE IF I'VE GOT ANY HALFPENCE!"

EXPLOSIVE PROJECTILES LIMITED.

THE Millennium may appear to many of the sincerest wishers for its advent to have been postponed by the decision of the St. Petersburg Conference to forbear from the use of rifle-shells in warfare. It may, with great reason, be argued that the more frightful and murderous warlike weapons are made, the more destructive the means of destruction, the sooner will war become so terrible that nations will shrink from incurring its horrors. There is a good deal to be said why the Peace Society, instead of meeting, talking, and agitating for the direct accomplishment of their object, should devote themselves to the encouragement, by adequate prizes provided by subscription, of inventions such as Armstrong and Whitworth guns, Moncrieff's battery, Palliser's chilled shot, and all manner of torpedoes and naval or military infernal machines. Suppose, for instance, a joint-stock company (limited) were established for the purpose of catching rattlesnakes, copper-heads, marsh-moccasins, puff-adders, cobras, and all other kinds of venomous snakes in the world, extracting their poison, and enclosing it in swan-shot, with which bombs being filled might scatter certain death, killing everybody whom they so much as grazed. It might very plausibly, if not justly, be maintained that the Peace Society would do one of the best things it could towards gaining its end by promoting such an enterprise.

On the other side there is no denying that the idea of disusing a projectile because it hurts dreadfully, is perhaps a step to the disuse of all projectiles used in war, and therefore to the abolition of war. All projectiles hurt dreadfully when they smash bones or inflict lacerated wounds. The wonders worked by the Chassepot rifle at Mentana hurt those on whose limbs they were performed very dreadfully indeed. The St. Petersburg Conference has decided that the pain given by shells under one pound's weight is something too horrid for humanity to permit. If sovereigns and peoples think a little further in this way, they will possibly get in time to apprehend that the effects of a jagged lump of iron, or even a smooth one, impinging on the shins with a certain velocity, or tearing up any sentient region of the human frame, are not so much less horrid as to be allowable. Is it altogether

absurd to suppose that the time may come when civilised mankind will think of smashing one another in battle as an obsolete atrocity, even as they now look back on breaking criminals on the wheel?

THE CHARGE OF THE BLACK BRIGADE.

Freemasons' Tavern, Tuesday, December 8, 1868.

HALF a day, half a day
Sped the clocks onward,
While in Freemasons' Hall
Roared the six hundred.*
Frantic, the Black Brigade!
"Charge for the Church!" they said:
In the Freemasons' Hall
Roared the six hundred.

Frantic, the Black Brigade!
Fearful the row they made!
Some day they'll know too well
How they have blundered:
Theirs not to hear reply,
Theirs throat and lungs to try,
Theirs to bawl, Low and High:
Round the Archbishop's chair
Roared the seven hundred.*

Canons to right of him,
Canons to left of him,
Canons in front of him
Shouted and thundered;
Stormed at with groan and yell,
Really they stood it well,
Till they were out of breath,
Till an Earl tried to quell
Howls by the hundred.

Flustered the laymen's hair,
Flushed all the clergy were,
Scaring the waiters there,
Hooting and hissing, while
York's prelate wondered:
Guides of us sinner-folk,
Precept and law they broke;
Curate and Rector spoke,
Dealing the Church a stroke,
Shaken and Sundered.
Then they divided, and
Lost the six hundred.

Clergy to right of Chair,
Clergy to left of Chair,
Clergy before the Chair
Shouted and thundered;
Stamping with groan and yell,
Past any power to quell,
They who had roared so well
Went blessed and out of breath,
Back to their flocks to tell
All that was done by them,
Nice fourteen hundred!

When will the scandal fade?
O the wild row they made!
All the world's wondered
Why such a noise was made
All by the Church Brigade—
Blind fourteen hundred!

* The votes were taken on the amendment:—

For the Amendment . . .	674
Against it	765
	1439

Bernal Osborne's Last.

At the dinner lately given him upon his having lost his seat, our dear friend BERNAL OSBORNE might have said, if he had thought of it, "The M.P. who can make a joke when made an Ex-M.P., may surely gain the credit of ex-M.P.-lary behaviour."

SENSATION FOOD.



OOD MR. PUNCH,

You recollect who said that he "once tasted a pea," when you told him if that was all, he was a fool; and GEORGE THE FOURTH agreed with you. I might so far imitate the honourable BRUMMELL in affectation, as to say, that I once tasted a snail: but the fact is, I have eaten two snails. I bought them at the capital charcutier's shop in Princes Street, Scho, out of a lot in a bowl, of course, set in the window for the foreigners of Leicester Square; cost me, as MR. PEPPS says, a penny each. I have the honour of reporting to you that they were excellent.

Yes, Sir, they were real snails. I thought, myself, at first sight of them, knowing what allurements to exotic appetite are dainties modelled in repulsive forms, that they were some sort of kickshaw

en limaçon. But no. *Limaçons* they were simply, or *escargots*, as, I believe, our neighbours particularise the edible snail, or chief of the edible snails, technically called *Helix pomatia*. This addition, *pomatia*, your *escargot* gets from *napua*, a lid, the sort of scale that you pick off winkles, by science termed *operculum*. His name has nothing to do with apples, though he may sometimes be found in orchards. But he lives more commonly among the grapes; and has, accordingly, the *alias* of the great vine snail.

Do you get a sensation from eating a snail? Yes. That of biting through a capsule of soft unctuous gristle. A capsule, I say, for the snail is hollow; you

find that you are eating a gasteropod. The cavity can be stuffed with seasoning, like the inside of a morel; was so in my two instances: the whole—I mean no pun—flavoured with garlic. Your snail, thus prepared, boiled first, as mine had been, and then warmed through in the oven, is truly a savoury morsel, a tit-bit, a *bonne bouche*, as they say. What does it look like? A large, fat, periwinkle. As that popular mollusc is extracted, you hook it from its shell, and it comes plump out, about as big as your little finger, a buttery black plug of sapid substance. It is, as the vestryman pronounced the workhouse-soup, decidedly "succulent;" but not at all so in the sense suggested by the living creature.

Do I fancy myself a rook, a blackbird, a thrush, a captive curlew, or sea-gull kept in a garden, a tame duck? Have I dreamt I was a low style of owl, or that ignoble member of the *Falconide*, a buzzard? No, Sir, not although I have eaten snails. Nightmares may come of eating horse, but snails do not breed them: have not, anyhow, bred any such chimeras for your

VITELLIVS.

P.S.—*That experimentum in corpore vili*, say you. Yes, Sir. Nothing goes into V.'s interior, but what he knows to be wholesome. He holds that the worst place into which you can shoot rubbish, is your stomach.

OUT AND IN.

GONE is DIZZY;
From the busy
Cares of State repose he can.
In comes GLADDY,
Who of PADDY
Means to make a loyal man.

Sing ye, JOHNNY
BULL, and SAWNEY;
Loud hurrahs of triumph shout.
Onward, ever,
Britons; never
March we to the right-about.

SUITABLE.—Not a bad name for the Proprietor of a Menagerie (American)—"MR. FOREPAUGH."

A FRENCH LESSON FOR US LONDONERS.

CERTAINLY in some respects our French friends are ahead of us. Their Paris is, for instance, a far finer city than our London, and not only are its streets more grand, but more convenient and cleanly than those of our Cockaigne. The nuisances we tolerate would not be suffered there. Mud and dust and van demons in Paris are unknown; and steam rollers for the roadways of Macadam there abound.

Imagine BARON HAUSMANN installed as our Lord Mayor, and gifted with authority to beautify the City! What a widening of narrow streets, and sweeping out of holes and corners, and pulling down of ugly buildings, and sending to the right-about of vested rights and interests would infallibly ensue! Give HAUSMANN full command for a single year in London, and he would build a dozen boulevards to meet at Charing Cross, and would there erect a Second Louvre worthy to adorn "the finest site in Europe;" Holywell Street would be absorbed by the Boulevard of the Strand, and Temple Bar be carted off to the South Kensington Museum.

Moreover, our French friends not merely make good streets, but take the pains to give good names to them. In Paris several new thoroughfares have recently been christened after men of art and science and philosophy and state-craft, and poetry and medicine; and not France alone, but England has helped to furnish names of eminent distinction to distinguish these new streets. Now, this surely is a precedent we Londoners might follow at a very little cost. If LORD MAYOR HAUSMANN were installed here, some of us might grumble at the price of his improvements; but to christen a few score of streets would only cost a little paint. Let us scrape away the titles of nineteenth of King Streets, and our Queen Streets, and our Princes Streets, and George Streets, which only serve to puzzle postmen, and drive strangers to despair, and in their place let us paint up such names as Shakespeare Street, and Newton Street, and Herschel Street, and Hogarth Street, and Punch Street, which would be easily distinguished by their distinguished names. Should English history and biography fall short of the demand, we might well return the compliment our foreign friends have paid us, and follow "La Rue Faraday"

with Bouffon Street, Voltaire Street, Montaigne Street, and the like.

In some cases indeed we might improve on our French precedent, by adapting in a measure the name to the locality. City streets, for instance, might have names of civic note, such as Dick Whittington Street, Wat Tyler Street, and so forth. Streets christened after lawyers might be clustered round the Inns and Courts where lawyers mostly congregate, and Blackstone Street and Sugden Street might lead thence to Chancery Lane. Near the hospitals such names as Abernethy Street and Brodie Street would find a fitting place; while in the neighbourhood of St. Stephens, names such as Chatham Street and Pitt Street would clearly be appropriate, to be followed by Peel Terrace, and Palmerston Place.

THE PRIVY COUNCILLOR UNSWORN.

THE *Court Circular* of Wednesday the 9th instant, contained an announcement which History will call memorable:—

"MR. JOHN BRIGHT was introduced to her Majesty's presence at the Council, and made the affirmation prescribed by law on being appointed a Member of her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, and kissed hands on his appointment as President of the Board of Trade."

It may be noted that this occasion was the first on which admission into the Privy Council was solemnised by simple affirmation. Let us hope that her Most Gracious Majesty will find her new Privy Councillor a true Friend.

QUOTATION REVISED.

A LIBERAL friend assures us that he feels perfectly comfortable now as to the safety of the Vessel of State, with "BRIGHT on the prow, and GLADSTONE at the helm."

A THOUGHT IN THE DIVORCE COURT.—There is a wide difference between the Judge Ordinary and an ordinary Judge.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

THURSDAY, December 10th. The "Leap in the Dark" having been taken, *exit* MR. DISRAELI, and *enter* MR. GLADSTONE, with a majority of about 110 behind him.

To-day the Houses met for the first time since the Dissolution.

It may be convenient to the thousands who read nothing else but *Punch*, and are therefore the salt of the earth, to be told in a few words who are the new Ministers, and what are their functions. *Mr. Punch* has desired his little boy to make a Ministerial Alphabet, and the poor child seems to have earned his orange:—

A is ARGYLL, who will mind the East Indies,
And AYRTON, who looks out of Treasury windies.

B is JOHN BRIGHT, who's to see after Trade,
And BRUCE, who will now the Home Office pervade.

C is LORD CLARENDON, Foreign Affairs,
CARDWELL, who's troubled with War Office cares,
COLLIER and COLERIDGE, the A. and S.-G.,
And CHILDERS, who sends out the Ships to the sea.

D is GRANT-DUFF, from the north of this isle,
And he's to be under the DUKE of ARGYLL.

F's MR. FORSTER, who'll see to the Schools,
While FORTESCUE virtually Ireland rules.

G's MR. GLADSTONE, the Captain on Deck,
GLYN, same as AYRTON, Joint Treasury Sec.
DE GREY, the Lord President (perhaps you think he
Should have come in before, as beginning with D).
GÖSCHEN at Poor-Law an absolute Solon is,
And GRANVILLE the courtly's to manage the Colonies.

H is LORD HATHERLEY, learned and good,
He's Chancellor now, he was known as PAGE WOOD:
And HARTINGTON, Marquis, who writes a good hand,
So will see to the Letters in Martin-le-Grand.

K, KIMBERLEY, Lord Privy Seal, doth produce,
Besides KNATCHBULL-HUGHESSEN, Home, under BRUCE.

L, dear Papa, is the L oquent LOWE,
He takes the Exchequer where taxes do grow.
And LAYARD, of Nineveh, partial to Turks,
Succeeds LORD JOHN MANNERS in charge of the Works.

M's MONSELL, who under LORD GRANVILLE has got,
And MR. MONCRIEFF, the Lord Advocate, Scot.

O's MR. OTWAY, an excellent man,
Who under LORD CLARENDON does all he can.
And JUSTICE O'HAGAN, of whom you'll be glad:
First Catholic Chancellor Erin has had.

S is LORD SPENCER, of Wimbledon, Sire,
Where you took me to see all the Volunteers fire.
To Dublin he goes for to play the L.L.
(And there's no doubt he'll do it uncommonly well).
MR. STANSFELD, created a Treasury Third Lord,
And SYDNEY, with elegant Chamberlain Sword.

Those are the Ministers, and some of them have to be elected, and some to be re-elected. The Houses met this Thursday, and MR. DENISON, proposed by SIR GEORGE GREY, and seconded by MR. WALFORD, was unanimously re-chosen Speaker, and he read the Commons a very proper lecture on the duty of moderation in the use of strength and respect for the rights of Minorities. He was subsequently approved of by the QUEEN, who confirmed all the rights of Parliament.

Since then the Members have been swearing.

Prodigy Peabody.

WHAT ought MR. PEABODY to have for his addition of another £100,000 to his previous gift of £150,000 to the London poor? A statue, if we had a PHIDIAS to make such a thing; but we haven't. One as good, nearly, as could be made in England, except as to durability of material, will probably be erected in his honour by MADAME TUSSAUD, if there has not been already. For the credit of human nature, to balance the monsters of crime, MR. PEABODY ought, if he still remains, to be added to her collection.

A Bow at Parting.

WE regret to lose our amiable and zealous Chief Commissioner of Works, LORD JOHN MANNERS. Let it be said of him that he found the Regent's Park Lake of mud, and he left it of concrete. He remains, however, as a legislator, to be seen in the Constitution: for what says the maxim? *Leges sine Moribus pance*—laws are vain unless signed by LORD JOHN MANNERS.

OUR OWN FUDGE ADS.

JEREMIAH.—Pipe out, and bird's eye winking. She never told her love. Nature's Nobility. Give an address that will not find you. This day twelvemonth. Oysters and treacle.

B*B*L*W*H.—The lady and the fortune are yours for the asking, and the title may be had when the new Government is settled. But you must pay the one-and-ninety. *Punch's Private Enquiry Office*, box 365.

JOB LOT.—These are not proper names. The father softens, but the Governor is resolved. I fear you will have to be honest and industrious, but while there is tick there is hope, so keep up your spirits. Also keep your boxes locked, or the landlord may discover the true value of their precious contents. Frightened at a skeleton key? No bones about that.

ELGITHA M.—The mine is charged, and one word from you will blow them into ten thousand pieces. Say it, or for ever hereafter hold your peace. *Private Enquiry Office*, M.R.

LAURISTINUS.—The baby is very ugly, and has been christened Bonassus. The family are not anxious for your return. Would not a voyage to Australia do you good? You need not expect any remittances. *Pourquoi non couper votre baton?*

CRACK.—"Too deep for tears." In fact, much too deep, they spoil the eyes you once said were so fair. Do not mock a broken heart with opera tickets. If used, only that they may not be lost. May you never know the united agonies of bereavement and indigestion! Forgive you. Yes, until my lawyer succeeds in serving the writ.

PERSECUTED BILL.—It is false. I am no lunatic. I have bathed in the holy light of the Seven Stars. I live on glycerine and onions. Yah! You set your comet to spy on me, but I nailed his tail to a moon-beam in the wall. I have eaten your gold fish. To-night at 12, look for a black-beetle under your pillow, and beneath his left wing find a letter from Julius Cæsar. The creak of my boots has been set to music, and my soul sings to you. Why should I be sad, when the Cattle are gone to the Show? Mary, call the cattle home. Yah! *Private Lunatic Enquiry Office*, but don't direct letters on the outside, the postmen are spies.

THE JUDICIAL COMMITTEE.

SIR,

WHY can't the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council stick to one thing at a time, and finish that off, instead of muddling themselves with all sorts of cases, running into one another?

For instance, I am fond of Ecclesiastical squabbles, and therefore I look with pleasure for the continuation of those Ritualistic Causes which were only partly heard.

Well, Sir, say on Monday I read *MARTIN v. MACHONOGHIE*, it reaches an interesting point, and is to be continued in to-morrow's paper.

I take up to-morrow's paper, and turn to Judicial Committee Privy Council. Instead of *MARTIN v. MACHONOGHIE*, I find *EMILY ANNE v. ANGELIA JANE*, which turns out to be not a question of people utterly at sea about lights, but of people not having lights at sea. After this is *THE BOOMERSUND v. ALLEN BAY*, a dispute about a collision, unworthy of the Great Judicial Privy Council! The next day I again turn to the Judicial Committee and expect *MARTIN v. MACHONOGHIE* or some such serious ecclesiastical trial, which is more befitting the J. C. P. C.'s consideration than the horrid swearings and counter-swearings of a lot of reckless mariners. No, Sir, I read that the Court was occupied in investigating whether *RUMTUM JELLY BAG* of Badhapoorlooror was right in appealing against a decision of a Judge in Calcutta who had directed a verdict in favour of *BABOO BRODLECURT TUBAHOOY BHOY*. A thoroughly heathen case is allowed to put the Christian out of Court. Collisions are taken the next day, and *BARRY LULLABY LALLA RHOO* has his turn next day. I believe they've forgotten all about the important Ecclesiastical questions awaiting their Lordships' final decision.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A MAN.

(Clerk to St. Simon's Without.)

Anything but the Right Wood for the Work.

TO make CHARLES WOOD—LORD HALIFAX, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, would be really going beyond the large licence allowed to Cabinet-makers of putting round pegs into square holes. *Ex quo vis ligno fit Mercurius*, perhaps. But, "*Ex quo vis ligno non fit proceres*,"—you can't make a Lord-Lieutenant out of any Wood.

WILL HIS SECRETARY TELL US?

AT one stage of the elaborate rites and ceremonies which protect the British Constitution, when a New Parliament is provided with a Speaker, he presents himself in a "bob-wig." The question has been asked, whether it is so called as only costing a shilling?



REMINISCENCES OF THE FARM-YARD.

"MY DEAR CHILDREN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THOSE NINEPINS?"
 "MILKING THE COW, MAMMA!"

SEE THE CARTOON OPPOSITE.

WELL, tell us why should he not dance in the hall,
 A right welcome guest at his Mistress's Ball?
 Because he's a Quaker? Such bosh makes us ill.
 WILLIAM PENN would not turn from a gracious Quadrille.
 Does not *Steady* himself bid the lady be gay,
 Join the Lads of the Village, and caper away;
 And does not the song tell us how to the fife
 So merrily danced both the Quaker and wife?
 Those who think him a Scowler, with brow black as night,
 Don't know our new Minister, jolly JOHN BRIGHT,
 Whom *Punch* was delighted to see Kissing Hands,
 And loyally taking his Monarch's commands.
 He's as ready as *Punch* with a laugh and a joke,
 A slayer of salmon, a smoker of smoke.
 And we don't know a man, be he lion or lord,
 We'd be gladder to see at THE CIRCULAR BOARD.
 We've fought him right often, and fought him right hard,
 But never denied him the name of trump card;
 We may fight him again, and the fight may be tough,
 But to say we don't love him were nonsense and stuff.
 We rejoice he embarks for a spell with the Crew,
 For the good will be done him, the good he will do.
 And like JOHN of the Funnels, though fond of his ease,
 He'll work like Gumdragon in battle or breeze.
 And when the Panurgues are howling and beat,
 He'll be heading the boarders, or hauling the sheet.
 But when he's ashore, and in elegant dress,
 Why shouldn't he dance with our lovely Princess,
 And tread the proud halls of his Mistress's Sires,
 As welcome at Windsor as now at Whitefriars?

PUNCH.

PUNCH'S PERFUME.—"Essence of Parliament."

UP AND DOWN TRAINS.

"Those who had assembled to speed the parting Ministry remained to welcome their successors, and scarcely had the one train fairly left the station before the other arrived."—*Times' Report*, "*Ministers at Windsor*," Wednesday, December 9th.

Two trains that bore two Cabinets
 Met close to Windsor town;
 One was the *in-train up*,
 And one the *out-train down*.

This train was two-eight-six,
 That two-seven-two horse-power;
 And the fares in this looked sweet,
 And the fares in that looked sour.

Steam shrieked, and brakes were busy,
 But they kept time with precision;
 And, thanks to down-guard DIZZY,
 There wasn't a collision.

Shortly will be Published.

Lectures from the Library. A Companion Series to *Sermons from the Studio*.

Cupid's Box of Lucifers. An interesting Sequel to *Love's Matchless Might*.

Half a Dozing. A Tale for the Fireside, by the Author of *The Dream Numbers*.

Just One Mouthful More. A Gift-Book, by the Author of *Filling up the Chinks*.

TO THE MUSICAL WORLD.—"A Bewildered Musician," who has been constrained to hear a great deal about the Cattle Show, would be glad to be informed what sort of an instrument the "Scotch-Horn" is.

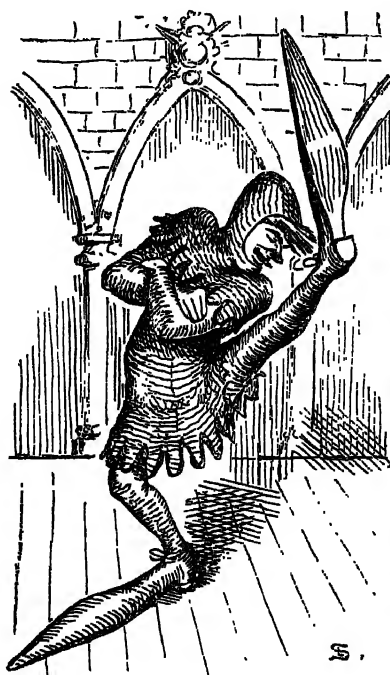


A "FRIEND" AT COURT.

WHAT WE HAVE READ. "MR. BRIGHT ATTENDED YESTERDAY AT WINDSOR, AND KISSED HER MAJESTY'S HAND ON HIS APPOINTMENT TO THE BOARD OF TRADE."

WHAT WE MAY READ. "THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT ATTENDED LAST NIGHT AT THE COURT BALL, AND WAS HONOURED WITH THE HAND OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES IN A QUADRILLE."

LOOK AFTER LUNATICS.



COULD it be presumptuous to ask LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN to reconsider part of the subjoined passage in his summing-up on *COTHAM v. JOHNSTONE*, action for false imprisonment in a lunatic asylum:—

"It could scarcely be doubted that the plaintiff was labouring under delusions which showed an unsound state of mind; but it did not follow, because a man was subject to delusions, that therefore he was dangerous either to himself or to others, and was a fit subject to be placed under restraint, and, above all, under restraint in a lunatic asylum. Many persons who suffered from delusions were in the habit of writing to him as Lord Chief Justice of England, calling upon him to protect them, or to vindicate their imaginary rights. Amongst them were two or three ladies, one of whom claimed to be Queen of England, and called on him to establish her claim to the throne; and another was under the impression that she was nearly allied to royalty. These persons were evidently under delusions; but he should

be extremely sorry to say that his amiable and interesting correspondents should be placed in a lunatic asylum."

Does it not follow that, because a man is subject to delusions, he is dangerous to himself or to others, and is a fit subject to be put under restraint? Not exactly, perhaps. He may or may not be dangerous. But must there not always be great fear that he is? Would the Lord Chief Justice be at all surprised if one of his amiable and interesting, but insane, correspondents were to take a mad freak into her head some day, and commit suicide or alicide? If, instead of adorning the Queen's Bench, he honoured the chair of an insurance company, what would he think of the rate of payment requisite on the lives of such persons going at large? When a slate is left loose in the upper storey, without safeguard, who can tell what mischief may not very likely creep into it or breed inside?

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITH AN EYE.—CONTINUED.

THE Man with an Eye dines with you: *tête-à-tête*. He puts his glass in his eye, and jerks his head on one side, still standing up after you have taken your seat.

"What is it, eh?" you ask. With BENTON, you are, you will notice, always asking, "What is it?" as he is discovering some fresh fault every minute.

"Well, dear fellow," he replies, having a finniking way with him; "Well, dear fellow, I *don't* think the table is *quite* straight, eh?"

"Yes," you say, you think it is, and you give it just the slightest move to the left or the right.

Whichever it is, BENTON has the same objections, namely, that you've got it "too much that way," meaning the way in which you've just shoved it: and he will add, that it ought to be—there—more like (*shove to left*)—more like (*shove to right*)—just a—(*shove at you*)—beg pardon—(*a pull back again*)—there (*shove to right, and a reference to its position under the lamp*)—that's—Yes (*with certainty*), that's it!"

"Very good! Then 'praps he'll sit down; will he?"

He will, and does; but somehow he can't settle himself into his place yet. While you are bending over your soup, you notice the slightest motion in the table, which reminds you of the indication of a coming gale at sea, and, if of an imaginative turn, you will not enjoy your dinner any more for this idea having been suggested. You will thank your stars when something on the table attracts his attention, which in the first place are almost safe to be the spoons, or knives and forks.

These he will find placed either crooked, or so near his plate as not to form the picture he is in the habit of realising to himself of a symmetrically arranged dinner-table. The cruet will worry him: so will his piece of bread. The introduction of a salad-plate requires from him an entire re-adjustment of everything within his reach.

"You ought to have some colour on your table," he will say, "besides hock glasses."

He will point out the rainbow effects to be obtained by a judicious choice of real majolica salt-cellars and mustard-pots (value about fifty pounds each, in various original designs), and he will try to raise your ambition and envy, by describing, with exaggerated praise, the table of a friend of his fitted up with an *épergne* for flowers, in the centre of which is a magnificent fountain playing rose-water, and shone upon from above by coloured media placed under the suspended globe-lamp, while round the base of this elaborate ornament swim small gold and silver fish in a stream flowing, as it were, between the banks of the clearest crystal overshadowed by the most curious ferns.

He finishes by observing that "for anyone who cares about a table looking well," depreciating you and yours, "or who has an eye for effect, this sort of thing is charming."

You object to the expense. Of this he makes light; and on being asked if he, then, has one of these magnificent articles, he will reply that he is thinking of ordering one when he has hit upon some thoroughly original design.

Now this serves the Man with an Eye just as well as the real thing; and its imaginary possession costs nothing.

The conversation flags, and immediately his glass is in his eye, peering about in every corner, frowning and examining, considering and finally speaking, but, ten to one, not before you have again become sufficiently fidgety to inquire, "Well, what is it?" "Well," he says slowly, "I really think you could arrange this room much better, if you only took a little trouble."

You don't mind its being arranged better if he'll take the little trouble, and to that effect you express yourself.

"No," he returns, "I can only suggest. I can't interfere and turn things topsy-turvy;" which would evidently be a novel arrangement, albeit its advantage over your present system is not at the instant apparent. "But," he continues, "though you have capital things—really valuable things," you feel flattered, and more ready to listen to his proposals—"that is, some of them"—which you feel is a true but not a polite reservation; "you don't display them to advantage." Suddenly, as if by inspiration, he comes down upon you with a particular charge. "That picture there," he says, cocking his eye up at it, "isn't straight."

"Isn't it?" you ask, turning round to look at it, and wondering where the deuce it is crooked.

"My dear fellow!" he remonstrates in a tone of almost intense pity, "can't you see?" You can't help rising to look at it; and once being up, you feel you may as well give it a push to the left, which elicits a cry almost of pain from the Man with an Eye.

"My dear fellow!" he exclaims, "to the right! to the right! Not that way!"

You push it to the right: and he shakes his head. "You've over-done it now; it's too much," he exclaims. You bring it to a position which appears to you to be a fair compromise, that is neither more nor less crooked nor straighter—(pon your word you can't tell now you're so bothered)—than it was as it hung at first.

"That's it," says BENTON, satisfied.

You can't help remarking that, in your opinion, the picture is simply as it originally was, which is denied flatly by the Man with an Eye, "for, hang it! any one with half an eye could see the difference."

The piano, he points out, placed as it is, entirely destroys the general appearance of your room.

"Well," you naturally ask, "where should it be, then?"

He can't directly answer this, he replies, without removing everything, and beginning, as it were, *de novo*. But, he adds, if he did this, he should choose a new carpet, as the large pattern and the glaring colour is enough to ruin any furniture. From this he gets to the walls, and here he sees that nothing can be effectively, or effectually, done without new paper.

"No pictures can possibly show up on such a paper as you have now."

All this somewhat unsettles you, and you apologise for the general condition in which this Social Inquisitor finds your apartment, by saying that it will do very well for you. Which admission humbly implies that you are an object of far less consideration than is the Man with an Eye.

Experimental Reform.

A CONTROVERSY is going on between some of our contemporaries about the ballot. There is one way of settling it which nobody seems to see, and yet it is obvious. Why cannot the working of the ballot be, by special enactment, tried upon some constituency? Of course, in accordance with a well-known proverb, the worst of all our constituencies would be the one most eligible for the experiment.

MAY HE BURN HIS MOUTH.—We observe that a Bribery petition is presented against an election in one of the southern counties. Ha! Has the Man in the Moon been visiting the Man in the South?



THE LETTER BUT NOT THE SPIRIT.

OLD MR. DE CRAMWELL, BEING BILIOUS AND OUT OF SORTS, IS ORDERED TO GO TO THE SEA, AND TAKE PLENTY OF EXERCISE IN THE OPEN AIR. (HE BEGINS AT ONCE.)

MRS. DURDEN ON SCIENCE.

(Inspiration derived from *Zadkiel's Almanack*.)

ASTRONOMY! Geology! and Chemistry! Drat all your science, On which you han't a got no doubt, but places sitch entire reliance! Ah, there, now mark my words, I say you'll all on you one day awaken, And when you thought how wise you was, you'll find how much you was mistaken.

I don't deny but what you may foretell eclipses and the weather, But as for your vain therios I disregards 'em altogether. I don't believe the world a year more older than of old 'twas reckoned, Nor yet that it goes round the sun, not I, not for a single second.

Your tree of science is a tree which there grows good-for-nothin' fruit on. In *Zadkiel's Almanack* I'm glad to see there's a show up of NEWTON. And there's a book wherein a man the courage has the truth to utter; This earth's a dixt, for all the world exactly like a pat of butter.

Your monsters with them crackjaw names described by LYALLS and JOE MILLERS,

What if they was but dragons slain by early saints and giant-killers? And how if somebody, by 'nd by, beyond a doubt succeeds in provin' As how the earth is standin' still, the sun is, as he looks, a movin'?

'Tis very fine to say as how one truth can't contradict another; When facts proves what they didn't ought, I say 'tis best sitch facts to smother.

Don't talk to me, don't say a word agin what is my firm conviction; Because, if so, I always turns a deaf ear to sitch contradiction.

Your scientific wonders is, in my opinion, the invention Of one whose name it is n't thought polite and proper for to mention. I thinks when he found out that folks in witches had got unbelievin', That he put into wizards' heads them other methods of deceivin'.

Suppose that everythink as is by science of late years asserted Was showed to be all stuff, no doubt but some of you would be converted;

And if feelosifers professed my views about the world's creation, Say what you like, I'm certain sure there would be joy in Convocation.

I lives expectin' for to see delugions on a suddent banished, Gash, electricity, and steam, like dreams, all into nothin' vanished: The good old times come back agin like what they was as I remember, When but with ile and candles we lit up the nights of dark December.

Respect for a Chief Magistrate Elected by the Nation.

SCENE—*The American Senate.*

Official. A Message from PRESIDENT JOHNSON.

Senate. We won't hear it.

Mr. Punch. H'm. Kalkilate as it air a fact that where them chaps war raised there warn't no schools of manners. Anyhow, it aint my bizness, which Bourbon air.

[*Adjourns.*]

[*Exit and liquors up.*]

An Escape.

BEALES and his lot meant to glorify themselves by asking MR. REVERDY JOHNSON to dinner. But a great many Leaguers saw no glorification, but only a subscription in their share of the fun; so they have protested, on the ground that everybody in America is not pleased with MR. JOHNSON. The banquet is given up. On inquiry in Great Portland Street, we were happy to hear that MR. JOHNSON was as well as could be expected after such a blow.

A Division in the Church.

AT the special and specially noisy Meeting of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, held at the Freemasons' Tavern, 674 members voted for the High Church Amendment, and 765 against it. These numbers are exactly what might have been expected at a meeting which, from beginning to end, was at sixes and sevens.

OUT OF PLACE.—A Vegetarian at the Cattle Show.

THE SWELLS AND THE SHERIFF'S OFFICER:

A BALLAD OF BREAM'S BUILDINGS.

(See the "Times," Police Report for Wednesday, December 9th.)

A PLEASANTER party ne'er got into Queer Street
Than the gallant ex-Captain CHARLES LEVESON LANE,
Unless 'twas his neighbour next door in that dear street,
The gallant ex-Captain MACARTHUR RALPH PAYNE.

Two more out-and-out bricks ne'er scored honours and tricks,
Or floated more paper at forty per cent.:
Kept opener houses, ran up larger ticks,
Or in riding or rowing the pace faster went.

But spending, worse luck, can't go on without earning,
And the wind's hard to raise when the pace is so fast:
And, as 'tis a long Lane that hasn't a turning,
CAPTAIN LANE was brought up with a round turn at last.

CAPTAIN PAYNE, who ne'er craned before "bullfinch" or "double,"
But took them as straight as his horse he could ram,
Came a cropper like LANE, but like LANE, when in trouble,
Drank his Moët, and cried, "What true Pain but stands Sham?"

Two Captains like these 'twas an honour to SLOMAN,
To receive at his snug box in Chancery Lane:
Where if swells *can* and *will* pay, 'tis certain that no man
Can say SLOMAN's shabby, or stints his Champagne.

For your snob, when he's "tapped," into Whitecross Street passes,
But SLOMAN's Hotel your swell debtor receives;
If its windows are barred,—'tis to guard their plate-glasses,
If its yard's grated o'er,—'tis to keep out the thieves.

So SLOMAN's Hotel LANE and PAYNE took their ease in,
For a private room stood their two guineas a day;
Their habits were sociable, chatty, and pleasing,
They ate, smoked, and drank, and ne'er asked what's to pay.

They had in MR. SLOMAN's young man, JEMMY LUCKETT,
In the affablest way for a glass and a song,
Made him sit down to supper, and in bade him tuck it,
And life in the lock-up sped gaily along.

Brim-full of the Swell's wine and friendly attentions,
LUCKETT bowed himself out in the state known as "tight";
Used to bolt in the day, he felt no apprehensions,
Such out-and-out nobbs would e'er bolt in the night.

The next morning came, with the milk and the muffins,
And LUCKETT looked scared, when the window he found,
Bars wrenched from their sockets, for all they were tough 'uns,
While those swells through the opening had dropped to the ground!

They were gone, he was done, done were BOWER and SLOMAN,
That brace of caged captains were loose on the wing;
Free as sea, or as air, which ne'er pay what they owe man,
On the pier at Boulogne they were taking their swing.

Oh, wild was the outcry of SLOMAN, the sold one!
Not that out of apartments, and dinners, and wines,
They had done him, who deemed him a match for the old one,
But that worse might be still in the wind he divines!

For SLOMAN, so long as he holds debtors' bodies,
For their care must to creditors answer at law;
And if they escape, English justice so odd is,
Their creditors' claims out of SLOMAN to gnaw!

He has steamed to Boulogne by the morning's mail packet;
He has found LANE and PAYNE at its snuggest hotel;
Made appeal to their feelings, and offered to back it,
With a handsome *douceur* to each hard-hearted swell.

One hundred! two hundred!! three hundred!!! four!!!! five, Sir!!!!
So ran up the bidding, but coolly quoth PAYNE,—
"We've got *you* in Chancery now, all alive, Sir,
More safe than you had *us* in Chancery Lane!"

"Only think of our creditors," added the Captain,
"What chance of a copper, poor devils, have they,
If we were again your hotel safely clapt in,
To pass through the Court, and go whitewashed away?"

"Whereas you are good, you delightful old SLOMAN,
For twice the five thousand for which we were 'in.'
And as you've let us slip your fingers, you know man,
The creditors *must* look to you for the tin.

"They'll own that our conduct is full of good feeling,
Shows we've come to a sense of our duty, though late;
P'raps—I'd not be surprised—with a little appealing,
If they vote us a teapot or service of plate.

"In debt, as in love and in war, all is fair,
And yourself you've to thank if you've giv'n us the pull,
And found us the means, which we don't mean to spare,
Of our numerous creditors paying in full."

So they chaffed and they laughed, and they fleered him and jeered him,
While sorely-sold SLOMAN, with agony wild,
Prayed they'd think how he'd dined 'em, champagned 'em, and beered
'em,
Prayed they'd pity himself and his wife and his child.

In vain through Boulogne with entreaties he followed 'em;
The more he besought them, they chaffed him the more,
Till the *matelottes* and *gamins* derisively hollowed him
From the quay to the station, the pier to the shore.

At length outspoke LANE, with a mock'ry of pity,
"E'en the woes of a SLOMAN o'er right shall prevail:
I'll return and surrender myself in the City,
If you'll pay me a hundred down, here, on the nail."

Oh, a glad man was SLOMAN, as, out of his pocket,
He thrust two crisp fifties in LANE's ready palm—
Ah, little he knew that already LANE's docket
Was struck in the Court that is bankruptcy's balm!

But PAYNE, more obdurate, a new and last proffer
Of five hundred down still refused with disdain,
So, thankful one Captain had closed with his offer,
Sad SLOMAN took steam back to Chancery Lane.

To the carcass full soon the grim vultures were gathered—
The creditors came upon SLOMAN *en masse*—
And LANE's debts upon him, with PAYNE's he found fathered,
While LANE through the Court was preparing to pass!

SLOMAN's crib had been cracked ere LANE took to "the Act,"
So his debts lay, like PAYNE's, at the officer's charge;
And the creditors sung, as they welcomed the fact,
"One SLOMAN in hand's worth two fast men at large."

Vain, vain his lamenting to duns unrelenting,
Their detainers perforce wretched SLOMAN paid down;
With his own hand thus whitewashed those swells unrepenting,
Lost costs, clients, cash,—and, what's worse, was done brown!

THE PEABODY FUND.

DEAR SIR,—Look here, PEABODY again. Upon my word, one hundred thousand pounds given to the general poor of London. I don't say one word against MR. P. for this: no it's his own and he has a right to do what he likes with it. But why fritter all this away among the poor when a fiftieth part per annum would have done some genuine and real good to

Yours ever,

G. RUMBLER.

SIR,—All very well these Munificent Gifts. But if it goes on, where will the Poor be? Why as rich as a ROTHSCHILD without the trouble of having worked for it. The Poor, in fact, will be the Rich man's Heirs.

Yours,

WON'T DOO.

SIR,—Suppose the PEABODY Money be thus applied:—

1. In disposing of hardened professional thieves and sending them to people the interior of Africa.
2. In providing for the children of the above at home, educating and making them industrious, honest members of society.
3. If Interior of Africa won't do, get some other place. Part of the money might be used for this purpose. Buy Spain. Buy Tartary, and call it Crim Tartary, short for criminal.

At your service,

Buz.

Beginning Well.

It appears probable that the American office-seekers will be disappointed, if they take it for Granted that the General-President will comply with all their demands.

MOTTO FOR THE NEW EVENING PAPER.—"Do but start an ECHO."
King John, Act, v. Sc. 2.



IT'S ALL VERY WELL

TO ENJOY RUDE HEALTH AND TO LOOK FOR ALL THE WORLD LIKE A SUBSTANTIAL COUNTRY SQUIRE, BUT THE CONSEQUENCE IS, THAT DURING THE CATTLE SHOW WEEK THE ATTENTIONS OF THE LONDON POPULACE ARE MORE EMBARRASSING THAN PLEASANT!

PUNCH IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH.

MR. PUNCH extracts from the *Standard* the following report of what took place in the Court of Queen's Bench, one day last week, in the course of a case which will now become immortal, MORRIS v. RALLING. The plaintiff, a doctor, complained of having been caricatured.

"MR. SERJEANT PARRY said it was nothing more than what appeared every week in *Punch*.

"THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.—But '*PUNCH*' is privileged.

"MR. SERJEANT PARRY.—I should be sorry to say anything to the contrary.

"THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.—We have all appeared there more or less.

"MR. SERJEANT PARRY.—I am sure your Lordship never appeared there except in a complimentary manner.

"THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.—I once saw myself there; and if I believed I could have appeared in so ruffianly a form I should have been very much ashamed of myself."

For the earlier remarks of the Lord Chief Justice of England, *Mr. Punch* simply tenders his thanks. The declaration from the Bench is useful as a notice to any foolish persons who do not comprehend that *Punch* can do no wrong. The sharpest attorney will hardly venture a letter after SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN's dictum, not that *Mr. Punch* ever cared for attorneys' letters. Further, he offers to MR. SERJEANT PARRY his acknowledgments for the admirable way in which he conveyed *Mr. Punch's* own sentiments in reference to the Chief Justice. But in reply to his Lordship's last remark *Mr. Punch* has a word to say. SIR ALEXANDER was upon one occasion depicted by a hand that dwelt more upon the situation to be illustrated than upon the *vraisemblance* of the portraiture—let that pass, and let it be noted that on a later occasion, when the Chief Justice was again delineated, his Lordship was represented in all the dignity of his high office, manifesting a noble and judicial disgust at the appearance of a Briber and Corrupter. There full justice was done to one whom *Mr. Punch* delights to honour, and of whom he hath ever spoken in a befitting way. He has, however, a complaint to make against SIR ALEXANDER for involuntarily cutting him out of a capital picture and quotation, which would certainly have

followed the above remark of the Chief Justice, if he had only happened to be an individual of Vanity. In that case it would have been *Mr. Punch's* obvious duty to depict himself conducting the judge to a mirror, and saying, from *Henry the Fourth*,

"My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that Vain Man."

But as SIR A. COCKBURN has more right to be vain than ninety-nine people out of a hundred, and yet does not exercise that right, *Mr. Punch* is debarred from this exercise of his wit, and he is glad of it. Finally, and in all the seriousness which is becoming when a Christmas wish is uttered, he wishes SIR ALEXANDER all the good wishes of the coming season.

Spiced Beef.

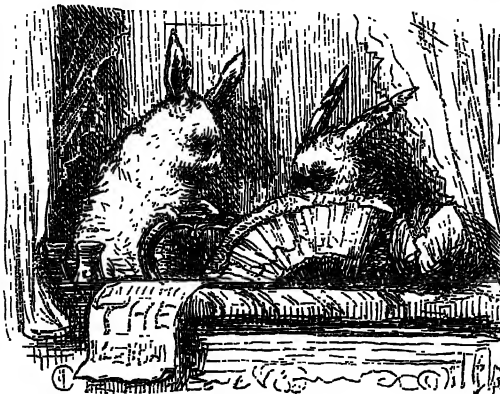
WE knew, and have commented upon it in these pages, that with the spread of luxury, Cattle were indulged with Cocoa; but a visit to the Great Fat Show at Islington made known to us, that they are also tempted to eat by having their food seasoned with "Cattle Spice" and "Condiment," and, probably by way of dessert, are pressed to partake of "Date-Farina Meal." Happy Herefords! Lucky Devons! How enviable your lot, if it were not for the final attentions of MESSRS. GIBLETT, MUTTON, COMFORT, &c.!

Mr. Peabody.

WE have been thinking how to word an acknowledgment to the noble-hearted American who has just increased his donation to the London poor (not paupers) to 350,000. We think this will do. "He may have the BODY of a PEA, but, by Jove, he has the SOUL of a BEAN!" (For the information of posterity, a Bean means the same as a Brick, and that is the highest form of eulogy known to the nineteenth century.)

MUCH TO BE DESIRED.—It is an advantage to the Ministerial Party in the House to have PLAYFAIR. Let us hope they will have the further advantage of Fair Play.

THEATRICAL REFORMERS.



Old playgoers may complain of the decline of the drama, and say that nothing on the stage is ever nowadays worth seeing; but considering that all the old theatres are flourishing, and that a brace of new ones have been lately built and opened, it would seem that people

generally differ from old playgoers. The more playhouses the merrier, let us hope will be the case: and may the Globe and Gaiety succeed for many a season in pleasantly contributing to the gaiety of the globe. That success is well deserved in the instance of the Gaiety should be allowed by all who read this comment in the *Times*.—

"One reform deserves special notice, and it is that all fees, donations, or gratuities to attendants are under any and every pretence prohibited. There is to be no fee for booking, no charge for bills, no charge for taking care of coats, cloaks, or hats. The one payment at the door clears everything. This is a radical improvement, and one which will soon force other theatres where the attendants live by open mendicancy, and where a programme is often not to be had at a less price than a shilling, to follow an example which should have been set long before."

Theatres, like Tories, are slow at all reforms: and a century or so hence, when all the playhouses in London will have followed this example of abolishing all fees for cloak-rooms, bills, and box-keepers, the critics of the period may dispute as to the theatre where this reform was started first. If they will turn then to their *Punch*, they will find it here recorded that it was not at the Gaiety, but at the New Adelphi, where fees for bills and box-keeping were primarily abolished; and for being the only other manager to follow the precedent of MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER, MR. HOLLINGSHEAD of the Gaiety will share with him the honour of living for posterity in the immortal page of *Punch*.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

DECEMBER 14: *Monday*. Ninety-three oaths were taken, making above five hundred which Members had fired off as a salute to the QUEEN. Then MR. GEORGE GLYN swore he would have no more of it, and cleared the House.

Tuesday. The Lords met, and sent for the Commons. Then did LORD HATHERLEY, the new Lord Chancellor, *olim* SIR PAGE WOOD, deliver a neat little Message from the QUEEN without spilling any of it. He informed his hearers that divers vacancies had occurred in the House of Commons, by reason that divers Members had accepted offices. It was HER MAJESTY'S pleasure that an opportunity be given for supplying these vacancies, and that, after a Suitable Recess, Parliament should proceed to the consideration of such matters as would then be laid before it.

Then did the Commons walk off, and the CHANCELLOR went out and made a magnificent toilette, and re-appeared in all the glory of full robes. He then knelt down before the Royal Chair, but to show that he was not afraid of that handsome piece of furniture, he rose, and then kneeling down again, gave it a playful poke with his patent of peerage. Next he got up and went to the table, but did not kneel to that, or even poke it, but only swore. Then he went to a back bench and sat down humbly as a mere Baron, but he promptly got up and took his seat haughtily on the Dukes' row, to show his right, as Chancellor, to precedence. Sticking to neither of these seats, he then went and got upon the woollack, which we hope he found pretty comfortable. This pleasing pantomime being over,

EARL GRANVILLE came out in a very little farce. He told everybody a grand piece of news, namely that MR. DISRAELI'S administration had been succeeded by that of MR. GLADSTONE, and his Lordship hoped that their Lordships would not think it unreasonable if his Lordship moved their Lordships' adjournment until Thursday the 11th February, 1869. Apparently their Lordships did not think it unreasonable at all, at any rate nobody objected, and they all went away.

On the whole *Mr. Punch* is inclined to be glad that the-Intelligent Foreigner was not present at these performances.

The Commons, three hundred strong, returned to their own House, and the SPEAKER reported what had taken place during their presence in the other. This was a delicate but not precisely a necessary attention, as they had all heard the message. Then there was more swearing—about fifty oaths were taken.

MR. AYRTON, for the first time in office, made a speech about Election Petitions, and a great number of gentlemen visibly shuddered. He reminded the House that the Judges of the Common Pleas were thenceforth to judge election grievances. In the absence of MR. GLADSTONE and his other chiefs, it would be inconvenient to discuss anything, and he should move for new writs only in cases where the time for petitioning had expired. Then they would adjourn until the 29th, and on that day the other writs would be moved. But where a petition had been presented, but the seat was not claimed (you'll see what this meant, directly) the course was to let the writ issue.

Then, amid enormous cheering, he moved the Greenwich writ, for MR. GLADSTONE.

He moved Oxford, London University, Pontefract, and when he came to Birmingham, there were loud cheers, on both sides of the House, at mention of the Right Honourable JOHN BRIGHT.

He moved London. But there is a petition against the three Liberal Members, and MR. GOSCHEN, President of the Poor Law Board, is one of them. Some discussion took place, but SIR ROUNDELL PALMER

[*Punch* hopes that you understand, foreigners especially, that this gentleman might have been Lord Chancellor, if he had only chosen to resign his conviction that the Irish Church ought not to be destroyed. How many people with so splendid a prize dangling within reach would not have modestly felt that their conviction must have been wrong, since so many good and clever men held a different one—and taken the office and coronet?]

said—the House on both sides had the grace to cheer him vehemently—that it was clear that the writ ought to issue. It did, and MR. GOSCHEN was re-elected on Monday last.

Writs for MR. LAYARD, MR. CHILDERS, MR. STANSFELD, and others—thirteen in all—were issued, as was one for Wareham, where death made a vacancy.

A great many Notices of Motion were given, some most desirable, some utterly absurd. But sufficient for the day is the debate thereof. When the motions are made, *Punch* will know how to deal with them.

The House rose until the 29th, and it will be particularly jolly for forty gentlemen to have to be in town on that day, instead of being out of it with their amiable wives and lovely families; or, in the case of bachelors, flirting in country houses. But we dare say that a Residium will be found to listen to MR. GLYN'S Whip. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER ought to give these patriots a jovial dinner in the Tea Room at the national expense, by way of commencing his promised reduction of expenditure. We'll come, if we're asked, as we shall be bored with family parties by that time—or earlier.

Mr. Punch wishes you all a Merry Christmas—not that this has anything particular to do with Parliament—but he appears just forty-eight hours before the Festival, and likes to be polite. However, you needn't accept the compliment unless you like. He's sure he doesn't care.

"De Amicitia."

SPEAKING of the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, the Paris Correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* says,

"His Majesty was visited the other day by an old and bluff-spoken friend, M. LAITY. He was about to consult that gentleman on public opinion when the EMPRESS intervened," &c.

Remembering the influence under which the EMPRESS is supposed to act, the obvious comment on the above is, that the EMPEROR'S friend is LAITY, the EMPRESS'S—Clergy.

A Great Compliment.

"It is said that the decree which fixes 75 years as the limit, on attaining which the First President of the Court of Cassation is obliged to retire from the Bench, is about to be revised for the sake of M. TROPLONG, who has long held that office. M. TROPLONG, though 76, is still with his faculties unimpaired, and, moreover, he is too useful to be dispensed with. In any case, his retirement from the Court of Cassation would not necessarily require him to give up the Presidency of the Senate."—*Paris Correspondent of the Times*.

PUNCH congratulates the venerable President, for it is evident that long as he has served, he is not thought to have served too long.

THE EASTERN BORE.

It is said that, "when Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war." Never mind that; but, for the peace of Europe, let us hope that, when Greek meets Turk the case will prove otherwise.

FLIES IN AMBER.—Yellow Cabs.



POT AND KETTLE.

Friend. "WELL, STUFFINS, WHAT DID YOU THINK OF THE CATTLE SHOW?"

Mr. Stuffins. "PRETTY FAIR. BUT THE WAY THEY FEED UP THOSE POOR BEASTS I CALL A DISGRACE TO HUMANITY!"

MRS. PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HER DAUGHTER.

MY CHILD,

AT this time of the year, when fond parents are preparing holiday amusements for the Children of the Period, it behoves a British matron and patriotic mother like myself to say something about both.

Are there indeed any children of the period?

Fashionable young ladies and young gentlemen there are of all ages, from four years upward; but the Children—where are the children gone to? I see very few in the West End streets decked so gaily for Christmas; I see very few among the Christmas Trees at Covent Garden Market; I see very few in the places of amusement especially opened for the young; plenty of richly-dressed, supercilious little men and women; but are these children?

Picture to yourself the holiday life of a little lady of six or seven years. She is supplied with an expensive toilette, consisting of morning-dress, afternoon-dress, ball-dress, fans, flowers, and feathers; she issues and accepts invitations for evening parties; she drinks tea, eats ices, dances, coquettes and sips in hot rooms hours after all little people should be in bed; she goes to theatres, concerts, and private theatricals; she is taught to discriminate between those who are of "her set," and those who are not. She looks down with contempt upon child's play and childish children, and grows up the veriest little snob in the world.

Where will all this end? Shall we soon have children going into Committee on the rights of minors, children sending up petitions for Nursery Reform, children's newspapers, children's clubs, &c.?

And where will the extravagance end which is being imitated by all ranks!

A lady lately writing in a popular monthly magazine, made the somewhat inconsiderate statement that no gentleman could dress upon a sum under £100 a year. How much would she allow for the dress of a young lady aged six years? How much for the dress of the said young lady's dolls?

PERILS OF THE PRESS.

A TALE of Araby relates
How once upon a day,
A traveller sat eating dates,
And threw the stones away.

A Genie, and the Genie's son,
Unseen were passing by;
Our friend unwittingly threw one
Stone in the latter's eye.

So, Journalists, unless you mind
How cases you report,
In Equity, yourselves you'll find—
In for contempt of court.

If Judges, when they read the news,
On your remarks should light,
They may, by some which they peruse,
Be warped from judging right.

The Courts of Equity exalt,
Then, British penmen, ye;
Truly 'tis not the Judges' fault
If England's Press is free.

Dark Doings in Westminster.

DEAR WHALLEY,
WHO can doubt the machinations of the Jesuits in Westminster?
I say they've the "sacrifice of the mass" there already—which his name is MILL.

Yours, ever affectionately,

PUNCH.

Enemies of Mankind.

SOME evil-minded persons, with the view of preventing the establishment of a good understanding between England and the United States, have introduced into Congress a resolution for the recall of MR. REVERDY JOHNSON. Let us hope that they will be defeated in their malevolent design to make REVERDY reverti.

Really, these calculations are enough to afflict any married man of moderate means with all sorts of terrifying visions, and to make him wonder where these costly vanities of the drawing-room, the school-room, and the nursery will end. If the Children of the Period cause him to tear his hair at the influx of Christmas bills now, what will he do when they have grown up into young ladies and gentlemen?

I must confess to you, my dear daughter, a nervous dread of the Children of the Period. Supposing that *Mr. Punch* and I were to deck a Christmas-tree for them, would they enjoy it, would they care for our sixpenny toys, would they play Blind-Man's Buff, and be content to go home at eight o'clock, after partaking of your mother's home-made cakes and goodies? I fear not. I fear they would criticise us, and think us shabby, and declare they would never enter such a dull house again.

But how to pass the Christmas-tide without children? That is quite impossible to children-loving old souls like your papa or myself, so let us gather the dear little people about us, the rich as well as the poor, make merry with them, after our own way. I cannot but believe that this fashion of young ladies "coming out" at the early age of five years, will soon be put down, with other monstrosities, such as children's "Revivals," and that the toilettes, recreations, and sociabilities of the nursery, will soon cease to parody the use of the drawing-room. I once heard two little French children talking to each other at a juvenile party, and this was what they said, "Do you know those little girls yonder?" asked one. "Oh, no!" answered the other, with a shrug of the shoulders, "*Il ne sont pas de notre monde*"—they are not of our set!

Do we want this sort of worldly wisdom in our children? Do we want them to be little satirists and little snobs? I say, no! and that is why I want to see the children's Christmas kept in a simple fashion. Bless them all.

Your affectionate Mother,

MRS. PUNCH.

THE JUNIOR ATHENÆUM.—MR. DILKE, M.P. for Chelsea.



MASTER OF THE SITUATION ? !

SCENE—Mr. Telthorshott's Sanctum. ENTER Mrs. T. and her Cook.

Cook (with her usual promptitude—SHE never kept anybody waiting). "OH, IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, I WISH TO COMPLAIN OF MISSIS ! WHICH SHE COME A DICTATERIN' AND A HINTERFERIN' IN YOUR KITCHING IN A WAY AS I'M SURE YOU WOULDN'T APPROVE ON, &c., &c., &c." ! !

[T. confesses he felt (for the first and last time) a delicious sensation of being apparently master in his own house. She was an admirable Cook, and altogether a most excell— BUT HOWEVER SHE HAD TO GO !

CABBY AND BOBBY.

(A Police Eclogue.)

O CABBY, good Cabby, permit me to state
You must by the kerb-stone not crawl at that rate.
It can't be allowed ; 'tis SIR RICHARD'S command
You ply for hire nowhere except on your stand.

O Bobby, dear Bobby, I was not, indeed,
Aware I was driving at too little speed.
The fact is my horse is fatigued, and I know
You 'd not have me whop him because he can't go.

Ah ! Cabby, you seek to delude me in vain ;
Your animal's quite fresh ; that's perfectly plain.
Invent no excuses for further delay,
I beg you ; but give him the rein, and away !

Oh ! Bobby, come Bobby, now don't be unkind ;
Thwart not mine endeavour employment to find.
What harm can I do, what conceivable wrong
To anyone, gently thus driving along ?

Oh ! Cabby, how *can* you talk so ? Need I say
How people you hinder from crossing the way ?
And passengers also their omnibus keep
From reaching, the pavement beside whilst you creep ?

O Bobby, no thought to me ever occurred
That I got in anyone's way, on my word.
And folks out of 'busses the notion, I vow,
Of keeping, my head never entered till now.

Perhaps so ; but, Cabby, at once mend your pace,
Because you'll the painful necessity place
Me under, unless you forthwith get you gone,
Of taking your number. Please do, then, move on.

A SENSIBLE WELSHMAN.

A GENTLEMAN, who states that he has hitherto been known by divers Welsh appellations, as GRIFFITH AP REEVE and AP GRIFFITH, apprises the universe that he renounces the muddle, and in future intends to be APSLEY GRIFFITH, and nothing else. It would be well if Welshmen generally would consider this example, and discover that, though in barbarous ages, it suffices to have *genera* ; civilisation introduces *species*. Wales is at present inhabited by wild creatures known as JONES, MORRIS, EVANS, and about three other names ; but *Kelly's Directory* is at the service of the Welsh ; and, when they tame, a choice of distinctive appellations will be desirable, if their zoology is to be respectable.

Our Ocean Dragons.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* points out the inexpensiveness and value of the Royal Marines, under the title of "The Royal Marine Light Infantry." What, then, are there any Royal Marine Light Cavalry ? In that case their chargers may be supposed to be sea-horses of the hippocampus breed—if there are any big enough. We venture to say that there is not a finer set of fellows in her Majesty's service than the Horse Marines, if they are equal to the Foot.

OXON AND THE ARTICLES.

S. O. says the thirty-nine articles *all but fortify* the Church.



A COAT OF ARMS.

A HINT TO THE GORGEOUSLY-LABELLED SWELLS OF THE PERIOD.

THE POLITICAL EXCHANGE.

THE late elections showed us how candidates for the honour of adding M.P. to their names appear in very many cases sadly puzzled what to call themselves. If they be True Blue, Church-and-State, and No-Surrender Tories, or if they be Root-and-Branch, and Out-and-Out Reforming Radicals, they are thereby saved much pains in framing their election addresses. But the moderate men seem frightened lest they be mistaken for either of these classes, and are terribly afraid of offending their constituents either by avowing too little or too much. With the moderate Conservative the perplexity is greater than it is with the moderate reformer, and he is far more puzzled to determine what principles to acknowledge, and what promises to make.

What a blessing it would be, then, at any future election, for a Candidate thus puzzled, if some one were to start a Political Exchange, whereby old principles and seats might be exchanged for new ones, and political aspirants be relieved from the expense of a contested election, and from the cost to their conscience of fabling glib excuses for pledges unfulfilled, and of flourishing fine promises whereof the right of violation is inwardly reserved! The following examples will suffice to show the reader how the project might be worked:—

I have a seat for a close borough, which has for several ages belonged to my ancestors. As I wish to enter Parliament untrammelled by their pledges, and freed from the absurd and bigoted high Tory traditions of my family. I should be glad to hear where I can have a good, sharp, savage, radical contest in exchange. SIMON PURE.

I inherit a large stock of old Tory principles and prejudices, which, as I am anxious to enter the Reform Club, I am willing to exchange for some advanced ideas. WIRTIUOUS WILLIAM.

Will anybody give me a few classical quotations, commending free trade and liberal institutions, in exchange for some in praise of a protective policy, for which I am obliged to say I have no further use? RATTING RICHARD.

I have the offer of a nomination for a Radical constituency, but as I hitherto have always called myself a Tory, I am afraid some rotten eggs will be thrown at me on the hustings. Will some kind person give me a snug borough in exchange? CAVENDO TUTUS.

I have a common-place book nearly filled with clap-trap sentiments, well suited to be used in a Conservative canvass, and to be spouted after dinner to the addle-pated farmers at an agricultural meeting. I am desirous to exchange it for a volume of more liberal opinions, containing some statistics on the progress of free trade. AN ASPERING REFORMER.

As I have no fortune, to speak of, and am gifted with but little industry or intellect, and can therefore see no other chance of earning a good living, I am willing to exchange very precious liberty for the confinement of a close attention to the business of the House. Any borough that is willing to pay me for my public services will confer a private favour by electing me its Member. CHEEKY CHARLEY.

I have invented a good Tory party cry, serviceable alike for the hustings or the House. As I have no hope of obtaining any election, will anybody give me a good dinner in exchange? SPARTACUS ESURIENS.

I have discovered a sad case of Presbyterian backsliding, which would tell well as an argument against the Irish disendowment. My canvass having failed, I have no further use for my discovery, and am willing to exchange it for a week's good pheasant-shooting. A MODEST EX-M.P.

I am plagued with poor relations, who, because I happen to have a seat in Parliament, are always pestering me to help them to a snug place under Government. If any one can aid me to get rid of those annoyances, I shall be delighted to exchange addresses with him. A LOVER OF A QUIET LIFE.

I have been solicited to let myself be nominated for a rotten borough. The cost of my election, it is thought, will not exceed, much, £11,000. As I vastly prefer yachting to sitting in a stuffy house, and hearing stupid speeches, I will exchange my nomination for the loan of a good yacht during three months of next summer, on condition that the expenses of my cruise shall be defrayed. A HUMBLE-MINDED MAN.

I have some old-fashioned notions about honesty and honour, and the great value of virtue in a public man. As I hope to make my seat in Parliament the means of my becoming a director of a lot of railway companies, I shall have no further use for these old-fangled bars to progress, and am therefore willing to exchange them for some good financial "wrinkles," and novel fraudulent devices for swindling the public, without incurring any risk by violation of the law. ARTFUL DODGER.

A rich uncle of mine, with whom I recently have quarrelled, has at his disposal a close borough in a capital hunting country. Not feeling myself quite equal to undergo the labour of sitting upon committees, I will exchange my chance of his returning me to Parliament as his—I mean the borough's—political representative, for the use of a good house in Grosvenor Square next season, provided that an opera-box and latch-key be supplied. CONTENTUS PARVO.

Toast of Toleration.

THE season for dinners of a specially festive character being now at hand, people who shall have dined may be expected to be uncommonly facetious. Very likely if the Right Honourable Gentleman, the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, should happen to be present at a Christmas feast of which the founder is a buffoon, that buffoon will venture to be so absurd as to propose the toast of "Ministers of all Denominations," coupled with the name of MR. BRIGHT.

A CRY OF DISTRESS.

HUNDREDS of afflicted fathers of families, who have heard of an announcement of "The Musical Infant," are clamouring to know where such a welcome addition to domestic happiness can be found. Expense no object, if the luxury is only procurable.

A Golden Rule from Homer.

(Punch's "tip" for his Boys going to School.)

"Οὐκ ἔλαθον πολυκοιρανίη, ζῆς κοίρανός ἐσται,"

"Many sovereigns are no good. Have one sovereign, and let it be."

THE DELUGE COME AT LAST.

POOR dear old TORIMAN writes in great agitation. He is quite sure now that the Radicals have ruined the country, and that we are all going to the dogs, for he has seen in a public advertisement this most awful announcement, "The Last Night of Society"!

NEW TRANSLATION OF A PHILANTHROPIC SAYING.

Siamo tutti Fratelli. We are all Siamese Twins.

LONDON ON LYNE.

(Some eccentric Lines.)*

FATHER IGNATIUS the Deacon!

This is the subject to speak on,

He isn't a Priest,

No, not in the least,

Only FATHER IGNATIUS the Deacon.

Dear me! at some time or other

This gentleman called himself "Brother;"

Now he would rather

Call himself "Father;"

He's *Father* IGNATIUS the Deacon.

There lately has been a slight row,

I think it is all settled *now*,

'Twas a lady who would make a vow—

She was but a young and a weak 'un:

So when she had made it, she took it

To FATHER IGNATIUS, to book it,

Said she, "He's a Saint—don't he look it?"

Dear FATHER IGNATIUS the Deacon.

Oh Good Gracious!

FATHER IGNATIUS,

Even young women are mendacious.

For after this girl had made a vow,

To do or to don't, I can't tell now

What was its object, or how she spoke it;

Whatever it was, it's certain *she broke it*.

Then FATHER IGNATIUS rose up in a rage,

And paced about like a man on a stage;

He called for his book,

And he called for his candle,

He called for his bell,

Which he held by the handle;

When, just as the Acolyte lighted the taper,

Cries IGNATIUS, "Stop! bring to me pen, ink, and paper."

With extracts, in Latin, made from a Missal,
IGNATIUS indited a sacred epistle.

The sum of the translation

Was "EXCOMMUNICATION!"

What did she do? this girl of a vow?

Did she at once to the sentence bow?

Or grovel in ashes?

Or answer with *dashes*?

Or hang herself in a couple of sashes?

No: she did nothing at all of this sort:

She simply behaved as a good child ought.

She went to Mamma and showed her the letter,

Says Ma, "I should just like to see him!! *he'd better!*"

"It's like his impudence," says she,

"He's not heard the first nor the last of *me*."

She called for her bonnet,

She called for her shawl,

She called for her servant

A cab to call,

And away they went to Fulham to see

The Bishop of London, TAIT, A.C.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL TAIT is he

Who's just appointed to Canterbury;

"I've half a mind," said he, with a frown,

"To take away BROTHER IGNATIUS' gown;

If MR. LYNE

Were a Deacon of mine,

I'd very soon take him a peg or two down.

His teaching's not bad,

But his practice is awful,

This Excommu—'tis quite unlawful."

So he writes to the Rector, MR. HILL,

Whose church IGNATIUS used to fill,

To say the days of IGNATIUS are numbered,

"I won't have him preach in the street of the Lombard.

* The story of how FATHER IGNATIUS excommunicated a young lady, who appealed to her mother, who appealed to the BISHOP OF LONDON, has appeared in several papers within the last fortnight.

"The world is spacious,
BROTHER IGNATIUS
Can go and preach just where he may please;
But he doesn't come here,
That is, my dear
MR. HILL, while I'm master in this diocese."

Postscript ad Linum.

MISTER LYNE, you're a Christian, be a meek'un,
Behave as becomes a man and a Deacon.

You're only a Deacon, think of *that*,

With just as much right

That note to indite

To that young lady, as my old hat.

Come, no more scandals,

Drop your sandals,

Your flowers and candles,

And be to our flocks a flaming Beacon,

As PARSON LYNE,

You yet may shine,

If you drop this FATHER IGNATIUS the Deacon.

A LITTLE WORD FROM A LITTLE BIRD.

PLEASE, *Mr. Punch*, why should a canary not be treated as kindly as a cat? This is not a riddle, but a question which was asked the other day at Bow Street, where the Magistrate was requested to state if he could punish a brute who "tamed" canaries by breaking both their wings, and then showed the little crippled creatures in the streets, where people paid their pennies to see how tame they were, and how fond they seemed, because they did not fly away from him. I should have thought that cruelty like this was legally forbidden; but, alas! I find that—

"MR. VAUGHAN, after consulting the statutes, said that a bird was not an animal within the meaning of the Act for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, even if the specific act of cruelty alleged in this case could be proved."

I often hear young ladies sing, "Oh, would I were a bird!" but, until the law be altered, they are surely very silly for expressing such a wish. How would they like the cruel torture of having their poor wings broken, so that they might seem tame, and then the further torture of gaining a good living for the wretch who had thus crippled them. and whose cruelty the law as yet is powerless to prevent! I know that it is often rather hard to ascertain the "meaning" of an Act of Parliament, and, of course, I am aware that "a bird is not an animal." But I can't see why the law should not prevent a man from being cruel to canaries, as well as dogs and cats; and I hope SIR RICHARD MAYNE will get it altered for the sake of his small namesake

POOR DICKY.

A BREAK-DOWN IN COURT.

THE wisdom, humanity, and utility of keeping jurors confined all night long, pending their detention on a trial for felony, has been beautifully illustrated again. At the Central Criminal Court, the other day, before MR. BARON CLEASBY, a man was indicted for forging a will. The case not having concluded that day, the jurors were all locked up for the night, of course. The next morning it was found when they were placed in the jury-box, that one of them was too ill to continue to perform his duty. A medical witness deposed that the man was suffering from "disease of the lungs," threatening hæmorrhage, and pronounced the opinion "that his life would be endangered if he, was compelled to continue his attendance in the jury-box." Accordingly, the Judge discharged the jury and ordered a fresh trial, of necessity *sine die*, to the relief of the prisoner's mind, in case of his innocence, no less than to the advantage and accommodation of the witnesses and prosecution, whose time may be of no value to anybody, not even to the owners.

All this is as it should be in all, if in any, judicial proceedings which comprise juries. But what should be is only in cases of felony, and is not, once more let us repeat, in cases of misdemeanour, though punishable with penal servitude. How long will the Legislature need to have beaten into their heads the equal necessity of locking up juries together every night in cases of misdemeanour too, and together with the gentlemen of the jury, of locking up my Lord Judge?

New Work on the Turf.

A PARTY by the name of BROWNING has just published *The Ring and the Book*. Judging by the turfy sound of the title, the author must be the MR. DUNN-BROWNING "well known in racing circles," not the MR. ROBERT BROWNING better known in literary. As both are of the book-making fraternity, such a confusion is conceivable.



A LITTLE CHRISTMAS DREAM.

MR. L. FIGUIER, IN THE THESIS WHICH PRECEDES HIS INTERESTING WORK ON THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD, CONDEMNES THE PRACTICE OF AWAKENING THE YOUTHFUL MIND TO ADMIRATION BY MEANS OF FABLES AND FAIRY TALES, AND RECOMMENDS, IN LIEU THEREOF, THE STUDY OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD IN WHICH WE LIVE. FIRED BY THIS ADVICE, WE HAVE TRIED THE EXPERIMENT ON OUR ELDEST, AN IMAGINATIVE BOY OF SIX. WE HAVE CUT OFF HIS "CINDERELLA" AND HIS "PUSS IN BOOTS," AND INTRODUCED HIM TO SOME OF THE MORE PEACEFUL FAUNA OF THE PREADAMITE WORLD, AS THEY APPEAR RESTORED IN MR. FIGUIER'S BOOK.

THE POOR BOY HAS NOT HAD A DECENT NIGHT'S REST EVER SINCE!



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

DRAMATIC COMPETITION.

To the Editor of "Punch."

SIR,

I PICKED the accompanying parcel up in the street some time back. It contains some manuscript dramas without any names attached. What does it mean? I have asked a theatrical friend, who says they are evidently specimens of style, and intended to assist Managers in forming an estimate of the writer's ability. I send them to you—I don't exactly know why, but I am a little confused after their perusal—as I have no doubt you will be, but I imagine their appearance in your universally-perused pages will be the best means of letting the disconsolate author or authors know where their property has found its way.

Yours sincerely,

A WELL-WISHER.

[We cannot publish the whole of each piece, but willingly give insertion to a selection.—*Ed. Punch.*]

THE REALISTIC DRAMA.

The SCENE represents an Office. Desks in reckless profusion, Charts in heaps, Maps, Iron Safes, Waste Paper Baskets, Lists of Sailing Vessels, Almanacks and Ledgers scattered about with a liberal hand. THINGUMYBOB, the Senior Partner, is wrapped in thought.

Enter LOUD-VOICED CLERK, C.D.

Loud-Voiced Clerk (announcing large batch of failures). European Cosmopolitan Button Makers' Benevolent gone. All the colour from Miss WINTERTON's pale green glacé silk (in consequence of Young ROPER's awkwardness with the claret-cup) gone; last quick train to Greenwich gone; Mrs. COLONEL CARRAWAY's inimitable cook gone; H.M.S. ship COON gone; BROWN's hopes of inheriting his Uncle's business gone; all the seats for BUCKSTONE's benefit gone; most other things in the commercial world gone.

[Exit LOUD-VOICED CLERK.]

Thingummybob. Terrible. But it doesn't touch our firm. Having taken advantage of the temporary absence of my partners and the clerks to commit several forgeries, to tamper with all the books I could collect, and embezzle as widely as was possible during the hour devoted to luncheon, I am enabled to snap my fingers at the commercial crisis. But am I happy? No. That girl is still my wife, and I cannot marry the honourable Mrs. FITZSWINDLETON. Oh, father ADAM, father ADAM, if—but I anticipate. This very night I must break the chain which galls me so. I must be free—free.

[Music. He puts on his overcoat, then a slouch hat and comforter, and takes a life-preserver, a metallic note-book, a thermometer, and a box of peppine lozenges from secret drawers, shakes his fist at the Portrait of the Junior Partner, over the fireplace, and exit through sliding panel with a triumphant sneer. Six delectives rise simultaneously, and shake their forefingers. Scene closes.]

SCENE 2.—Shebeen in the Mountains. FATHER PHIL and EILEEN seated. FATHER PHIL slightly elevated.

Father P. EILEEN, if you ever part with your marriage lines, I've done with you. A little more of the potheen, my darlint. Sure whiskey was the real nectar of Olympus, and I'll give you a little snatch of a Song proving that same.

(Sings) Sure whiskey was the crater
To delight celestial natur',
And that downy fellow, Ganymede, knew how to pour it out;
And the goddesses pretended
To be shocked, but always ended
By the last taste in existence, I have not the smallest doubt.
Oh, tare-an-ages, faix, my dear,
It cures all pains and aches, my dear.
Hurroo, Bedad, and Musha, girl, Musha Bedad, Hurroo.
An inimy to rheumatiz,
A sworn foe to all gloom it is,
Oh shan van voght, alanna, omadhaunn and philliloo.

Chorus. Hurroo! &c.

Eileen. That sneeze! 'Tis my husband.

[Pantomime rally played in orchestra. FATHER PHIL rushes out with kettle. EILEEN puts the whiskey out of sight. Enter THINGUMYBOB, disguised as a gentleman. And so on.]

NATURAL FARCE.

White. Ha, THOMPSON. I mean BROWN!

Brown. Who are you calling mean BROWN?

White. You know my way. When I say THOMPSON, I mean BROWN.

Brown. When you mean BROWN, you should snow Brown; that's to say, say BROWN. Calling a man out of his name is post mersonal, I mean most personal.

White. Well, say no more. I forgive you. I just met KNOX.

Brown. KNOX! What KNOX?

White. No, not WAT KNOX. The other KNOX.

Brown. Not Equi-nox. Ha! ha! Had you there. No relation of the Gales, eh?

White. BROWN, your friends had better take care of you.

Brown. Wish they would. But don't look black, WHITE. Remember there is a tide in the affairs of man which, by the way, talking about Man, have you been there lately?

White. There, where?

Brown. Man. The Island. Manx. You know.

White (aside). Ha, ha! He knows my secret.

Brown (aside). He suspects me.

White. You have heard from FLOUNCER?

Brown. You have received a communication from TROUNCER?

White. Don't deny it.

Brown. Confess it immediately. Once on a time relict of ROBERT RICHARDSON RATTLETOPS?

White. Relict of ROBERT RICHARDSON RATTLETOPS.

Brown. Of Ryde?

White. Of Cowes?

Brown. Ryde!

White. Cowes!

Brown. Ride cows yourself, I shan't.

[And so on until change of Scene.]

UNCONVENTIONAL COMEDY.

SCENE—Railway Arches (nothing conventional, mind). Early Breakfast Stall R.C. Diving Bell L. Rank and fashion promenading.

Colonel Quaggett. You must remember him, dark man, very shy, spoke through his nose. PUNNITT called him the Nasal Reserve.

Lord Slopley. Think I do—hah—ye-es. Used to dress himself like a cad who'd come into somebody else's property—hah! Was always about with the Febrifuge girls.

Col. Q. Febrifuge? Don't remember the family.

Lord S. Lanky women with scorbutic brother. BOB FEBRIFUGE—man distinguished himself—Crimea—hah!

Col. Q. Bah, everybody distinguished himself there: now-a-days, everybody's somebody.

Lord S. How comfortable you must feel in being nobody. Hah! Wish I could drop my title, I'd marry KITTY SLIGO directly—sooner.

Col. Q. Why not, as it is.

Lord S. My dear fellow, we live in the world—uncommonly hard to have to do it, but we do. The world being stronger than you, you can't defy it—at least, if you do you must go to the wall. Now, I for one don't care for wall—so—hah!

Col. Q. So KITTY SLIGO suffers from your want of courage in facing the world, as you call it. You're a peer, LORD SLOPLEY, but you're none the less a snob: good day.

[Exit (in an unconventional manner) R.]

Lord S. Hah! snob—ye-es. Shall I call him out? Follow's father was a soap-boiler. A SLOPLEY fight with the son of a soap-boiler! Hah! Shall I cut him? I owe him a hundred or two, by the way. I will cut him.

[Exit (unconventionally) lighting a cigarette.]

ODE TO DECEMBER.

DECEMBER, final month of all the year,
Now 'tis when claret and when bottled beer
Should placed be by the fire, but not too near.
Now 'tis when frost nips nose and lip and ear,
And cold congeals to ice the trickling tear.
Old parties promenade the road for fear
Of slides! The year has past its phase of sere
And yellow, and is very black and drear;
And those whose rents are greatly in arrear
Bring in their bills, declaring food's so dear,
And business altogether is so queer,
They really must request that you will clear
The old account. Now don't be cavalier
To poor relations' shabby clothes, nor jeer
At sentiment, let charity flow freer
At Christmas time, nor check its glad career.
Let Christmas cheering ring with Christmas cheer,
Defying the old dictum of SHAKES-PEARE,
"Two stars keep not their motions in one sphere."

CHARGE OF A 'PROTESTANT BISHOP AGAINST ALTAR CANDLES.—
"Alter Candles."

PATERFAMILIAS'S SPECIAL CHRISTMAS BOOK.—His Banker's.



"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

Waiter (to nervous invalid). "THERE'S THE OLD CHURCH, SIR, CLOSE BY, BUT SOME VISITORS GOES TO ST. WOBBLEOE'S, SIR. THERE THE CLERGYMAN PREACHES DISTEMPERY!"

[Clearly not the place for him, the old gentleman thinks, with a shudder.]

A FOGEY'S CONTENT.

THERE was never a blessing invented
To compare with a mind that's contented—
We've all often wished what,
If our wish we had got,
Having wished we should soon have repented.

In my young days a girl once I sighed for.
Had I then married her whom I tried for,
I might have a fat wife,
I, at my time of life,
And grown-up girls and boys to provide for.

Now myself I have only to care for.
I rejoice most exceedingly therefore;
For my means are so small,
That I've nothing at all,
Any others with comfort to spare for.

To my lot I but need the addition
Of more money to purchase fruition.
"You were better without,
You'd perhaps get the gout;
Fond of burgundy." True, O Physician!

There is something in that observation,
Let me add it to my consolation,
SMITH cut me out of ANN,
SMITH, poor family man!
There, I'm not in old SMITH's situation!

You young fellows in love unrequited,
Lads rejected, or jilted, or slighted,
Very likely you may
Live, as I do to say
You are glad your affections were blighted.

Fine Writing.

ACCORDING to the *Times*, a correspondent of the *Leeds Mercury*, speaking of the new Lord Chancellor, states that Westminster Abbey "witnesses his daily entrance at an hour when a third of the Metropolis is in a position of recumbency." Translated from fine English into plain English, these last words are supposed to mean "when a third of the Metropolis is in bed."

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITH AN EYE.—(CONTINUED.)

THE Man with an Eye when out of doors is always picking out what he calls "pretty bits," and exhibiting nature or art to you like a showman.

The Crystal Palace was a great boon to the Man with an Eye, being a "point of sight" from everywhere. The Man with an Eye is never tired of the Crystal Palace at a distance. He discovers it in Piccadilly, and when you are in the middle of your good story, or are about to make your bow to LADY SUMBODDIE, he stops you suddenly with, "There it is! Look! You can see it from here!" adding, cunningly, "You didn't think you could see it from here?"

"See what?" you exclaim, inclined to be unphilosophically annoyed. "Why," he returns, almost indignant at your supposing that there could be two distant objects of equal interest, "The Palace, to be sure. The Crystal Palace," he explains, so as to remove all chance of your saying, "Yes, I see, Buckingham Palace," and looking in a wrong direction. The Man with an Eye, being generally a thorough Cockney, will, when pointing out some unexpected peep at the Crystal Palace from the Seven Dials or Great Coram Street, generally lecture in this fashion:—

"Lor, talk of country and beautiful views, you only want to know London well, and you'd never care about going out of it. Look there! What's finer than that?" meaning, of course, one of the above-mentioned glimpses of the Crystal Palace.

If you are a great traveller and have seen the principal cities and countries of the world, you will suddenly find yourself entirely at fault and utterly unable to produce at short notice a rival to the scene which he puts before you. Your memory for comparisons fails you before the stupendous impudence of the Man with an Eye.

He is immense on light and shade. He takes you to the corner of a street craftily, as if you were going to catch a weasel asleep, or were afraid of disturbing somebody at prayers, and exclaims—

"There! Isn't that a good little bit! Quite a DORÉ effect, eh?" The effect in question being a ray of sun-light on the left side of a lamp-post.

You reply depreciatingly: I used to do so before I knew my man, or I disputed the phenomenon on principles of art, of which I flattered myself my knowledge was at least equal to his.

Both processes just mentioned are equally good if you've the whole day to yourself; but equally bad if you haven't, for they lead him into discussion and disquisition. The better way is to say: "Yes, capital," if he will stop you. But the best mode of dealing with him is not to allow yourself to be stopped.

I am in the Strand with BENTON. He halts, and I find myself face to face with a dirty little boy selling oranges.

"There!" exclaims BENTON; "there's a study for a MURILLO."

The study for MURILLO soon discovering that our object is not commercial as regards his oranges, asks BENTON: "What he's a twiggins of a cove for?" and treats him to some kind inquiries as to his poor feet, and announcements of his intention to possess himself at some future time of his (BENTON'S) hat. I point out to BENTON that studying MURILLO in this fashion will bring a crowd about us, and we move on.

I have noticed that ladies stand in some sort of fear of BENTON. Why? Because BENTON, in his capacity of The Man with an Eye, sets up for a critic on dress, its style, cut, and colour.

He will click his glass into his eye (he always does this as if by machinery), and from some safe stand-point will examine a lady's toilette in detail. If BENTON knows her very well—he is not a marrying man, but they think he is, and the wish is father to the thought, for he's worth catching—the lady will ask him point blank if he does or does not like her costume. BENTON will reply cautiously at first, but, overcome by the compliment paid to his judgment, will end (in all probability) with a sweeping condemnation. If unasked, he will advance smilingly, and beg to be allowed to congratulate Miss or Mrs. SKIMMERY upon her dress. "It is," he says, "perfect! charming! in exquisite taste!" and so on; and, if you are of opinion that such matters had better be



RATHER IRRITABLE.

Friend (on quiet horse). "BUT WHAT IS YOUR REASON FOR SELLING HIM?"

Ditto (on hot chestnut). "REASON! WHY, THE BRUTE HAS KNOCKED MY HAT OFF FOUR TIMES IN TWO HOURS. ISN'T THAT REASON ENOUGH?"

left to "all those whom it may concern," you will be astonished at his knowledge of jupes, trimmings, petticoats, moiré antique, bodies, satins, silks, velvets, and will indeed, scarcely like to ask him whence his intimate acquaintance is derived.

Don't take the Man with an Eye with you to your tailor's. Don't ask him his opinion on your coat or any other article of attire.

You have just had a neat thing in velvets, made of a quiet colour, almost black with wooden buttons in relief, of such a convenient length as will neither incommode you in riding, nor interfere with your suddenly sitting down.

The pockets are most thoughtfully placed; and, in fact, MISTER PARFITT has done for you all he knows. You are pleased with the result, and wear it, say, on your visit to the Man-with-an-Eye's house.

You are glad to see him. "My dear BENTON," you say, rushing at him and gushing: "How are you? So glad to see you!" But as he shakes your hand you feel by the line in which his eye travels, that *he is going to say something unpleasant about your new coat*. You feel inclined to run away again, only that that would show the part of your coat which will invite (you know) the severest criticism. Driven in a corner, at bay, you would like to dare him to pick a hole in it *if he can*, or to say the worst, and have done with it. All you know, for certain, is that the remarks are coming, that they won't be flattering, and that, as a guest, you are bound to keep your temper.

"Well?" you ask, just to give him a chance. There are plenty of people present, and *they*, too, notice that BENTON has something in his eye besides his glass.

BENTON sniggers, not sneers, sniggers, *i. e.*, half a kindly laugh, one quarter satirical smile, one quarter unfriendly sneer.

BENTON sniggers, and then he says—

"Where on earth did you get that coat?"

No matter what your answer, that gay garment is condemned—publicly condemned. In vain will fellow-guests take secret opportunities of informing you that *they* "rather like it;" that it "really isn't bad, only that BENTON is so queer about some things." All to no purpose, for you can't quote them at dinner out loud as against BENTON, who is

at the head of his own table, without their imputing to you a desire to make mischief, even if they do not deny their own words to your face. I have known such cases, and indeed it was upon such a matter that I quarrelled with a very excellent young man who was a toady of BENTON's, and nearly quarrelled with BENTON himself simply because I did not allow infallibility to his Eye.

The Man with an Eye must be considered under another aspect, and then I conclude.

Seasonable.

Christmas Bell(s)	.	.	The handsomest girls you know.
Christmas Books	.	.	Cheque-books.
Christmas Boxes	.	.	At the Pantomimes.
Christmas Cards	.	.	Good Hearts.
Christmas Cheer	.	.	Hip! Hip! Hurra!
Christmas Fare	.	.	Return Ticket.
Christmas Numbers	.	.	Family Parties.
Christmas Periodicals	.	.	Roast Beef and Plum Pudding.
Christmas Tree	.	.	Mistletoe.
Christmas Weights	.	.	Of the Turkey and Goose.
Christmas Presents	.	.	Punch's Pocket Book and Almanack.

Impromptu

(In answer to my Host's Question, "Why I hadn't slept well?" by Impecuniosus).

"TAINT that on feather-beds I frown;
Taint that upon pork-chops I sup;
But what's the advantage of soft down,
When he that lies on 't is hard up?"

FASHIONS.—The Ladies are still wearing "diadem" bonnets. They have long only worn crowns?

HOW TO STOP STREET OUTRAGES.



Y DEAR MR. BRUCE,—Allow me to congratulate you on your seat in the Cabinet, and on the many pleasant hours of good hard earnest work in store for you. As Secretary for the Home Department, you will find enough to do to prevent your time from ever hanging heavy on your hands, and you never need anticipate the bore of being idle. What millions of memorials you will have to read, and what hosts of deputations you will have to bow to! And this reminds me, by the way, that the Vestrymen of London (who are not quite such fools, all of them, as some people imagine) propose to call upon you shortly for a little quiet chat about the increase of street robberies, and the inadequate protection of our system of police. Now, Vestrymen in general, are beings to be snubbed, but I hope this deputation will not be cold-shouldered on the score that you are busy, and have more important matters to attend to. To you and me and others of us carriage-keeping people, it is of mighty little consequence if the streets be safe or not, for of course we seldom condescend to walk in them. But it really is no joke for a poor devil of a clerk, who is forced to go afoot, to be knocked upon the head, or tripped up and laid senseless by a brute who creeps behind him, and then robbed of watch and purse, which holds, may be, his quarter's salary. One wouldn't so much mind

if one's pocket were picked neatly, without the slightest violence, though one might call oneself a precious fool to be outwitted. But, I repeat, it is no joke to be knocked upon the head, out of which one's jokes must come, if one is forced to live by them. Who steals my purse steals cash—a few sovereigns or shillings; but he who thumps me on the brain robs me of my livelihood, it may be, for a twelvemonth.

At the meeting of the vestry delegates where the memorial to yourself was the other day proposed, it was suggested, with the aim of diminishing street robberies:—

“That while pointing the law against criminal capitalists, they should strengthen it against the operative criminals; that landlords should be enabled to eject bad tenants by an easy and inexpensive process; that all persons letting their houses to the predatory classes, and thus deriving their rent from the plunder of their neighbours, should be indictable; that in case a house proved to be a harbour for criminals, the Magistrates should be able to authorise the police to take possession of the house while endeavouring to discover the person guilty of harbouring the thieves; that the names, &c., of all offending persons should be made public; and that the law should be so altered that, where the overt act or intention to carry out a crime was fully proved, the conviction should follow, although the offence had not been completed.”

To these suggestions I would add that, as the cat has checked garotting, it might be well to try its influence in all cases of street robbery accompanied with violence, and I hope that you will give all our Magistrates the hint. If you could find time now and then to glance at the police-cases reported in the newspapers, and call over the official coals all “beaks” who seem too lenient in dealing with street outrages, you would much gratify the public, and earn the praise of

PUNCH.

P.S. As bulldogs breed bulldogs, so human brutes will bring up their offspring to be brutes: and I can't help thinking that the race of our street ruffians would sensibly diminish were their children taken from them at their first conviction, and trained for emigration, or the army or the navy, at the national expense. Prevention in such cases would be far cheaper than cure. To feed and clothe and teach a lad would really cost less money than to feed and clothe and keep him safe in prison, when a ruffian mature, and grown to be so dangerous that society demands his extrusion from the streets.

NO APPARENT CONNECTION.—MRS. MALAPROE, whose head is still running on politics, cannot make out why the New Ministers are obliged to go and be elected again, because of a statue of QUEEN ANNE!

MINISTERIAL ARRANGEMENTS.

THE Paris Press are writing about the New Ministry and its foremost chiefs with good taste, knowledge, and discernment, and with a friendliness which it is agreeable both to read and record. Should they continue and extend their observations, we can imagine that there are some functionaries and offices, some changes and appointments, which will be the occasion of natural mistakes and pardonable perplexity. For example, the First Lord of the Admiralty. If you, a Briton, did not possess that accurate knowledge of the history of your country which the training of our Public Schools and Universities has amply supplied, you might reasonably suppose from the wording of his title, that this Minister was invariably, at least a Baron, and from the nature of his duties, as a matter of course, a naval officer. You will not, therefore, wonder if the French are surprised when they find that the new First Lord of the Admiralty is neither a Lord nor an Admiral, but, simply, MR. CHILDERS, a name which in verse has an obedient rhyme in “bewilders”—as probably our Minister of Marine (who, we venture to predict, will not be at sea at Whitehall) does his French critics. As a contrast, dwell in thought on the Postmaster-General. The postman's knock and Christmas box, the rough leather sacks bulging with newspapers, the mail-carts, the N.E. district, the penny stamps, the pillar-posts—do these things suggest a Marquis now and a Duke to be, a Cabinet Minister who, when he can leave the sealing-wax of St. Martin's-le-Grand for the red tape of Downing Street, must pass from the Irish mails to the Irish Church, and think about abolishing posts instead of extending them, forgetting for a time the cares of money-orders and telegraphs in the lighter duties of protecting the interests of sextons and vergers? Excuse, then, the astonishment of the Frenchman when he reads that the Postmaster-General, with a scat in the Cabinet, is the MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON, the eldest son of the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

The Lord Privy Seal! What a grandeur, what a seductive mystery about this title! How many of us Englishmen could say what his duties, his responsibilities are? How many could give any information about him except that he is always a Peer, always one of the Sacred Conclave or Cabinet, with a salary of £2000 a year, and most probably an irreproachable Deputy? There are incendiaries who think he might be abolished without danger to the Constitution. Monstrous! Imagine a Cabinet without a Lord Privy Seal! We are a decaying nation, a lost people when that happens. Still, if the French in their researches can discover why he is essential to the happiness and welfare of England, we shall be more than ever pleased with the interest they have shown in our New Ministry.

To complete the quartett, enter the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, towards whom there is shown a capriciousness of conduct quite unaccountable, for he is sometimes taken into the bosom of the Cabinet, and at other times left to stay outside. Some eminent and experienced lawyer, the French may conjecture, selected to decide all the disputes and difficult questions that must arise in such a vast and important county, one of your great manufacturing provinces, the Palatinate of industry? We can but confess again that we know almost as little of his duties and doings as of the Lord Privy Seal's, and can only suppose the necessity for them is equal, their salary being the same. Perhaps the Judge-Advocate-General, who is popularly supposed not to be overdone with work, will supply the needful information.

Do the French writers explore the *London Gazette*? If so, we can fancy the *Journal de Paris* or *La Liberté* asking why the Mistress of the Robes is changed? Does the Wardrobe go with the Cabinet? Must the custodian of ermine, and velvet, and miniver be sound on the complex Irish Church question, and to be depended upon when the battle rages over the Compound English Householder? Or perhaps the inquiry is, why must you have a new Master of the Horse? The Royal Mews, the State Equipages, the Queen's Plates, the Highland Shelties, there is no dark design to disendow or disestablish them, is there? What statesman would be daring enough, whatever his stability might be, to interfere with their stalls and appointments? The Master of the Buckhounds—yes, there does appear to be a reason why he should retire, for is he not a Government Whip? But that the Captain of the Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, and the Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard should be compelled to give up their salaries and uniforms because they are conscientiously of opinion that Ireland cannot do without Archdeacons, is a political conundrum which even at this season, in the midst of Christmas lampers and illustrated periodicals, we are unable to answer. What then must be the despair even of the best-informed Frenchman?

The Retort Courteous.

THE French Bar gave a dinner to the English at the Grand Hotel. M. GRÉVY proposed “The Health of the Foreign Barristers,” Mr. HUDDLESTONE, Q.C., responded to the Toast. Bravo! If the French Bar gave the English GRÉVY; the English Bar gave the French Sauce in reply.



VIVID DESCRIPTION.

Aunt. "Now, JIMMY, TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOUR DAY."

Jimmy (who has been out visiting). "WELL, AUNT, WE HAD DINNER DIRECTLY WE GOT THERE, THEN CAKE AND WINE, AND TEA BEFORE WE CAME AWAY."

CHEEKY GREECE.

THE impudence of the Greek Cabinet, in pretending to plead inability, as a constitutional Government, to prevent the enlistment of volunteers in aid of the Cretan insurgents against Turkey, is wonderful. It is all very well for a State which is great and powerful in comparison with another to take no cognisance of war levied within its boundaries against that other. Our Spanish Legion, which helped to place the EX-QUEEN OF SPAIN on the throne whence she had just been driven by her people, was very properly permitted, and even encouraged, by the British Government of the day; because if DON CARLOS had triumphed we should have been in no danger of a second Armada, or even of so much as a little and inexpensive war. Our rulers were quite right in winking hard at the enrolment of Englishmen under the flag of GARIBALDI, and that of Irishmen under the banner of the POPE. Neither VICTOR-EMMANUEL on the one hand, nor PRO NONO on the other, was capable of calling us to account. But it is intolerable that a weak and diminutive kingdom like that of Greece should presume to take the liberty exercised in parallel cases by its greater and stronger. The example it should follow is that which they exhibit pending hostilities between Powers whose strength equals or exceeds their own. We tried to enforce the neutrality of our fellow-subjects between the Northern and Southern belligerents of America, and are preparing to pay for having in a measure failed. It is as we behaved to the United States, not as we behaved in the case of Spain, and Rome, and Italy, that the Greeks should behave to Turkey.

LOST.—Probably dropped in a cab, a toothpick, a live rattlesnake, a chignon, a cigar-stump, and a purse of untold gold. Whoever will restore, intact, the latter article, is perfectly at liberty to pocket all the others, and will in addition, be presented with a copy of *Punch's* famous *Almanack* by way of a reward. Address "Moonshine," next door to Aldgate Pump.

THE NEW YEAR'S HAIR.

Oh, what shall I do with my hair
When this present fashion is o'er,
And we shall continue to wear
These wonderful chignons no more?
Of course we shall never escape
From ridicule, do what we may,
To put, as we must in some shape,
Our flowing locks out of the way.

Suppose that in Cybele's towers
My tresses I venture to braid,
By pens of satirical powers
What fun of poor me will be made!
Still more if, what trouble it takes
No matter, I twine them anew,
Medusa-like, all into snakes,
Though that would be classical too.

How silly a creature is man!
How hard his vain fancy to please!
But stay, I have hit on a plan;
Long pigtails as worn by Chinese.
Yet, charming as we shall appear,
Men still will deride us as now.
I know this remark we shall hear—
In pigtail the pig should be sow.

New Vestments.

"A Correspondent from Natal writes to us:—'There is a general expectation here of BISHOP GRAY'S arrival with MAC-RORIE in tow.'"—*The Echo*.

NOT the most becoming material for a Bishop-expectant to be seen in for the first time by those whom he hopes to call his people! What would the Caffres think when they gazed on one who wishes to be their Diocesan, not arrayed in lawn, not even dressed in broadcloth, but—in tow!

LEFT HIS EMPLOYMENT on Thursday afternoon, a Lawyer in large practice, endowed with handsome whiskers and commanding intellect. Went out for the purpose of buying *Punch's Almanack*, and, it is presumed, has since been so much occupied in the enjoyment of its humour, that he has utterly forgotten to return to his disconsolate clientelle and clerks.

MARTIN v. MACHONOCHE.

IN the presence of the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, LORD CAIRNS, evidently after a careful perusal of *Mr. Punch's* judgment in this case published four weeks ago,* delivering the decision of the Committee of the Privy Council, condemned MR. MACHONOCHE *toto celo*: and in him the Ritualistic party within the Protestant Church of England. No one knows better than the Ritualists themselves that the word "trivial" cannot be applied to any ceremony in the public worship of the Church. The "intention," that is, as *Mr. Punch* pointed out, "what they mean by it," is the point; and as doctrines utterly repugnant to the expressed and implied teaching of the Anglican formularies underlay the outward ceremonies and actions, so the Privy Council in condemning these rites and ceremonies, have thereby condemned the doctrines which these were known and understood by the initiated to signify. And now, MR. MACHONOCHE and Gentlemen, *what next* The compliments of the Season to you all. From yours truly,

PUNCH.

* See *Punch*, p. 242.

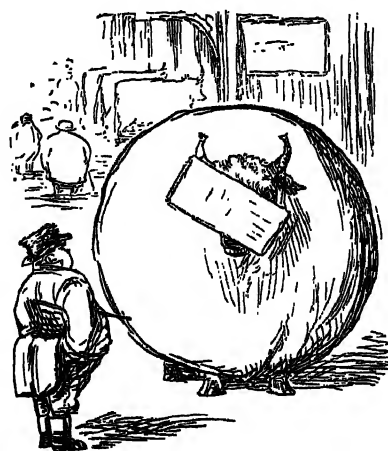
ODE TO JANUARY.

(Written on Boxing-Day.)

Oh, January, Janu-January,
Twelfth-Cake is thine and New Year's Eve as well.
I have a passion for the name of MARY.
Just so. I never loved a young gazelle.
She danced—at least the song says—like a fairy.
The warmest welcome at an inn,—hotel,
I beg its pardon—terms have grown so swell,
And freedom shrieked when Kosciuszko fell

WHERE TO SPEND YOUR HONEYMOON.—"The United Hotel."

A NEW DODGE.



OUR attention has been called to a new dodge for Advertising, employed this Christmas. It may be called the Double Dodge, and is now used for advertising a Theatre and a Shopkeeper.

The Ballet Costumes for Drury Lane Pantomime were exhibited at STAGE AND MANTLE'S. STAGE AND MANTLE, you see, made them. A notice of this interesting Exhibition appeared in the "Publicity Columns" of various newspapers. Mightn't MR. WEBSTER or MR. BUCKSTONE take a hint from this? Or, rather, might not the tailors, shoemakers, hatters, supplying these gentlemen, avail themselves of the novel idea?

For instance, we might see announced in the leading journals:—

The Hat worn at night by MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER on leaving the Theatre, after playing in *Monte Cristo*, is on view daily from 10 till 5 (where it has to be taken to be brushed) at MESSRS. SO-AND-SO, the Eminent Hatters.

The Coat designed by MR. SNIPP for MR. J. B. BUCKSTONE, and worn by him nightly after performing, amidst rapturous applause in the *Hero of Romance*, is on view daily at MESSRS. SNIPP & Co's Emporium, Middle Window.

MR. SEFTON PARRY'S Old Shoes, worn by him every night as Manager of the Globe Theatre, are on view at MR. SOLE'S, daily from 11 till 4. N.B.—A man in attendance to explain them.

In the case of the Actresses, the Exhibition might be carried to almost any extent.

AIDS TO REPLETION.

A LITTLE paragraph, not headed "Advertisement," is wont to appear annually at this time in the *Morning Post*. It informs the sumptuous classes that:—

"The little silver saucepans for warming brandy for mince-pies, plum-pudding, &c., so successfully introduced by MR. HYEMEN, the Silversmith, of New Blank Street, are again in great demand, and suggest themselves not only as most useful, but also appropriate gifts for the approaching festive season. They are made in three sizes, at 30s., 35s., and 40s.; with silver lamp and stand, 40s. extra. Forwarded carriage free, on receipt of a post-office order."

These elegant Christmas conveniences must be highly recommended by the Faculty. Medical men are interested in the diffusion of facilities for saturating plum-pudding and mince-pie with brandy. The more of mince-pie and plum-pudding there is brandied, the more there is eaten; for the good of physic. The little silver saucepans for warming brandy make work for the little brass and mahogany machines for grinding pills, and the little glass graduated vessels for measuring out draughts. Perhaps this consideration may lessen the envy with which many persons regard the opulent, who are enabled to afford silver saucepans, with silver lamp and stand, by the fortunate circumstance of having entered the world with spoons of the same metal in their mouths.

A PRIZE FOR THE POLICE.

HAS any reward been conferred on the brave policeman who, with the assistance only of a passer-by, took those three old offenders, SUMMERS, BENNETT, and SMITH, into custody, receiving in the attempt "most serious injuries" from the ruffian SUMMERS? What exploit can be deemed more gallant than one such as this? The apprehension of a desperate British savage, at the risk of life, and the cost of wounds and bruises, is surely no less honourable a feat than that of doing equivalent service on an alien enemy. Let it have the same credit, outwardly and visibly symbolised. An illustration of national advancement in intelligence and morality would be exhibited in the spectacle of a police-constable on his beat displaying the reward of valour on his breast decorated with the Victoria Cross.

WHERE YOU WOULD EXPECT IT.—YULEBY, going into his Chemist's, looked down and read on the door-mat—"Salve;" a word which, in that place, seemed to him singularly appropriate.

MY VISION OF THE YEAR.

I SAW where a-dying the Old Year was lying,
And the weight at his heart mocked the green at his door:
He heard pauper-voices, for bread hoarsely crying,
He heard soldiers' tramp, and low thunders of war:
There were no friends to cheer him, and small comfort near him,
And his life's lamp burnt low, and his breath laboured sore.

Yet, unloved as he ended, his deathbed was tended—
A cloaked shadow sat in the sick nurse's room,
Nor speaking nor sighing, like the dead by the dying,
That mute, muffled shade seemed to deepen the gloom:
Did it bring mirth or mourning, come for sorrow or scolding?—
Was't veiled spirit of light, or cowed angel of gloom?

As midnight was nearing, the presence uprearing,
To its height, lowly bent by the dying one's bed,
And a hand from the folds of its mantle appearing—
Who could say if to bless or to ban was outspread?
Did the shudder that crept through the Year ere he slept,
Speak of horror or hope, from that hand o'er his head?

Even thus the last stroke of December outspoke,
And I knew with the sound the Old Year was no more,
And I saw where from darkness the Young Year awoke,
And heard its clear pipe and light step at the door;
And the great shadow gathered the folds of its cloak,
And stood by the bed, muffled, mute, as before.

Then I knew 'twas the shade of the Future, arrayed
By the Dead Year with new might to bless or to ban;
But the darkness upon the cowed features that played,
Still baffled the effort their promise to scan.
And I waited the Young Year's encounter to see
With that awful presence past reading of man.

With his childish laugh ringing like silver bells swinging,
Came the Year to his heritage frolic and free,
Nor shrank as its broad shadow over him flinging
That dark presence fronted the child in his glee:
No fear froze the joy of the jubilant boy
As he faced the cowed features, and climbed the veiled knee.

Then I knew that, though dim, not unlovely to him
Was the face of that presence, nor threatening its eye,
And that under that veil was no aspect more grim
For the Year I saw born than the Year I saw die. . . .
And I woke as from clouds rose the sun's crimson rim,
And the fair light of morning enkindled the sky!

CHARITY AND COVERT SHOOTING.

Is it the gamekeeper, or the butler, or the toad-eater, we wonder, who, when the DUKE OF PHEASANTON has had a big battue, is so foolish as to advertise the details in the newspapers?

Advertise? Well, yes; such paragraphs must surely be inserted as advertisements. Unless they were paid highly for, assuredly no editor would spare for them a corner of his valuable space. Can it in the least degree ever interest the public to learn that LORD BLAZEAWAY and half-a-dozen noble swells have butchered in cold blood a pyramid of pheasants and a hecatomb of hares? True sportsmen shrink with horror from such wholesale acts of game slaughter, and no one but a toady or a snob could find delight in hearing of them. "What great men do, the less will prattle of," and snobs and toadies love to read about a lord, be it but a tame description of his slaughter of tame pheasants.

We could suggest a way, however, by which the list of birds and animals that have been bagged in a battue might be rendered less repulsive and more pleasant to the public. Snobs and toadies surely will not sneer at the suggestion, for it was the PRINCE OF WALES who first gave us the hint. Just before he went away for a Copenhagen Christmas and a month's cruise in a Nile boat, the Prince bagged a lot of game upon his Sandringham estate, and sent it to the sick folk in the Charing Cross Hospital. Now, we recommend all noble swells who like to see their battues recorded in the newspapers, to take a leaf in future from the PRINCE OF WALES's game-book. The account of the big bag the EARL OF BREECHLOADER has made would not merely be pardonable, but indeed be really praiseworthy, if a postscript were appended stating that nine-tenths of the game that had been butchered had been forwarded to hospitals, one-tenth having been reserved for the friends and poor relations and larder of the Earl. Being exceedingly nutritious and most easily digestible, game is of great value for the diet of sick people: and battues would well-nigh cease to be disgusting in our eyes if their produce were thus put to a charitable use.

AMATEUR THIEVES.



ment calls upon some amateur thief who snapped up a not unconsidered silk umbrella, with a buck-horn handle and twisted silver-wire mount, to return it forthwith to its disconsolate owner, who would seem to have placed it confidently against a chair in a city tea-shop. The pitiful rogue who could not keep his hands from picking and stealing, when he saw that umbrella momentarily unwatched, was probably not of the class of professional shoplifters, nor would he have stolen a publican's pewter pot from the railings of a back street in the suburbs. But he is as fit a subject for the prison hair-cutter to operate upon, notwithstanding. The buck-horn handled umbrella with silver mount will not be given back; but its new possessor will be unpleasantly troubled to account for the strange acquisition, to people who have the dishonour of his intimacy.

HONESTAS.

Kept on the Premises.

"The new Banking Establishment [Norton & Co.], possesses, moreover, what no other private bank in Paris can boast of, viz., a burglar and fireproof room, where depositors can themselves lock up their valuables, &c."—*Paris Correspondent of the Illustrated London News*.

DETECTIVE TRACKHAM observes that this is the first time he ever heard that it was an advantage—something to "boast of"—for a bank, whether private or public, to possess—a burglar!

ONE OF THE MISERIES OF LONDON.

MR. PUNCH'S Compliments of the Season to the First Commissioner of Works, and hopes that he will do something to make the streets of this Dirtopolis a little more passable; that, as a new broom, he will sweep clean. Some people have to walk.

SENSELESS SUGGESTION.

A GENT said he supposed that opera buffa would be performed at the Gaiety Theatre. He suggested that, for the performance of oratorios and sacred music there should be a Melancholy Music Hall.

IF THIS SHOULD MEET THE EYE of the gentleman of the name of SMITH, who was dining somewhere in London on the first of April last, he is entreated by his friends to purchase *Punch's Almanack*, and to benefit his health by having a good hearty laugh at its enjoyable contents.

ODD MEN OUT.

THE MAN WITH AN EYE.—(CONCLUDED.)

THE remaining aspect under which the Man with an Eye is to be considered may be looked upon as scarcely within the classification under this genus. And yet it is a species legitimately placed here, as it seems to the present writer, who would name it the Man with Half an Eye. This *Half an Eye* is not in reality physical, but mental, and its power is properly applied to taking cognisance of motives and intentions rather than of external actions. For, though it must in most cases of necessity depend upon the outward deed for its judgment of the inward thought, yet it is equally true of the Half-Eyed Man that his half-organ habitually receives such impressions as the visible action was not intended to convey. Hence it may be taken for granted that nine times out of ten the Half-Eyed Man, while priding himself upon his acute perception, is utterly at fault in his conclusions. It will also be at once seen that the Half-Eyed Man has something more than "a blind side": it is indeed a blind three-quarter face.

The Half-Eyed Man is, in consequence of this blind three-quarter face, intensely suspicious.

He is also painfully self-conscious: as self-conscious as is a man with an iron-mould on his evening shirt-front, or a middle button off his dress waistcoat at an evening party.

He uses his Half-Eye to see that every one is going to "do" him.

He sees what he calls the "little game" of the man whom he is obliged by society to greet as his friend, or, at least, as an acceptable acquaintance.

When congratulated upon his success in any line, he will tell his confidential friend that "he saw with half an eye that you didn't mean what you said."

He is a mischief-maker, for he promulgates his half-eyed opinions as certainties.

He sees young MRS. BLAIZE in a box with CAPTAIN DU SIDSWELL, while MR. BLAIZE is engaged at the House or on some important business which prevents his attending in his place by his wife's side at the Opera. Immediately our friend "sees with half an eye what's up in that quarter," and intimates that he could put the scandal beyond a question were he so minded.

He is fond of alluding to himself as "Any one" and "One." For, mistrusting everybody, as a person so gifted must, it is most unlikely that these terms should be applied by him to any other individual than himself.

Thus he will listen to your friend expatiating upon the beauties of some horse which you are thinking of purchasing, and will tell you afterwards that "Anyone could see with half an eye that THUMPER was humbugging you."

Naturally annoyed at this construction put upon your friend THUMPER's description, which you had taken to be strictly true, you ask your Half-Eyed Man his reason for such an opinion.

You will find he has none; and, in lieu of a reason, will give vent to a pooh-poohing laugh at your inexperience, and will repeat, as he goes away (he always contrives to go away at this point), "Lor bless you, anyone could see it with half an eye." And then he leaves you with a variety of pleasant impressions upon your mind to the effect that—

1st. You yourself are an ass.

2nd. That THUMPER is a knave.

3rd. That the horse is unsound.

4th. That the Half-Eyed Man ought to have warned you in time; and, finally you "wish to goodness that people wouldn't say these sort of things;" and if you are going to dinner you sit down "with what appetite you may."

He sees with half an eye that the object of your affections is a flirt.

He sees with half an eye that "something is going on" between MISS CUMLEY and MR. FOPP.

He sees to the bottom of a mine, and cautiously keeps his money out of it. If it succeeds,—well then anyone can see with half an eye that it won't last.

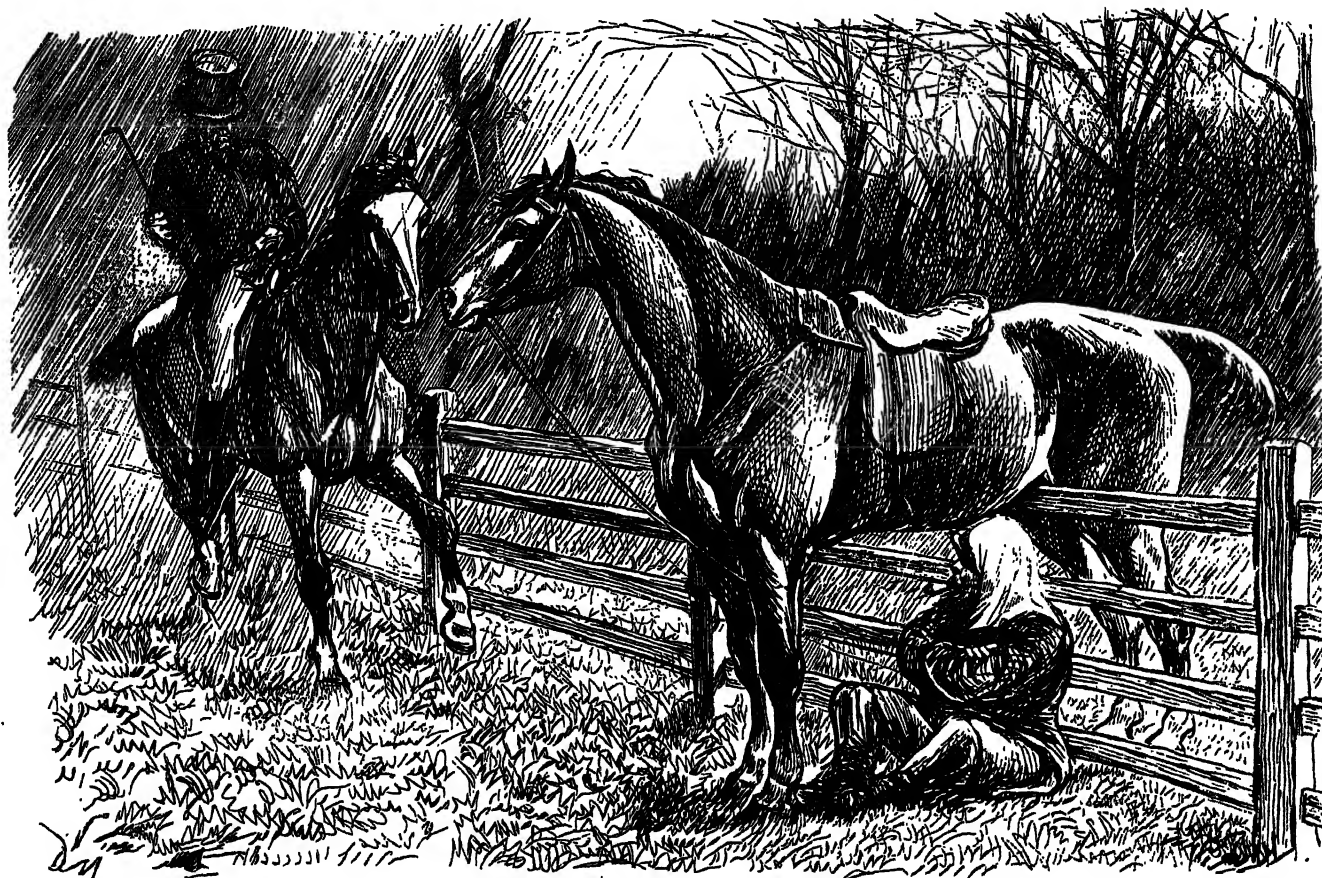
His motto, in fact, is, that of a ready-money dealer's—"No credit given to anybody."

And so with this agreeable sketch I close the series; and upon the public table, side by side with my collection of a Few Friends, I lay my album of Odd Men Out.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all!

A DOUBLE DAY.—The last of 1868 Christmas Days came on a Friday. Was not Christmas Day, then, Good Friday too?

GO TO JERICO! or if you prefer it, go to Paris, or Calcutta, or Owyhee, or Jerusalem. Go where you will, in fact; but first of all be sure you purchase *Punch's Almanack* to amuse you by the way. Better still, buy a few thousands to distribute on the journey, and thus help to civilise the savages you meet.



WAITING FOR HELP.

(INCIDENT THAT BEFELL A HEAVY MAN IN THE HUNTING-FIELD.)

TURKEY AND GREASE.

(A Song of the Season.)

Roast Turkey is a standing dish
For festive Christmas season;
Is oftener served than most folks wish,
Punch thinks beyond all reason—
Though to receive it with a "pish,"
To Christmas were high treason.

No wonder, if Yule fires a-glow
Make Turkey drop its juices
Into the dripping-pan below,
To hold in Grease its use is.
But, if Grease catches fire, we know
Its blaze the very deuce is.

To keep this Turkey and that Grease
From coming to a flare-up,—
Which might to such wide blaze increase,
As must stir common care up,—
And, breaking Europe's Christmas peace,
Bid her big engines tear up,

The cooks of Europe, her Great Powers—
(Cooks *are* great powers, we know)—
Spend anxious and laborious hours,
And their best squirts bestow;
Diplomacy's cold *douche* in showers
On this hot Grease to throw.

BRITANNIA, cook-maid fat and fair,
Though fain to stand aloof,
And see to her own bill-of-fare,
Must rouse, on *BULL*'s behoof;
That blaze, once lit, she feels might flare,
And catch *her* master's roof.

French cook and Russ, Pruss, Austrian—each
Has his own cause of fear.
Who knows where fire, once raised, might reach,
With so much loose straw near?
All with one voice "cold water" preach—
Let's hope all are sincere!

Meanwhile the Turkey spits and spumes,
Grease frizzles and fumes high,
And fitful flashes light the glooms,
Are quenched, and, sputtering, die;
And the Cooks' Conference foredooms
"No blaze—till by-and-by."

Ritualist Fal-lals.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You laugh at FATHER IGNATIUS for wearing sandals. It is funny of him, and more than we do, even—out of doors. But then why does he shave his head? Why, when he wears sandals, does he not also wear a fanchon on his crown, and a chignon at his poll?

Ever your affectionate

ROSA.

P.S. Now, don't you think a Ritualist *Follet* would be very pretty?

Female Suffrage.

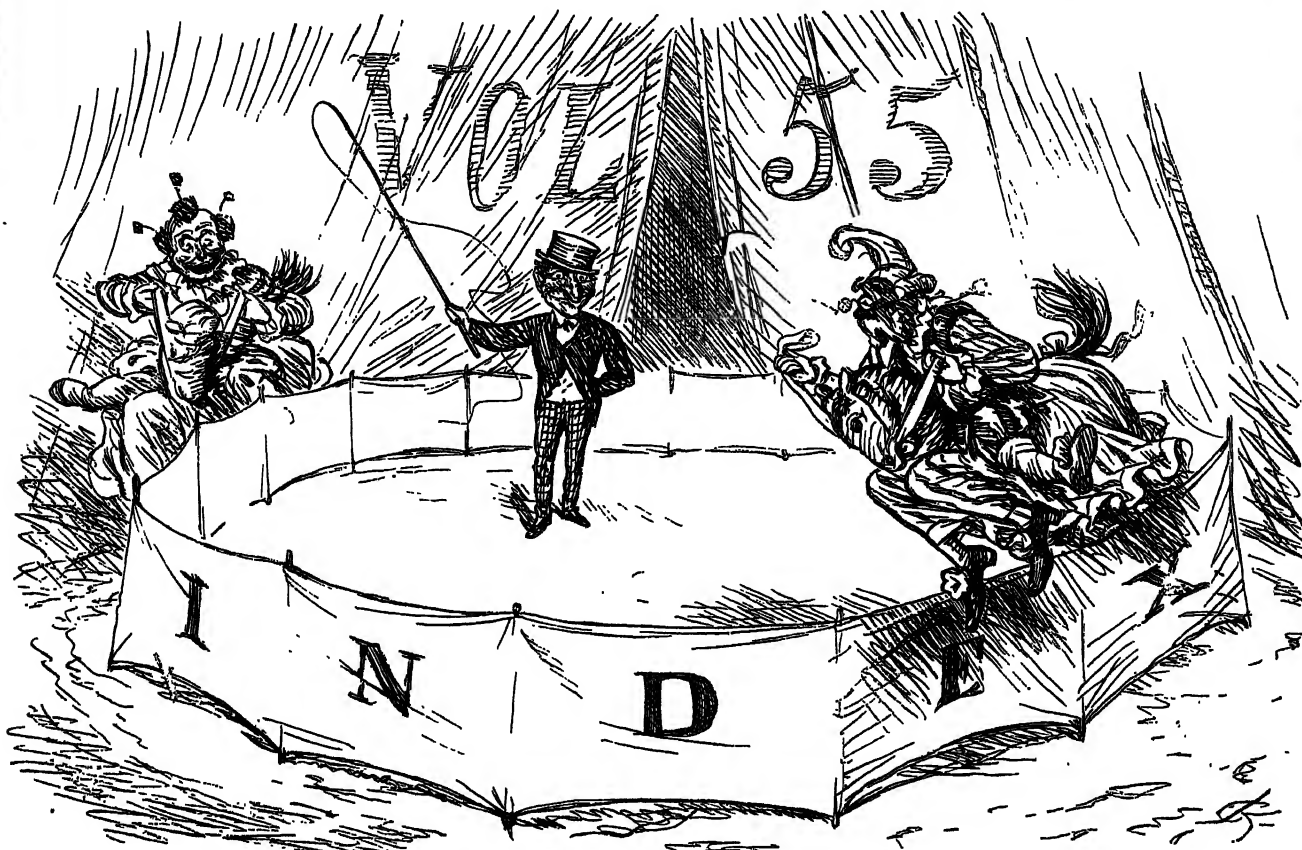
GREAT news for the Champions of the Rights of Women! It seems there is one country at least in the world where the gentlemen are not so churlish as to refuse the Ladies a share in the Franchise. MR. DILKE, in his book, *Greater Britain* says:—"In the election of Magistrates they have Female Suffrage." MR. DILKE is speaking of that important territory Pitcairn Island, the population of which is over—Fifty!

FOOLS! FOOLS!! FOOLS!!!—If you would like to see your paradise, look at *Punch's Almanack* for 1869. If that does not make you happy, nothing in the world will. *Verb. sap.*



TURKEY AND GREASE.

(SCENE FROM THE INTRODUCTION TO THE GRAND NEW ORIENTAL PANTOMIME OF HARLEQUIN POLUPHOSBOIO THALASSES AND THE BEWILDERED BULBUL OF THE BOUNDLESS BOSPHORUS.)



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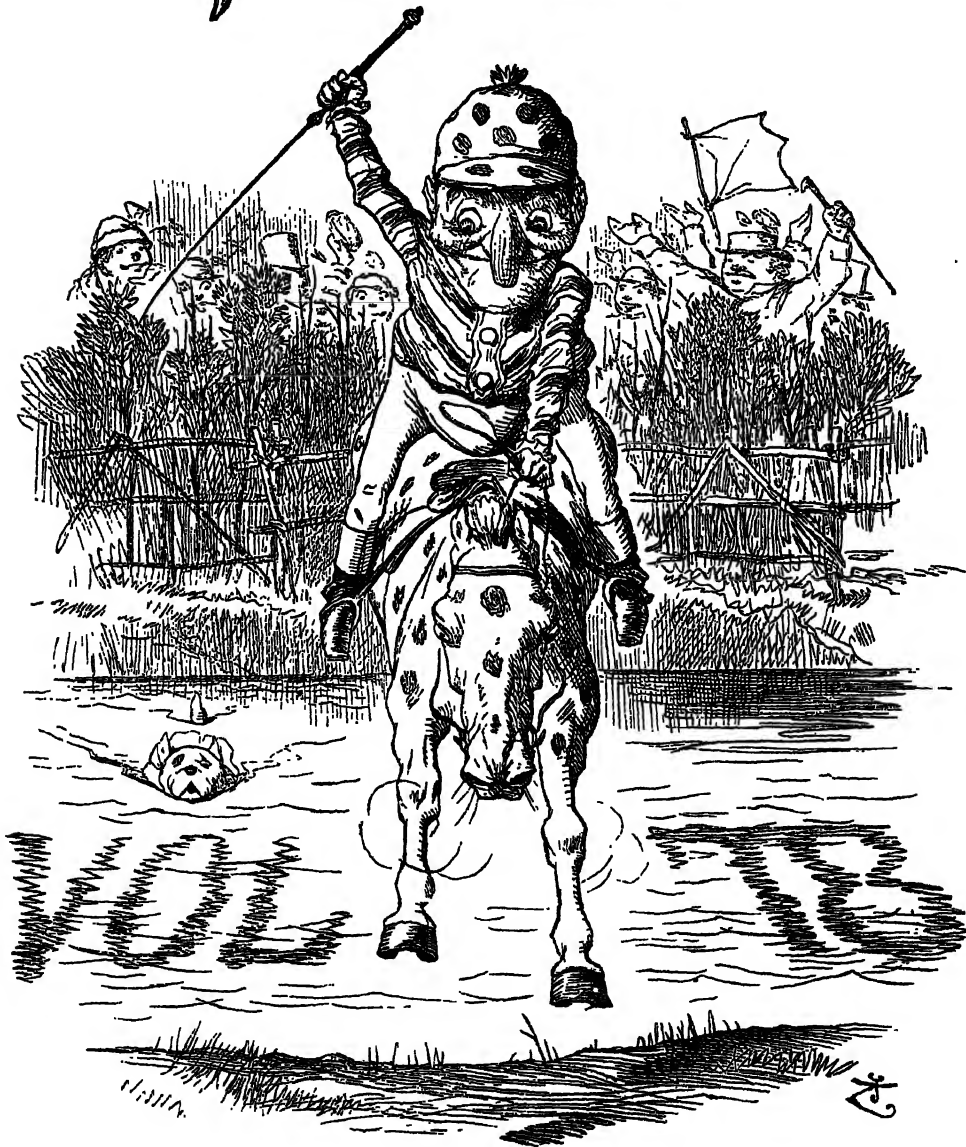
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